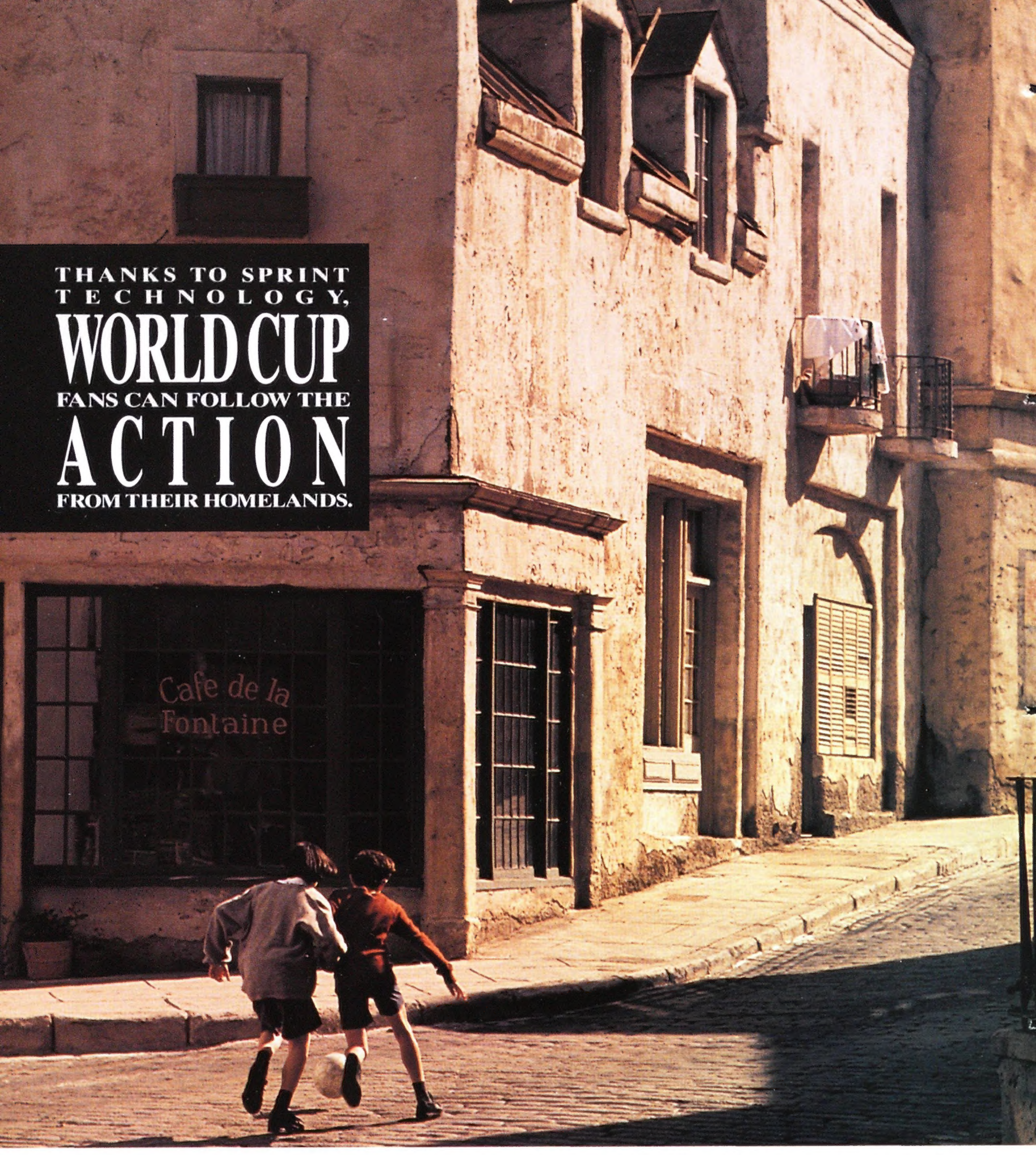
Smithsonian July 1994

Japan's Opening to the West (p. 20)



A mountain village in France. A trade center in the Far East. From every corner of the world, soccer fans follow the World Cup. And Sprint makes sure they don't miss any of the action. More than 5,000 reporters from 143 countries use Sprint's fiber optic network to access data from World Cup headquarters. And send it on to fans worldwide over fax, data and voice lines. That's the power of Sprint technology. At play. ***1-800-PIN-DROP.***

Sprint.
Be there now.

WorldCupUSA**94**

© 1994 Sprint Communications Company L.P.

July 1994

Smithsonian

Volume 25, Number 4

Table of Contents

Cover: Japanese woodblock print (1861) depicts "Americans enjoying themselves," according to the artist, who used the Roman alphabet to write the Japanese word for "Americans," dividing the syllables to correspond with the vertical Japanese characters. American travel to Japan resulted from Commodore Perry's mission (1852-54) to bring Yankee trade and technology to the island nation. This summer the Smithsonian is taking part in the American Festival Japan '94 (see page 18), an exhibit of U.S. history and culture being held near Tokyo to mark the 140th anniversary of the Perry voyage (p. 20) Collection of the Arthur M. Sackler Gallery of Art, gift of the Daval Foundation and Ambassador and Mrs. William Leonhart of Washington

6 *Smithsonian horizons* by Secretary Adams
8 *Letters to the Editor*
12 *Around the Mall and beyond* by Edwards Park
16 *July events at the Smithsonian*

20 **When East met West: Perry's mission accomplished**
In 1854 Japan's rulers let Matthew Perry go ashore at Yokohama, changing the history of their nation and ours
By James Fallows

34 **Vintage greetings for a glorious Fourth**
Colorful and witty postcards recall the star-spangled, flag-waving Independence Days of yesteryear
By Harry Ginsberg

38 **Next from Ken Burns, nine TV innings of *Baseball***
Fans, grab your peanuts and programs for the filmmaker's series on the national pastime; opening day, September 18
By Donald Dale Jackson

59 *Smithsonian tours, seminars and expeditions*

60 **The fearless 40 of New York's Water Tunnel No.3**
Fifty stories underground, the last of the sandhogs drill and blast a 55-mile conduit to slake Gotham's thirst
By James R. Chiles, photographs by Enrico Ferorelli

70 **Stan Herd's card should read 'Crop Artist'**
His view-from-above portraits and still lifes, made with seeds and plants, are "an art form for people who fly"
By Jim Robbins

78 **A great playground? That's kid stuff**
But it's not simple. Only now are American designers creating the freewheeling spaces that let kids be kids
By Ellen Ruppel Shell, photographs by Richard Howard

88 **Rockwell and Pyle: their invisible link**
The master illustrators never met, yet Norman Rockwell felt he was Howard Pyle's true heir; an exhibit shows why
By Verlyn Klinkenborg

96 **Hats off to Harriet Hemenway**
In 1896 the Boston Brahmin earned a feather in her cap by persuading other women not to wear one in theirs
By Joseph Kastner

105 *Book reviews*
107 *Additional reading*
107 *Picture credits*

108 **It's hard to know who will get a kick out of what**
By Gerald Dumas

Smithsonian (issn 0037-7333) is published monthly by the Smithsonian Associates, 900 Jefferson Drive, Washington, DC 20560.
© Smithsonian Institution 1994. All rights reserved. Reproduction in whole or in part without permission is prohibited.
Editorial offices are at 900 Jefferson Drive, Washington, DC 20560.
Advertising and circulation offices are at 420 Lexington Ave., New York, NY 10170.
SUBSCRIPTION PRICES: United States and possessions: $22 a year. Canada and all other countries: add $13 for each year. 80 percent of dues is designated for magazine subscriptions. Current issue price is $3. Back issue price is $5.
Second-class postage paid at Washington, DC and additional mailing offices.
MAILING LISTS: From time to time we make our subscriber list available to companies that sell goods and services by mail that we believe would interest our readers. If you would rather not receive such mailings, please send your current mailing label, or an exact copy, to: Smithsonian, Mail Preference Service, P.O. Box 55593, Boulder, CO 80322-5593.
SUBSCRIPTION SERVICE: Should you wish to change your address, or order new subscriptions, you can do so by writing Smithsonian, P.O. Box 55593, Boulder, CO 80322-5593, or by calling 1-800-766-2149.
POSTMASTER: Send address changes to Smithsonian, P.O. Box 55593, Boulder, CO 80302-5593.
Printed in the USA.

WALK THIS WAY TO TOTAL-BODY FITNESS.

Introducing the natural, more effective total-body workout — NordicTrack's WalkFit™ exerciser.

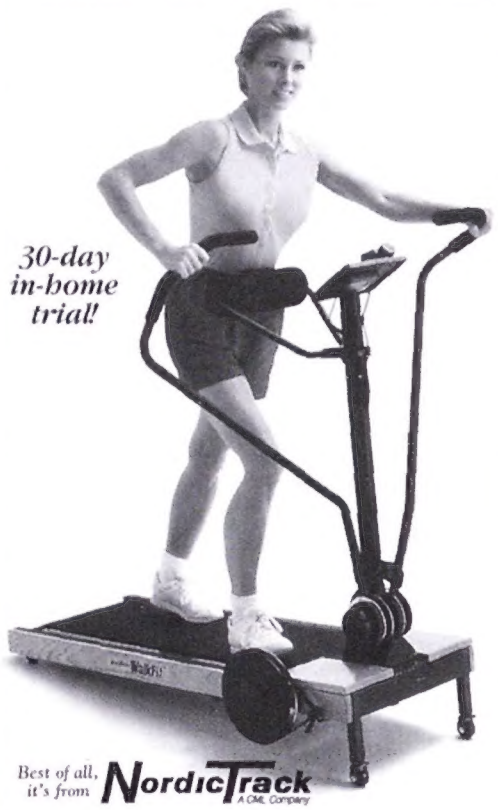
5 Reasons Why NordicTrack's WalkFit Makes Ordinary Treadmills Obsolete.

REASON 1: WALKFIT IS YOUR SUPERIOR TOTAL-BODY WORKOUT.

WalkFit works both your upper and lower body so you get a workout that is substantially better than ordinary treadmills that work only your lower body. So naturally you'll burn more calories per hour. Research proves you can burn up to 79% more calories with WalkFit than with motorized treadmills. With WalkFit you'll also control your weight, tone your body, reduce stress, and strengthen your cardiovascular system (53% more efficiently than with ordinary treadmills) and feel more invigorated than ever before!

REASON 2: WALKFIT IS A SAFE WAY TO EXERCISE.

With WalkFit, you set the pace — unlike motorized treadmills where the motor dominates your exercise. WalkFit is safer to use, because you control the exercise.



30-day in-home trial!

Best of all, it's from NordicTrack A CML Company

REASON 3: WALKFIT IS EASY.

In as little as three, 20-minute workouts per week, you'll start seeing results. You'll never have to worry about the weather to exercise, and you won't have the hassle of motorized treadmills breaking down.

REASON 4: WALKFIT IS FROM A TRUSTED NAME — NORDICTRACK.

NordicTrack designed WalkFit with the same quality as the world-famous NordicTrack® exerciser. More than 3 million users continue to trust NordicTrack as a fitness leader.

REASON 5: NORDICTRACK GIVES YOU A 30-DAY IN-HOME TRIAL.

We're so confident WalkFit will help you ultimately enjoy more of life, that NordicTrack offers a 30-day in-home trial so you can prove it to yourself.

Call 1-800-441-7512 today, and order your own WalkFit.

NordicTrack's WALKFIT™

FREE Video and Brochure! Call 1-800-441-7512 Ext. F6QG4

NordicTrack's WALKFIT™
or write: NordicTrack, Dept. F6QG4
104 Peavey Road, Chaska, MN 55318-2355

❑ Please send me a FREE brochure
❑ Also a FREE VHS videotape

Name_____
Street_____
City_____ State_____ Zip_____
Phone (_____)_____

©1994 NordicTrack, Inc., A CML Company • All rights reserved.

Birkenstock

Comfort Delivered to Your Door

1 of 30 Styles

Call For Your Free Mail Order Catalog

1-800-231-6740

Birkenstock

A Service of Footwise the Birkenstock Store EXPRESS

SALES • REPAIR • RESOLING

Dept. MU, 301 SW Madison, Corvallis, OR 97333

HAND CARVED FROM SOLID MAHOGANY

P-51 Mustang

Handcrafted in astonishing detail
Over 200 models in stock
From $99.50 • Size range 16"-22

PACIFIC AIRCRAFT

WORLD RENOWNED FOR FINE AEROSCULPTURES
14255 North 79th Street, Suite 5, Scottsdale, Arizona 85260
CALL FOR CATALOG (800) 950-9944

Smithsonian

SECRETARY OF THE SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION:
Robert McC. Adams

EDITOR:
Don Moser

BOARD OF EDITORS:
Constance A. Bond
Jim Doherty
Timothy Foote
Marlane A. Liddell
Sally Scott Maran
Edgar Rich, Pictures
Nancy Seaman
John P. Wiley jr.

ASSOCIATE EDITORS:
Diane M. Bolz
Kathleen M. Burke
Frances R. Glennon
Bruce Hathaway
W. Eric Keller
Ruth Ravenel, Pictures
Jane D. Scholl

ASSISTANT EDITORS:
Caneel Cotton, Pictures
Suzanne Crawford
Marian Smith Holmes
Taehee Kim
Alison C. McLean
Lucinda Moore
Beth Py-Lieberman

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS:
Edwards Park
Bennett Schiff

EDITORIAL ASSOCIATE:
Margot North

PUBLISHER:
Ronald C. Walker

ADVERTISING:
David C. Cator, Director
Louis Kolenda, Associate Director
James Sullivan, Associate Director
Patrick Riordan, Manager

CIRCULATION:
Liberta Abbondante, Director
Michael Shectman, Fulfillment Manager

ADMINISTRATION:
Carey O. Randall, Associate Publisher
Mary Ellen Bobb, Business Director
Valerie Martin, Business Manager

PRODUCTION:
E. Cherry Doyle, Director
Greg Williams, Quality Manager
Briggs S. Cunningham, Editorial

FOUNDER:
S. Dillon Ripley

FOUNDING EDITOR AND PUBLISHER:
Edward K. Thompson

PUBLISHER EMERITUS:
Joseph J. Bonsignore

©1994 Bose Corporation. Covered by patent rights issued and/or pending.

Not just big, but full, rich, and incredibly lifelike. You literally have to hear the Bose® Wave® radio to believe it. The secret of its extraordinary sound is the patented acoustic waveguide speaker. It amplifies and enriches, producing natural, lifelike sound from a radio small enough to fit anywhere.

The Wave® radio is designed for convenience as well as great sound. There's a handy remote control, pre-set buttons for your favorite stations, and many other features. You can even connect it to a portable CD or cassette player to enjoy your favorite music.

Don't look for the Wave® radio in stores; it's available directly from Bose. Simply call the toll-free number or send the coupon below to receive a complete information kit or to try out the Wave® radio in your home for fourteen days, satisfaction guaranteed. Otherwise, just return it for a full refund of the purchase price.

Only Bose offers all this advanced technology for just $349. Call 1-800-845-BOSE, ext. R60, or send the coupon today.
And learn all about a small wonder.

BOSE®
Better sound through research.

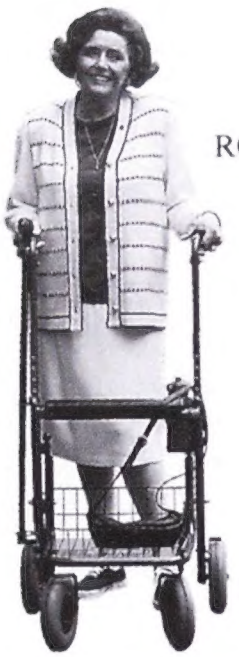
NAME

ADDRESS

CITY STATE ZIP TELEPHONE

Call 1-800-845-BOSE, ext. R60.

Or mail to: Bose Corporation, Dept. CDD-R60, The Mountain, Framingham, MA 01701-9168.



NobleMotion, Inc.
ROLLING WALKERS

"I adore my Rover™ Walker!"

Patricia Neal

Your NextStep to Independence.

- Gets you walking to better health.
- Swedish components-built in USA.
- Seat, basket included; tray optional.
- Fully adjustable; folds for travel.
- Unique easy-grip brakes.

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE
-Kick our tires.

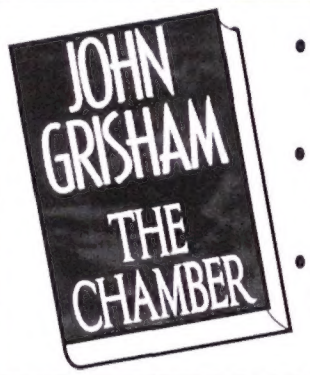
Call for FREE Information

800-234-WALK (9255)

P.O. Box 5366, Pittsburgh, PA 15206

BOOKS ON TAPE®

World's Largest Selection of Audio Books



- Best Sellers on Cassette
- Full-length Readings
- Call for Free Brochure

Box 7900-S, Newport Beach, CA 92658

Reg. U.S. Pat. & T.M. Off.

(800) 626-3333

GALÁPAGOS

You, 9 other adventurers and our naturalist will explore by yacht more islands than any other Galápagos expedition. From simple adventures to splendid yacht charters, from scuba diving to serious hiking, no one else offers as many ways to experience the Galápagos because no one else specializes exclusively in the Galápagos. 60 trip dates. Machu Picchu option. Free brochure.

Inca Floats
1311-SL 63rd St., Emeryville CA 94608
510-420-1550

Smithsonian

Board of Regents
Smithsonian Institution

Ex Officio

Chief Justice of the United States
William H. Rehnquist, Chancellor
Vice President of the United States
Albert Gore jr.

Appointed by the President of the Senate

Hon. Daniel P. Moynihan
Hon. James R. Sasser
Hon. John W. Warner

Appointed by the Speaker of the House

Hon. Joseph M. McDade
Hon. Norman Y. Mineta

Appointed by Joint Resolution of Congress

Hon. Jeannine Smith Clark
Hon. Barber B. Conable jr.
Dr. Hanna H. Gray
Dr. Manuel L. Ibáñez
Mr. Samuel C. Johnson
Dr. Homer A. Neal
Mr. Frank A. Shrontz
Mr. Wesley S. Williams jr.

Smithsonian
National Board

Mr. Lloyd G. Schermer, Chairman

Mrs. Dewalt H. Ankeny jr.
Mrs. Robert M. Bass
Hon. Max N. Berry
Mr. Joaquin F. Blaya
Dr. John Brademas
Mrs. John M. Bradley
Mr. Stephen F. Brauer
Mr. Cason J. Callaway jr.
Mr. Ivan Chermayeff
Mr. Landon T. Clay
Mrs. Dollie Cole
Mr. Peter R. Coneway
Mrs. William H. Cowles III
Mrs. George C. Dillon
Mr. John M. Harbert III
Mr. Marion Edwyn Harrison
Mr. Frank W. Hoch
Mrs. Ruth S. Holmberg
Mr. Roger Horchow
Mr. Richard Hunt
Mr. Robert L. James
Mrs. James Kinnear
Mr. Donald G. Lubin
Mr. Frank N. Magid
Mrs. Jean B. Mahoney
Mrs. John F. Mars
Mrs. Nan Taylor McEvoy
Dr. George E. Mueller
Mr. Thomas D. Mullins
Mr. John N. Nordstrom
Mrs. Frank Piasecki
Mr. Heinz C. Prechter
Mr. David S. Purvis
Mr. Alvin N. Puryear
Mr. Robert Redford
Mr. Wilbur L. Ross jr.
Mr. Clive Runnells
Mrs. Arthur M. Sackler
Mr. Leveo V. Sanchez
Dr. John C. Sawhill
Dr. Ivan Selin
Mrs. Esther Simplot
Mrs. E. Maynard Smith
Ms. Kathy Daubert Smith
Mr. Kenneth L. Smith
Mrs. Richard L. Thompson
Mr. Jeffrey N. Watanabe
Mr. Frank A. Weil
Mr. Barry Lawson Williams

Honorary Members

Mr. William S. Anderson
Mr. Richard P. Cooley
Mr. Joseph F. Cullman III
Mr. Charles D. Dickey jr.
Hon. Leonard K. Firestone
Mr. Alfred C. Glassell jr.
Mr. W. L. Hadley Griffin
Hon. William A. Hewitt
Mr. James M. Kemper jr.
Mr. Seymour H. Knox III
Mr. Lewis A. Lapham
Hon. George C. McGhee
Justice Sandra D. O'Connor
Mr. S. Dillon Ripley
Mr. Francis C. Rooney jr.
Mrs. Gay F. Wray

VIXEN HILL GAZEBOS

Discover our wide selection of architecturally authentic cedar gazebos, pre-engineered for easy assembly by the non-carpenter. For our 22-pg. catalog, send $4/Mail or $8/FedEx.
Vixen Hill, Dept. SM-4, Elverson, PA 19520 • 800-423-2766

HEIRLOOM EUROPEAN TAPESTRIES
WALL HANGING
REPRODUCTIONS OF CLASSICS.
JACQUARD LOOMED.
AFFORDABLE. FAST DELIVERY.
NEW!! CATALOGS
$4 & $18 (refunded)
HEIRLOOM TAPESTRIES
BOX 539
DOBBINS, CA 95935
1-800-699-6836

DUKE

Safe, serious weight loss through lifestyle change.

Diet and Fitness Center
800-362-8446

Duke University Medical Center, Durham, North Carolina

MISSING A PIECE OF YOUR PATTERN?

Replace pieces or add to your sterling silver at up to 75% off retail. We specialize in new and used flatware and holloware. Over 1000 patterns in stock. Call or write for a free inventory of your sterling pattern. *(We also buy sterling silver, with a careful appraisal for maximum value.)*

Pattern shown: Chantilly by Gorham.

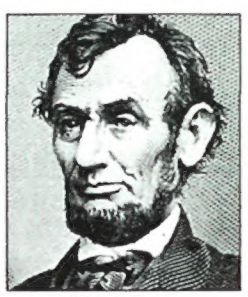
Beverly Bremer
SILVER SHOP
3164 Peachtree Rd., NE, Dept. SM, Atlanta, GA 30305 / Mon.-Sat. 10-5
404 261-4009

OWN A PIECE OF HISTORY

We deal in original letters and documents written by famous people. Americans, World Leaders, Scientists, Authors, Artists, Composers and many more.

Call toll-free or send $2 for our catalogue today.

Please include phone number and individuals of interest



A. Lincoln

American Historical Guild
130 Circle Drive, Suite 200
Roslyn Heights, N.Y. 11577
(516) 621-3051 • 800-544-1947

THE OFFICIAL

STAR TREK®

INSIGNIA COLLECTION IN SILVER AND GOLD

For the first time ever—Paramount Pictures presents the complete collection of interstellar insignias, minted in solid sterling silver and embellished with 24-karat gold.

They are the most prized insignias in the universe. The unmistakable symbols of the major interstellar forces in the universe of STAR TREK and STAR TREK®: THE NEXT GENERATION.™

And now, for the first time ever, you can build a *complete collection*. Authorized and fully authenticated by Paramount Pictures. With each of your 12 insignias *minted in solid sterling silver* and richly accented with *24-karat gold electroplate.*

Some, like the Command Insignia of the Starship U.S.S. ENTERPRISE™ and the noble Vulcan IDIC, are respected and inspirational. Others, like the symbols of the KLINGONS and the ROMULANS, alert all who see them to be wary of their bearers.

You will receive a new insignia every other month, with the issue price of just $55 each, billed in two equal monthly installments.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED

If you wish to return any Franklin Mint purchase, you may do so within 30 days of your receipt of that purchase for replacement, credit or refund.

TM, ® & © 1994 Paramount Pictures. All Rights Reserved. STAR TREK and related marks are Trademarks of Paramount Pictures.

Display shown smaller than actual size of 21" H x 16" W x 1 ½" D.

THE COMMAND INSIGNIA OF THE U.S.S. ENTERPRISE

Shown slightly smaller than actual size.

To honor the deeds of Captain Kirk and his crew, the original COMMAND INSIGNIA OF THE U.S.S. ENTERPRISE was adapted for use by all Starfleet vessels.

The most prized emblems in the universe, accented in precious silver and gold.

The Franklin Mint
Franklin Center, PA 19091-0001

Please mail by Stardate 9431.07 (July 31, 1994).

YES! Please enter my order for The Official STAR TREK® Insignia Collection, consisting of 12 symbols minted in solid sterling silver, embellished with 24-karat gold electroplate, and sent to me at the rate of one every other month.

I need SEND NO MONEY NOW. Please bill me for each emblem in 2 equal monthly installments of $27.50* each, beginning when the first one is ready to be sent to me. The imported wood and glass display case, Certificate of Authenticity, and special reference notes will all be provided at no additional charge.

**Plus my state sales tax and $1.95 per insignia for shipping and handling.*

SIGNATURE _____
ALL ORDERS ARE SUBJECT TO ACCEPTANCE

MR/MRS/MISS _____
PLEASE PRINT CLEARLY

ADDRESS _____ APT. # _____

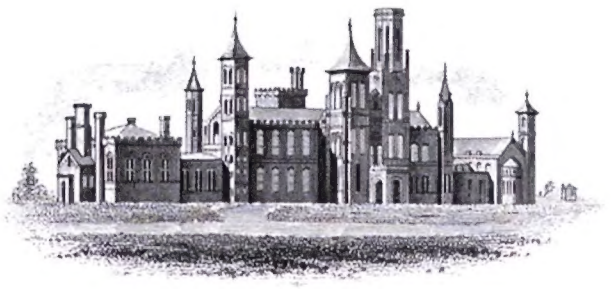
CITY/STATE _____ ZIP _____

TELEPHONE # (_____) _____

15006-84-001-8JIB/E/H

Secretary Adams' comments

Smithsonian horizons



An impressive ten million visit our museums yearly; a new demographic study begins to tell who they are

Who visits Smithsonian museums? The extraordinary annual average of around 26 million recorded entries a year (with 3 million more at the National Zoo), makes answering that question systematically a daunting challenge. But difficult or not, the issue is compelling. Whom do we serve–and not serve? What background of interests, tastes and education do visitors bring with them? How long do they spend, and how often do they return? What do they learn, how have their horizons widened, and are they satisfied? I think everyone in the museum community should have a concern to seek at least partial answers to questions like these.

Broadly speaking, such questions fall into two categories. One set is directed at eliciting specific reactions to our own performance, and is typically focused on individual exhibitions in order to gain some understanding. Studies along these lines may include matched entry-and-exit questionnaires, books or cards inviting comment, and electronic querying devices for audience reactions. Such efforts are turning out to be of real help in improving the way we handle complex or controversial subjects. It should be remembered that exhibit labels, and sometimes exhibits themselves, are unlike books in that they can be modified to take account of criticism without waiting for a second edition.

But exhibit-based studies inform us about only a self-selected slice of our visitors. We need a more accurate impression of the whole. Efforts toward this end have been under way for the past half-dozen or so years. Zahava Doering, a sociologist and a professional survey researcher, and her small staff in our Institutional Studies Office have been gradually assembling our first clear understanding of the demographic profile of the Smithsonian's many audiences. With very modest resources, they have had to substitute analytical ingenuity for full coverage of seasonal variation in visiting patterns, and they are continually hard-pressed to cover the multiple entry points for even a single museum at a time. Thus there is much yet to learn, and in this short space I must in any case eschew technical details and touch on only a few highlights. But the researchers are reporting some provocative findings that should play a part in future Smithsonian planning.

Doering's best estimate is that the aggregate number of entries to all museums represents the visits of between nine million and ten million individuals. With only about half reporting that they have ever visited a Smithsonian museum before, it is not surprising that many clearly take the time to make the rounds of a number of museums during what may be their only opportunity. The three biggest museums–Air and Space, Natural History and American History–account for nine out of ten of all visits. From March to early September is the busy season. As anyone familiar with summer crowds along the Mall already would expect, July proves to be no less than three times as popular as January.

Our audience is very slightly more male than female. Less balanced and hence a source of concern is the racial breakdown: among U.S. visitors, 86.2 percent are white. Even among visitors from the Washington metropolitan area, the African-American proportion is only 10.5 percent. The audience is also relatively young (44 and under) and well educated. More than three-fifths of visitors over the age of 25 have college degrees (three times the national figure) and 28 percent have graduate degrees. College-educated Caucasians, African-Americans, Asians and Hispanics are all overrepresented in their respective Smithsonian visitor groups, suggesting that educational level may be a more important variable than racial or ethnic background in determining attendance. Visitors to the Smithsonian's art and humanities museums tend to be considerably older and even better educated than those to Air and Space, Natural History and the Zoo. They also include fewer minorities.

Not to be overlooked in thinking about the larger role of the Smithsonian is the fact that one-tenth of all its visitors turn out to live abroad. The Institution has an important representational function, in other words. The foreign visitors almost universally report their surprised pleasure upon discovering that the museums are free at all times. They are principally from Europe and the Far East, and their favorite Smithsonian attraction–where they constitute *two*-tenths of all visitors–is the National Air and Space Museum. Visitors from Asia account for nearly one-third of all visits of those of Asian descent, while the proportion of Latin Americans among visitors of Hispanic descent is even higher.

There are sporadic complaints that the Smithsonian confers a disproportionate local benefit, but nearly 75 percent of domestic Smithsonian visitors come from outside the Washington, D.C. metropolitan area. Locals are surely more likely to return often (75 percent are repeat visitors) and perhaps are more selective in what they choose to see. Survey responses indicate, however, that less than one-sixth of the total and one-fourth of the local visitors come out of interest in a specific exhibit. It is gratifying to find that the widespread appeal of the Smithsonian is both geographical and general.

INTRODUCING

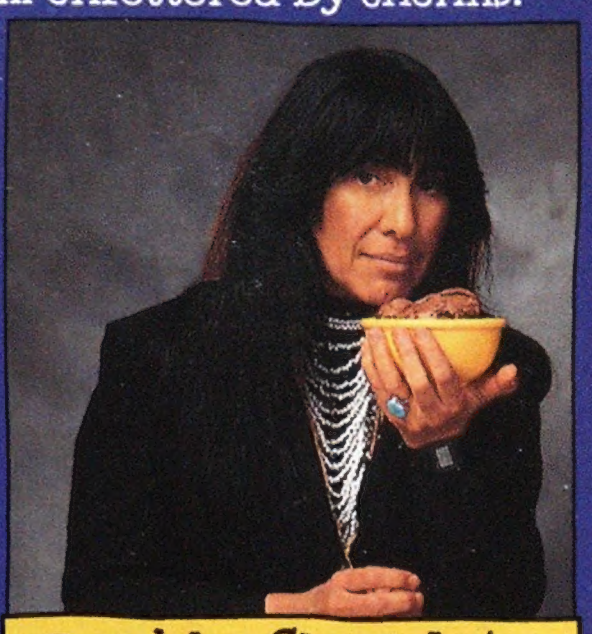
Smooth NO CHUNKS!

BEN & JERRY'S®

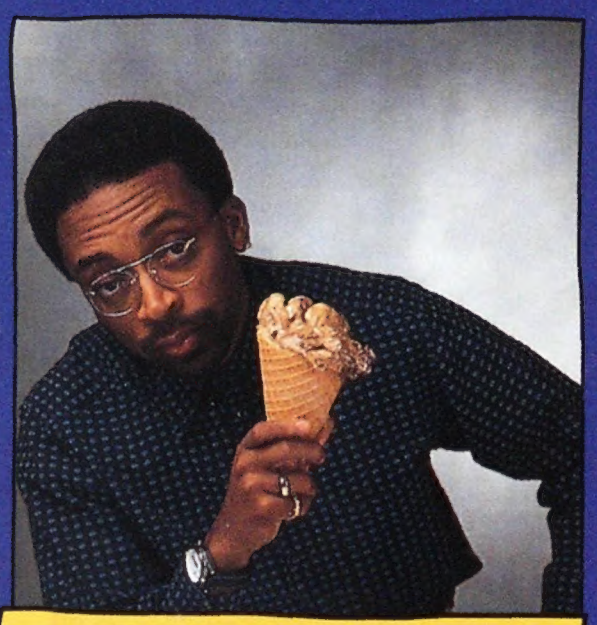
8 NEW flavors of ice cream unfettered by chunks.

Vanilla Bean

White Russian

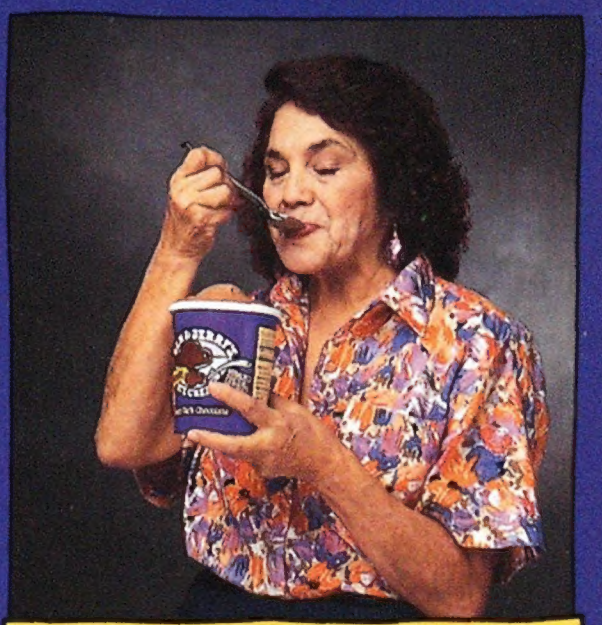


Double Chocolate Fudge Swirl



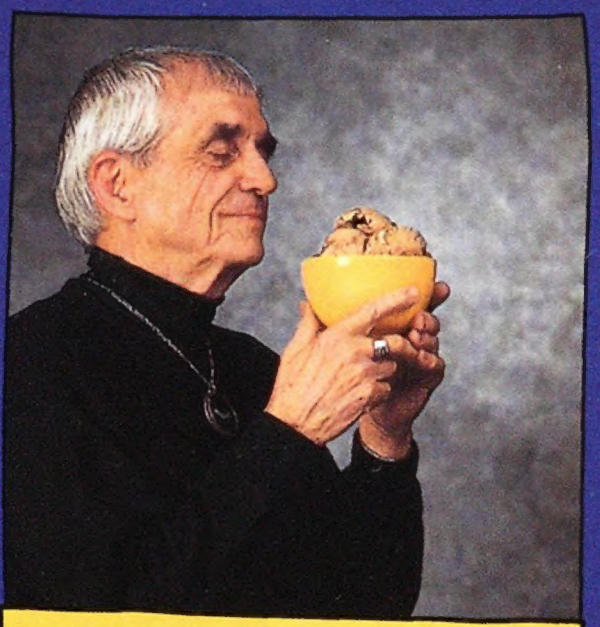
Vanilla Caramel Fudge

Aztec Harvests® Coffee



Deep Dark Chocolate

Vanilla



Mocha Fudge

Ben&Jerry's® Smooth Ice Cream is available at supermarkets, convenience stores and Ben&Jerry's® scoop shops nationally. We've made a 24" x 36" poster of these 8 activists with info about their activism. It's suitable for framing & the proceeds benefit the Children's Defense Fund. Want one? Send 10 bucks to: Ben&Jerry's Smooth Poster, P.O. Box 609, Waterbury, Vermont 05676 or call 802-244-1775. ©1994 Ben&Jerry's Homemade, Inc. Activist photos: Jeffrey Henson Scales

Letters to the Editor

The Overlord Embroidery

Dear Sir: Your May issue brought back a time in 1944 when, from February until our departure for Utah Beach in July, part of the U.S. 6th Armored Division was billeted in Batsford Park. It was the home of Lord Dulverton, in the village of Moreton-in-Marsh in the Cotswolds. (Lord Dulverton, who commissioned the Overlord Embroidery, was a member of the Wills family, makers of most English cigarettes. Nevertheless, he was very fond of our U.S. brands.)

My Signal Corps staff was billeted in a tiny village just a few miles from Batsford. The ancient stone building with its Norman arch, where I was put up, had been the property of Harold, Earl of Wessex, before he became King Harold and got himself killed at Hastings in 1066.

Col. William Given, USA (ret.)
Foley, Alabama

Dear Sir: The response to the "famous British crack . . . about the Yanks being 'overpaid, oversexed and over here'" was the equally famous Yank crack that the Brits were "underpaid, undersexed and under Eisenhower."

While I only had a year in England as an 8th Air Force enlisted man (ground crew), I gratefully remember my many British friends whose hospitality I enjoyed, but most of all how they manned the barricade of freedom for so many months alone.

Harry Rosenberg
Fort Collins, Colorado

RARE Center

Dear Sir: Since director John Guarnaccia was appointed, the RARE Center for Tropical Conservation has become intensely focused and highly successful; John and his enlightened, energetic board have supplied vision, initiative, persistence and guidance.

Among current activities are the Cuba Project (a well-organized exchange between Cuban and American scientists in all fields related to conservation); the Pacific Project (an introduction of Paul Butler's methods to islands in the South Pacific, starting with Western Samoa); the Costa Rica Guide-Training Program (educating natives to make a living from ecotourism); the Caribbean Family Planning Initiative (the only environmental organization tackling population issues). These and other projects, along with imaginative methods and highly motivated, dedicated individuals such as Paul Butler, Rafael Manzanero and others, make RARE one of the most dynamic and efficient institutions in the conservation field today.

Rafael Villamil
Philadelphia

The pioneers

Dear Sir: About three miles west of the ruts visible in the photograph on page 40 is Historic Warm Springs, Wyoming. The site was named–and is still known as–the "Emigrants' Washtub" because warm water rises from an underground spring into a depression where wagon trains would stop to do their laundry.

Gaylord Miller
Torrington, Wyoming

Dear Sir: The old rough-and-ready days in this Missouri River town will come alive at our annual Trails West! Festival from August 19 to 21.

We have reincarnated founder Joseph Robidoux, plus a gang of other historical characters, including Jesse James, who met his inglorious end in St. Joseph. There are Pony Express riders, poet Eugene Field (who contributed bawdy prose to the old *St. Joseph Gazette*), Mark Twain, even Abraham Lincoln (who stopped here twice in the 1850s for a shave and a haircut on his way to somewhere else).

There will be everything from musical entertainment to children's performances, Civil War skirmishes to saloon shows with dancing girls, the Jesse James bank robbery, an old-time medicine show and much more.

In the first annual Pony Express Commemorative Stick Horse Rerun Relay Race, everyone from bank presidents to bistro waiters will be encouraged to negotiate the peril-filled "trail."

Eileen Lockwood
St. Joseph, Missouri

Dear Sir: The Pony Express operated for little more than a year. Rushed into service in 1860 in the face of advancing technology, it bankrupted its firm and ended in 1861, when the new transcontinental telegraph system made instant communication available.

Graydon DeCamp
Elk Rapids, Michigan

Thomas Cole

Dear Sir: The American romantic poet William Cullen Bryant, Cole's close friend, penned a poem to Cole as the painter was departing for Europe in 1829. It urges Cole to keep "a living image of our own bright land" in the face of superior attractions in the Old World. So closely attuned to each other were poet and painter in their love of the American landscape that they were depicted in Asher B. Durand's dual portrait *Kindred Spirits* against a backdrop of Catskill Mountains scenery. The painting, which hung for many years on the landing of the New York Public Library, commemorates the death of Cole in 1848, and was commissioned by art collector Jonathan Sturges to present to Bryant, who had delivered Cole's eulogy at the National Academy of Design.

Rhoda Nathan
Hempstead, New York

Drive-in movies

Dear Sir: Before reading Constance Bond's introduction I imagined that I had been the only kid routinely hauled to the movies wearing pajamas. I'd rush ahead of my parents to our sky-blue '55 Mercury, scanning the neighborhood for friends who'd tease me mercilessly if they witnessed such an indignity.

I longed to walk to the mysterious, forbidden concession stand, to play with the big kids at the playground, or at least to make sense of what was on the screen and stay awake until the end.

There's still an old drive-in, the Swan, in Blue Ridge, Georgia. It competes for date-night dollars with a modest little twin cinema located not far away, referred to as the "walk-in."

Darrell C. Byne
Cherry Log, Georgia

CHOOSE THE RIGHT ONE, AND YOU'LL EARN 10% TOWARD A NEW GM VEHICLE.

Depend on Junior's Garage and Diner for parts and service

Earn nothing toward a new GM vehicle when you use another card

No earnings — period

Staffed with Junior's buddies

Good times are guaranteed

Gives you double cheese at no extra charge

Has annual picnic

Junior counts your cash over and over

A member of the family

Depend on your Accelerated Earnings Network℠ GM Dealer for parts and service

Earn up to 10% toward a new GM vehicle when you charge your parts and service on The GM Card℠*

No cap on Additional Earnings**

Staffed with trained and certified GM technicians

Genuine GM Goodwrench parts are guaranteed

Gives you more bargaining power on a new GM vehicle

GM MasterCard® has no annual fee

10% earnings count over and above your best deal on your next new GM vehicle

A member of the Accelerated Earnings Network

ACCELERATED EARNINGS NETWORK™

To apply, call 1-800-8GM-CARD.

*Offer is redeemable as discount on new GM car or truck. Up to $500 per account year, or maximum of $3,500 over 7 years. May be combined with other GM offers. Subject to GM Card Rebate Program Rules. Additional Earnings good on non-warranty retail parts and service at participating GM Dealers only. Excludes body shop repairs. **Additional Earnings are an extra 5% when you use The GM Card at Accelerated Earnings Network Members. © 1994 General Motors Corporation.

"This phone is incredible!"

"Without a doubt, the Escort 9020 is the best cordless phone I've ever used. Its range is incredible. It goes everywhere I want to go so I never have to worry about missing an important call. The voice quality is great. There's no 'tin-can sound' like you'll find with other cordless phones. And, unlike conventional cordless phones, Escort's unique combination of Digital Spread Spectrum technology and patented encryption hardware prevents anyone from overhearing your private conversations on a scanner or their own cordless phone. That's important to me, especially with conversations where I give out my credit card number or tell friends I'm going out of town. The Escort 9020 may cost a bit more than a conventional cordless phone but it's worth it.

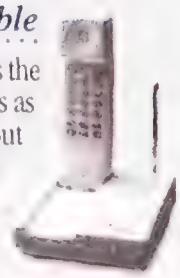
It's everything a cordless phone is supposed to be."

1-800-433-3487

Also Available

Escort 9010 offers the same great features as our Escort 9020 but with an internal handset antenna.

Available for only only $279.



Escort 9020 $299

plus shipping & handling. OH res. add 6% sales tax

ESCORT
Department 120974
5200 Fields-Ertel Road
Cincinnati, Ohio 45249

ESCORT®
The Innovative Edge.™

© 1994 EMI

ESCORT products are designed and manufactured in the USA

Dear Sir: As a diehard attendee at many outdoor theaters in 1950s Los Angeles, I devised a cure for the "little metal boxes with bad sound that you hung on the side of the driver's window."

I placed the box, speaker down, on the top of the car. The big metal surface acted like a sounding board, filling the car's interior with almost-high-tech stereo. Alas, it will not work on a convertible.

Spencer Murray
La Canada, California

Dashiell Hammett

Dear Sir: I had occasion to serve with Hammett at the Army Signal Corps Instructors School in Edison, New Jersey, while we both were awaiting assignments to OCS. I was in charge of the 3d Platoon, and Private Hammett had command of the 4th Platoon.

He was having an awful time mastering the commands of Close Order Drill and company formations. We devised a system in which I turned in his direction, either mouthing the necessary command so that he would be aware, or shouting out the command to my platoon so loudly that Hammett and his platoon knew what the order would be.

Most evenings after retreat and chow, he would collect me, and we would spend some time at the PX talking about literature in general or political philosophy. He was very interested in my working experiences, my having had to leave school to get a job, and the tough life I had lived in Charlestown, a rough section of Boston. My impressions of his thoughts were in the direction of socialism rather than communism.

Dashiell Hammett had a profound effect on me: he treated me at all times as an equal and respected my opinions as much as I his. For all his fame, he was totally unaffected and genuine. Being in the company of such a famous man was pretty heady stuff for an unknown "townie" like me. I was only 18.

Richard H. Curtin sr.
Sumerduck, Virginia

Dear Sir: In 1944 I was a staff sergeant in Army headquarters on Adak Island in the Aleutians. Hammett was editor of *The Adakian*, the Army newspaper. Every morning when I got to my desk, there would be a mimeographed copy of the day's *Adakian*. An hour or so later, the official Army intelligence report would come to me for initialing. Hammett, having stayed up all night listening to in-

coming radio reports, would have scooped the intelligence report.
Nels T. Sahl
St. Anthony, Idaho

Dear Sir: Daniel Stashower's account deserves to be supplemented by other points of view. Stashower tells of Hammett's alcoholism but not his cruelty–his beatings of prostitutes and others (when the actress Elise de Viane sued on these grounds, Hammett did not contest and paid $2,500 damages). He tells of Hammett's free-spending habits but not of the bills unpaid (he fled the Hotel Pierre in New York, owing $1,000 and wearing his clothes in layers to avoid being seen with luggage). Stashower's fleeting reference to Hammett's income being "attached by the IRS" slights Hammett's longstanding habit of failing to pay his income taxes. In 1957 a federal court found his debts just for the years 1950-54 to exceed $100,000. And for years, his wife, Josephine Dolan, was reduced to sending letters to Alfred Knopf like the one most often cited: "For the past seven months Mr. Hammett has sent me only $100 . . . right now I am desperate–the children need clothing and are not getting the right food–and I am unable to find work–living with my parents who . . . can't offer us any more help. . . ."
Douglas Lane Patey
Northampton, Massachusetts

Around the Mall

Dear Sir: I learned to fly in 1928, when I was 20, and got a job with Washington/New York Airline.

Later, working for Ludington Air, I flew from Washington to the Cleveland Air Races of 1932 with my boss, Gene Vidal (the father of writer Gore Vidal), who was head of the airline, and famed aviator Amelia Earhart.

Jimmy Doolittle won the races, beating all foreign fliers. But to me the hero by far was the German pilot Ernst Udet. He soared his tiny plane across the field once, dropping his long yellow scarf in the middle. Returning upside down, he picked up the scarf. Next, he flew high overhead and, cutting off his engine, did three loops, the last one dangerously close to the ground.

Udet then shot his tiny plane up over the heads of those seated on the hillside, came down and landed his plane upon a spot he had marked earlier.
Jim Moran
Alexandria, Virginia

ANOTHER REASON TO BUY A PELLA® WINDOW

Brighten your day without losing your cool.

Save up to 27% on cooling costs with our high-performance InsulShield® glass option.*

Pella® high-performance glass screens out most fading rays and stops twice as much solar heat gain as ordinary glass. And it won't tint your view.

Pella® WINDOWS & DOORS

Even on the hottest day of summer, Pella® Windows work hard to help keep you comfortable. Our sophisticated glass systems let in sunlight, but screen out excess heat and fading rays . . . even reduce outside noise, to give you peace and quiet. So call today for your free "Making Great Window Decisions" brochure. It's not only a bright idea, but a very cool thing to do.

* Compared to single-pane wood windows

1-800-54-PELLA

Quality like this only comes from Pella.

Around the Mall and beyond

To date it's been sticky stuff like Jell-O, peanut butter and, recently, marshmallows. Next year, Crisco?

I learned this past April that toasting marshmallows was considered "an essential male courtship ritual" by Midwestern lads of the 1950s. "Few grown men of that era will admit it," said Tom Kirlin, who with his wife, Katherine, authored the *Smithsonian Folklife Cookbook*, "but on a hayride date most of us never really kissed a girl until we'd first pressed a hot, luscious marshmallow, fresh off a willow stick, against the quivering lips of our beloved."

This information, vital as it is to our culture, was only one of the marshmallow facts that billowed over me (and stuck) during the Smithsonian's Third Annual (Usually) Conference on Stuff. I'm ashamed to say I missed the first two seminars–on Jell-O in 1991 and peanut butter in '92. "We never managed to produce the 1993 session," said Shirley Cherkasky. "People all said they were kind of busy and the date just slipped by. That's why we add the word 'usually' after 'annual' in describing our program."

Shirley Cherkasky brings to mind one of my aunts–a smallish lady of large energy. Her brisk, no-nonsense talk concealed a sense of humor that would suddenly erupt with almost girlish glee. She was a schoolteacher, but she might well have been a coordinator of museum programs, the position that Shirley holds at the National Museum of American History (NMAH). Though slender as a steel blade, Shirley has a "special interest in food" and has found herself in charge, generally speaking, of the Stuff Conference, which tends to revolve around edibles. The date is always–and appropriately–April 1. The participants are hard-working Smithsonian museum staffers, taking–at their own expense–what has been aptly described as a "seventh-inning stretch."

Typically, in the morning, a scattering of curators, administrators and technicians gathers to hear papers on the chosen subject. Some are quite serious. I learned, for example, that there's a marshmallow that's an actual plant (*Althaea officinalis*), which grew in ancient Egypt and is now found in our Eastern marshes; that the innards of its roots are sweet and gooey and so lent themselves to early confections; that today's marshmallow candy expanded on the theme of gluey sweetness but moved away from the original source to become, like other goodies, amalgams of gelatin, sugar, corn syrup and suchlike.

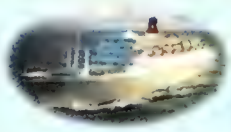
Subsequent papers grew preposterously ridiculous despite sobersided pre-

SAGAFJORD PACIFIC WORLD CRUISE 1995

Ft. Lauderdale, Florida
Grand Cayman
Panama Canal
Nuku Hiva, Marquesas Is.
Bora Bora, Society Is.
Moorea, Society Islands
Papeete, Tahiti
Nuku'alofa, Tonga
Auckland, New Zealand
Christchurch, New Zealand
Sydney, Australia
Brisbane, Australia
Cairns, Australia
Bali, Indonesia
Semarang, Indonesia
Nias, Indonesia
Phuket, Thailand
Singapore
Bangkok, Thailand
Ho Chi Minh City, Vietnam
Hong Kong
Manila, Philippines
Cebu, Philippines
Lae, New Guinea
Vila, Vanuatu
Pago Pago, American Samoa
Rarotonga, Cook Islands
Papeete, Tahiti
Pitcairn Island
Easter Island, Chile
Valparaiso, Chile
Lima, Peru
Puerto Caldera, Costa Rica
Puerto Vallarta, Mexico
Los Angeles, California

DISCOVER THE STORY OF THE PACIFIC.

OR SIMPLY YOUR FAVORITE CHAPTER.



The romance of a story is inherent in the manner in which it is told. Beginning with the intimate ambience. The attention to each subtle detail. All creating a mystique that envelops you as it takes you to far-off places.

FROM THE 109-DAY PACIFIC CRUISE TO YOUR FAVORITE 15 DAYS.

Nowhere can a more exotic adventure unfold than aboard the Five Plus Star Sagafjord.

She begins her Pacific exploration to Tahiti, Sydney, Bali and more on January 4, 1995. Fares range from $6,340 to $89,570 including airfare. Book the full world cruise and receive First Class air and a $1,000 shipboard credit. Book early and save up to 20%. For reservations call your travel agent. For a free brochure call 1-800-221-8200.

And discover how a story of any length can become a classic.

CUNARD

67E

Rates are per person, double occupancy, subject to availability and dependent on departure date. Save 20% on a full world cruise or 10% on shorter cruises when full payment is received by July 1, 1994. Port and handling charges are $150 to $235 per person extra. Prices include free roundtrip economy air from 79 U.S. cities. Sagafjord is registered in the Bahamas. ©1994 Cunard.

sentations by scholars determined to act scholarly–no matter what. I tried hard to follow an explication on the complexities involved in qualifying marshmallows as kosher by an expert from the Hebraica Section at the Library of Congress. But it would have baffled even the most sophisticated Talmudic philosopher. An agricultural and natural resources scientist described the subtle social symbolism of Moon Pies and Goo Goo Clusters, and a pair of computer whizzes told of their cyberspace search for accounts of marshmallow involvement in history. Their database hits dealt mostly with Easter marshmallow airdrops–25,000 in 1991 from a helicopter over Schaumburg, Illinois–and public disturbances, such as fans pelting the field with penny-filled Peeps (those little yellow chick-shaped marshmallows) at football games, and volunteers roasting marshmallows in the Olympic flame during the 1988 Winter Games in Calgary.

Rodris Roth of American History's Division of Domestic Life peered over her spectacles and enlightened us on the history of marshmallow etiquette. Her deadpan delivery was most ladylike, a prim tribute to culinary decorum. She explained that in the 1930s, the Angelus Campfire Company was working hard to establish marshmallows as a gourmet food. The company's booklet, *How Famous Chefs Use Marshmallows*, presented dishes suitable for "the smartest new hotels . . . even the liner *Ile de France*."

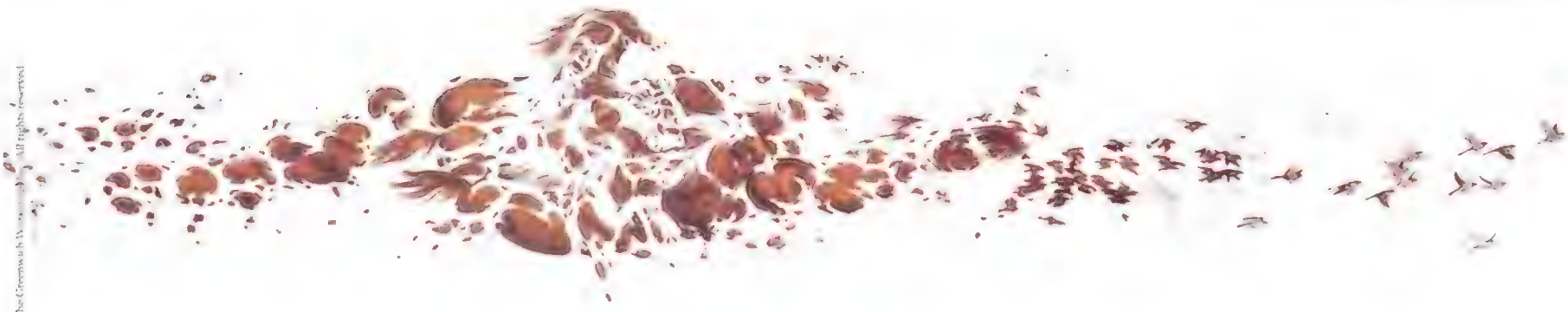
Roth described one suggested serving as "impeccable, a silver dish en suite with undertray resting on a linen doily placed on a polished wood surface." Footed bowls and platters were also brought in to lend cachet. But by the '50s, marketers were giving up on selling marshmallows to the elite and stooped to pushing casual servings of mini-marshmallow-topped casseroles in Pyrex.

Several papers toasted the unsung role of marshmallows in science and medicine. Maryland state folklorist Charley Camp recounted an oft-told tale about the first models of human genetic architecture. Finding the predetermined angles of Tinkertoys too restrictive, molecular biologists James Watson and Francis Crick supposedly turned to mini-marshmallows and varicolored toothpicks in 1953 to build their model of DNA's double helix. Curiously, no credit was given to marshmallows during Watson and Crick's acceptance of a Nobel Prize in 1962, and Crick recently informed SMITHSONIAN that there is "not a word of truth in the marshmallow model story." *Caveat lector.*

Marshmallow montage of Dorothy's ruby slippers required 16 goopy hours but wowed judges: "incredible realization!"

The afternoon session took place in NMAH's Presidential Suite. Now it was demonstration time. I watched an exper-

A shape in the mist...



... you speak for all the free wild things whose ways were ours when the wind had wings.

The Art of Bev Doolittle. When the Wind Had Wings. (detail of work in progress)

A limited edition fine art print accompanied by a poem that can be displayed separately or framed with the print.

Beauty. Mystery. Artistry. See what emerges when you look carefully at this detail of artist Bev Doolittle's new visual poem. *When the Wind Had Wings* is the latest limited edition work of fine art from the most-sought artist in print. See it take flight—exclusively at your authorized Greenwich Workshop dealer. For information on Bev Doolittle's limited edition prints, fine art poster, best-selling book, and the name of your nearest authorized Greenwich Workshop dealer, please call **1-800-243-4246.**

THE GREENWICH WORKSHOP
The Art of Discovery™

THE GREENWICH WORKSHOP, INC., 30 Lindeman Drive, Trumbull, CT 06611 • Toll free (800) 243-4246

THE GREENWICH WORKSHOP LTD., 3781 Victoria Park Avenue, Unit 6, Scarborough, Ontario M1W 3K5, Canada • (416) 490-8342 • Toll free (800) 263-4001

iment designed to "test the Big Bang vs. Steady-state theories regarding the origins of the Cosmos." Little Squishy Bunnies were microwaved until they got huge and quivered like live animals. They did not, however, explode.

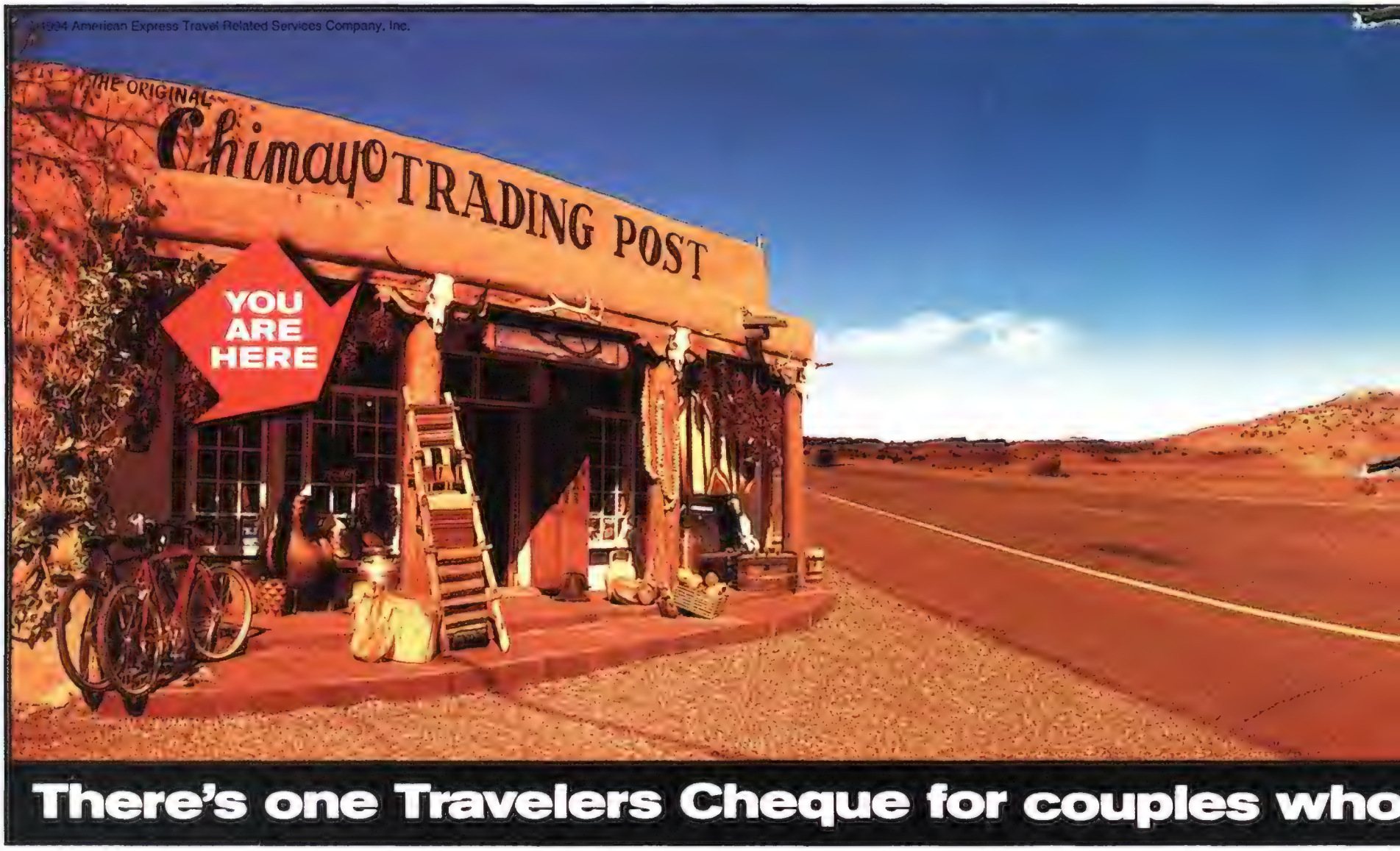
An art show included a depiction of an atomic mushroom cloud cake, inspired by one served at a 1946 U.S. Army event celebrating what was then a nuclear monopoly. The latterday cake's creator even dressed in period costume but only took second place. This year's competition was, well, stiff.

The grand prize went to Kevin Medwedeff for his montage of the ruby slippers and yellow brick road from *The Wizard of Oz*. "I had a hunch that the judges might get a kick out of them," says Medwedeff. "An office mate donated a pair of old shoes to use as a base. The road was easy–full-size marshmallows spray-painted yellow. But the shoes took forever. Sixteen hours, and I was up until 2 A.M. the night before the conference. The mini-marshmallows kept getting goopy when sprayed with adhesive and red paint." The actual ruby slippers are part of NMAH's collections, but will be on loan this summer for an exhibit in Japan (see *Highlights continued*, page 18). One wit suggested sending Medwedeff's slippers in place of the real ones.

Judges in marshmallow wigs passed out awards, and the afternoon ended with a "Fluff-Off"–a broad assortment of marshmallow dishes that I found I simply could not face. "This was our biggest year yet!" exclaimed Shirley. "When we started, we had no intention of the meetings getting large. No one knew about us except a few museum friends. Now we get people from all over."

It all started as Washington's ever-welcome spring hove into sight in 1991. Some wags at American History's Division of Engineering and Industry conceived a tongue-in-cheek celebration of a product that everyone knew, one that had a public image. "For many years, people in the Department of Conservation had put on an annual chocolate bake-off. That year it was changed to Jell-O." The morning presentations were especially informative–"Jell-O is made from bones, hides and skins of pigs and other animals"–if de-appetizing. The afternoon "Jell-Off" featured a small aquarium filled with green Jell-O that had orange and gold Gummi fish embedded in it. There were vodka Jell-O cubes. "A little warm, as well as cold," reported a taster. And one display refuted the old saying about the impossibility of nailing Jell-O to a wall. It was a slab of very tough Jell-O, "quite nasty-looking," noted Shirley.

The next year was the Quincentennial of Columbus' voyage. In late 1991 Shirley had put together a symposium, "Good as Gold: Foods the Americas Gave the World." So, for the '92 Conference on Stuff, she naturally thought of one such food: peanuts, native to tropical America. "Let's do peanut butter," she beamed. Since work does seem to get in the way of the most important things, Shirley got little response from her colleagues until the last minute. Then the peanut butter program began to congeal. The scholarly papers varied from "Peanut Butter in America: Race, Class, and Gender in a Nutshell," to "Peanut Butter and the Military-Industrial Complex," which revealed that the U.S. Navy goes for creamy peanut butter, while the Marines like theirs rough and chunky.


©1994 American Express Travel Related Services Company, Inc.
THE ORIGINAL
Chimayo TRADING POST
YOU ARE HERE
There's one Travelers Cheque for couples who

(The history of peanut butter remains murky. Some sources trace it to ancient peoples in South America; others claim West African origins. George Washington Carver improved and promoted peanut butter in the 1920s, but its initial popularity in the United States can be attributed to an anonymous St. Louis doctor who, in the 1890s, manufactured it for his toothless patients.)

Afternoon events included a demonstration of some 50 ways to make a peanut-butter-and-banana sandwich. "Then people in the audience offered their own favorite variations, and we ended up with 385 ways," said Shirley. "You can do up to seven layers, cut off the crust or not, grill it or not, use all kinds of bread–or none at all. One man said his breakfast is a peanut-butter-and-banana sandwich, hold the bread. He just smears the stuff on a split banana." Peanut soup appeared on the tables, as well as satés and other Indonesian hors d'oeuvres. Everyone dug in before waddling back to their offices.

Last year's yard art program died on the vine. A pity. Shirley had hoped for things like iron deer and plastic flamingos, scalloped wooden borders and, of course, grills–since without food there's no show. "To combine art and food was my goal. I remembered a woman who lives near Providence, Rhode Island. She has adopted Liberace's performance style and bills herself as the 'Polish Princess.' Her backyard grill, shaped like a piano, is a perfect example of how yard art can relate to food.

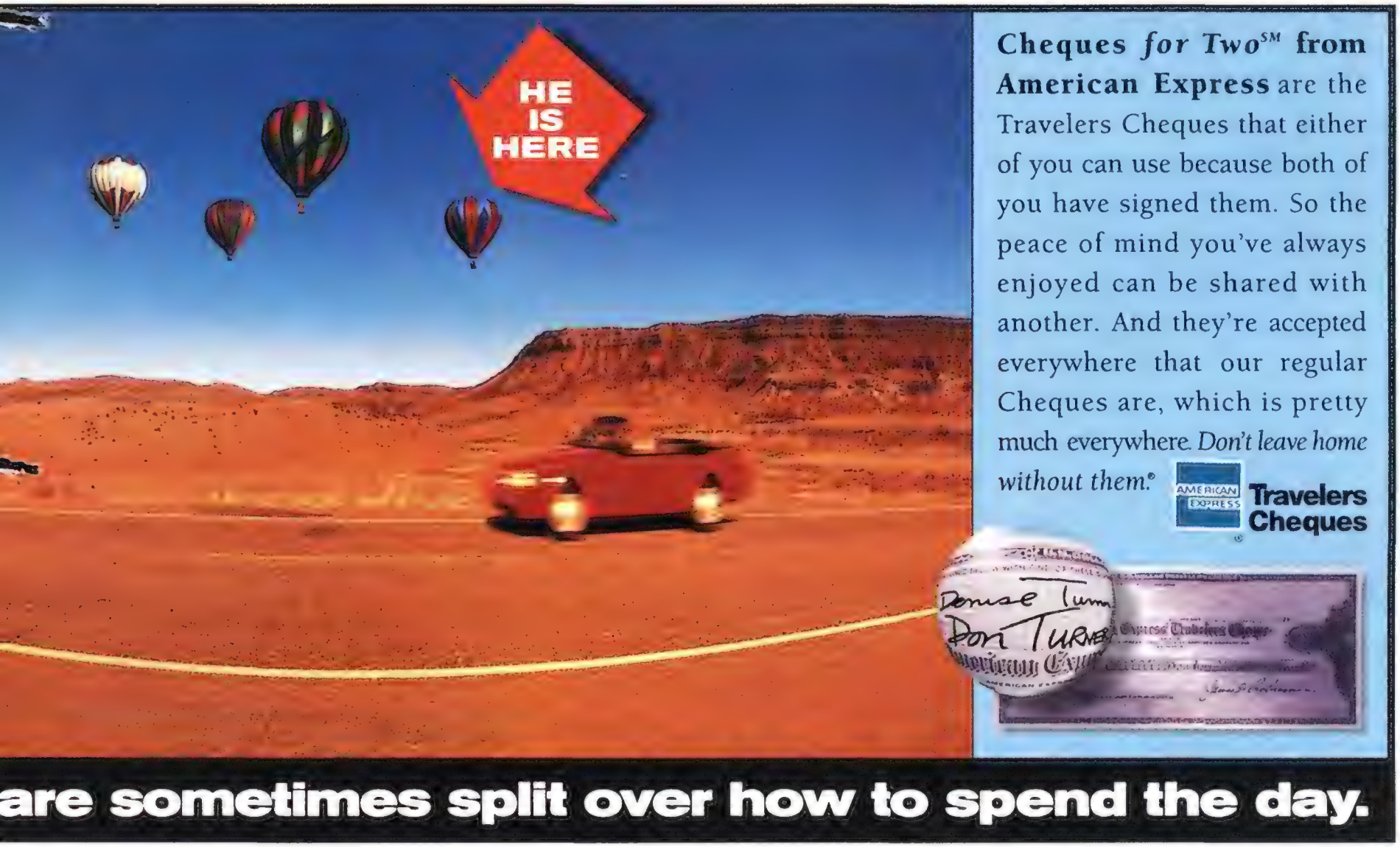
"Also, a visiting Indian scholar at the Smithsonian had promised to give a slide lecture on a notable aspect of yard art in India. Since cow patties are an important source of fuel over there, the Indians have ingenious ways to dry them–plastering them on walls in intricate designs, piling them up like giant beehives, that kind of thing. So we could have had a fascinating presentation. At least I think so."

Yard art will surely be in the running for next year's Stuff Conference. Shirley read through the list of other future possibilities: "Crisco, because everyone knows it, and you can make sculptures out of it when it's cold. In 1912, Crisco billed itself as 'something that the American housewife had always needed,' although in reality, I'm told, it was basically a profitable way for cotton processors to dispense with a byproduct, cottonseed oil. Popcorn, naturally–historical, and useful as packing material, and you can certainly make things with Cracker Jack. That might lead to grits. We could do great things with hominy. Also, I've been thinking of sausage-type stuff: scrapple with all its Early American associations; perhaps haggis.

"You see the idea," she continued. "It's emotionally loaded stuff that we're after. And most of these foods do have emotions tied up in them. Can you think of an unemotional food?" Heartily sick of today's dietary health fixation, I blurted out "roughage," before thinking that it can, of course, be very moving. "Yes," she agreed. "It's so good for you. Maybe we could do a conference on all kinds of green leafies. Then again, it's not really the sort of thing we're after. Grits is much nearer the mark."

When I got home I felt like a snack. Peanut-butter-and-banana sandwich on pumpernickel, grilled. Just hold the marshmallows.

Edwards Park


HE IS HERE
Cheques for Two℠ from American Express are the Travelers Cheques that either of you can use because both of you have signed them. So the peace of mind you've always enjoyed can be shared with another. And they're accepted everywhere that our regular Cheques are, which is pretty much everywhere. Don't leave home without them.®
AMERICAN EXPRESS
Travelers Cheques
Denise Turner
DON TURNER
are sometimes split over how to spend the day.

Lay Down Your Arms

Ah, to read without aching arms and dented elbows. Now you can with our Reader's Table from Denmark. It adjusts easily to hold your book at just the right height and angle. Reading becomes surprisingly comfortable in a chair, in bed, or beside a desk. An intelligent design and a handsome piece of furniture in natural cherry, dark cherry, teak, oak or black ash.

$199 + **$11.95** shipping via UPS ground
Assembly required—but worth it.
MC/VISA/AMEX/DI/Check • Florida add 6%
Money-Back Guarantee • Catalog on Request
800-544-0880 or 407-276-4141

LEVENGER®
TOOLS FOR SERIOUS READERS
420 Commerce Drive, Code SRT12, Delray, FL 33445

KOKOPELLI

136E Kokopelli Earrings $38
38PN Kokopelli Pendant $32
Set $62
20" sterling chain included

The ancient Anasazi symbol of Kokopelli - the humpbacked minor god flute player. His main task is to provide abundance, fertility and rainmaking! Mary Laura's is offering, for the first time, this unique Hopi-style gift set in sterling silver.

Clipped or pierced

Please order early supplies are limited.

MARY LAURA'S
NATIVE AMERICAN ARTS
TO ORDER CALL 1-800-662-4848
Intl. (505) 242-5502
Visa - Mastercard - American Express
Shipping & Handling $3.00
Mary Laura's - P.O. Box 12615-SM
Albuquerque, NM 87195-0615 U.S.A.

Smithsonian highlights

Planning a Smithsonian visit?

Receive a special free Associates' Planning Packet. Write Smithsonian Information, Smithsonian Institution, Washington, D.C. 20560, or call (202) 357-2700, daily, 9 A.M.- 4 P.M.; for callers with communication impairments, TTY: (202) 357-1729. *Note:* Parking near Smithsonian museums is limited. The convenient Metrorail subway system has parking available at some stations (details in packet).

Begin your visit at the Smithsonian Information Center's Associates' Reception Desk–open 9 A.M.- 4 P.M. daily–in the Castle. The Court dining room, located in the National Museum of Natural History, offers buffet service daily, 11 A.M.- 3 P.M.

Extended summer hours

Three Smithsonian museums–the National Museum of American History, the National Air and Space Museum and the National Museum of Natural History–will operate on extended hours daily, 10 A.M.- 6:30 P.M. through Labor Day, Monday, September 5. Hours at the National Zoo are 9 A.M.- 6 P.M. daily for buildings, and 8 A.M. - 8 P.M. for grounds, through September 15. Other Smithsonian museums are generally open from 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M. daily.

Festival of American Folklife

The Smithsonian's 28th annual Festival of American Folklife will be held on the Mall, July 1-4 and 7-10, from 11 A.M. to 5:30 P.M., with a dance party each night from 5:30 to 7 P.M. and a concert from 7 to 9 P.M. The festival will feature programs on Thailand, the Bahamas, traditional arts in the United States, and grassroots culture in Latin America.

American Festival Japan '94

The Smithsonian's America A special exhibition and companion music festival developed by the Smithsonian Institution for the American Festival Japan '94 will be held July 9-August 31 at the Nippon Convention Center in the Chiba Prefecture outside Tokyo. See pages 18 and 20.

Special July exhibits, events

National Air and Space Museum
Where Next, Columbus? Permanent installation looks ahead to the next 500 years of space exploration.
Air Power in World War II: The Arado 234B Blitz (through August) An original World War II Arado 234 German jet aircraft.

National Museum of Natural History
Spiders! (through January 2, 1995) Revealing look at these master builders.
Giant Squids New exhibit showcases the world's largest invertebrates.

National Zoological Park
Amazonia Permanent installation re-creates a microcosm of the world's largest rain forest and river habitat.

National Museum of American History
The Segesser Hides (opens July 19) Mural-size buffalo-hide paintings, from early

Second Smithsonian Expedition TV special, *Treehouse People/Cannibal Justice*, airs on Sunday, July 10, at 8 P.M. ET on the Arts and Entertainment Network.

18th century, are two of earliest depictions of American Indian and European battles in North America.
Science in American Life New exhibition tracks advances and discoveries in science over the past 125 years–from aspirin to the atom.

National Postal Museum
The Smithsonian's newest museum, located next to Union Station on Capitol Hill, presents exhibits that trace the history of the nation's mail service.
The Madden Family Letters (through July 30) Five generations of an African-American family (1740-1992).

Arthur M. Sackler Gallery
Contemporary Porcelain from Japan (through September 5) Innovative porcelain vessels–30 works by 30 masters.
A Mughal Hunt (through September 11) Show unlocks identity of a 17th-century painting from India's Mughal dynasty.

Freer Gallery of Art
Masterpieces of Chinese Calligraphy (through February 1995) Works of more than 30 calligraphers represent all four major scripts and the four primary formats.

National Museum of African Art
Beaded Splendor (through October 9) How beads have been incorporated into African dress to create works of art.
Face of the Spirits: Masks from the Zaire Basin (through September 25) The complex masking traditions of the Zaire Basin.

Hirshhorn Museum & Sculpture Garden
Directions–Jeanne Dunning (July 21-October 16) Works in color by the Chicago-based photographer.
Felix Gonzalez-Torres (through September 11) Minimal, interactive, mixed-media installations by the Cuban-born artist.

National Museum of American Art
North American Wildflowers: Watercolors by Mary Vaux Walcott (through August 29) Fifty watercolors by the American painter.

Renwick Gallery
Contemporary Navajo Weavings: The Gloria F. Ross Collection of the Denver Art Museum (through August 21) The artistry of modern Navajo carpets and tapestries.

National Portrait Gallery
Gertrude Käsebier, Photographer (July 8-October 2) The fine art of the pioneering turn-of-the-century American photographer.
Reporting the War: The Journalistic Coverage of World War II (through September 5) The war experiences of 35 journalists.

Anacostia Museum
Traditions from There to Here: Mixed-Media Works by Lydia Thompson (through August 15) Works by the Richmond assemblage artist.

International Gallery, S. Dillon Ripley Center
Talents of the Brush: Jill Sackler Chinese Calligraphy Competition (through September 25) Prizewinning entries from the 1990 and '92 competitions held in Beijing.

Cooper-Hewitt Museum (New York)
A Royal Gift: The 1826 Porcelain Jewel Cabinet (through September 18) Unique cabinet was made by the renowned Royal Porcelain Manufactory at Sèvres, France.

Archives of American Art
(1285 Avenue of the Americas, New York)
The "Aura of Human Experience," Jacob Kainen from the Archives of American Art (July 1-October 1) Show examines the Washington artist's multifaceted career.

It Feels Just Like Home. Only The Yard Is A Little Nicer.

Cruise the world's most exotic locations on Sun Line and you'll feel relaxed, comfortable, and among friends. Unlike other five-star luxury ships, our crew treats you as if you were family. And since people return to Sun Line so often, many passengers practically are. So plan your next adventure on Sun Line's Stella Solaris. It feels like home. Only the view changes every day.

Amazon *13, 14, 16, 27 or 30 days $1705-$5420*
Panama Canal *12 or 14 days $1435-$3360*
Christmas Cruise *10 days $1765-$3675**
Mayan Equinox *12 days $1925-$3895**
Transatlantic *21, 23 or 24 days $2430-$5160*
Winter sailings November 1994 — April 1995.

For a 36 page Sun Line brochure, see your travel agent or write: Sun Line Cruises, Inc., One Rockefeller Plaza, NY, NY 10020 or call 1-800-872-6400.
Name:
Address:
City: *State:* _____ *Zip:*

SM74

SUN LINE
Your Best Friends At Sea.℠

The Stella Solaris is a luxury ship of Greek registry. Above prices are cruise only, per person based on double occupancy. Subject to availability and departure dates. Port charges and airfare extra. *Until 9/23/94

Highlights continued

'From sea to shining sea'

The Smithsonian's America, *a special exhibition created for the American Festival Japan '94, opens near Tokyo*

What is the essence of America? Of American history and culture? How do Americans view themselves and their country? What are their ideals, their hopes, their dreams? An ambitious exhibit developed by the Smithsonian Institution for the American Festival Japan '94 seeks to answer these questions.

On view July 9 through August 31 at the Nippon Convention Center in the Chiba Prefecture outside Tokyo, "The Smithsonian's America: An Exhibition on American History and Culture" tells the story of this diverse "land of promise." It is the story of immigration, freedom and enterprise; of technology, science and invention; of new frontiers and old; of successes and mistakes; of home and community; of the "cultural glue" that connects Americans –and of the rich mosaic of diversity that is one of this country's greatest strengths.

Using historic images, film footage and more than 300 artifacts drawn primarily from the collections of the National Museum of American History and the National Air and Space Museum, the 60,000-square-foot exhibit and accompanying music festival bear witness to and elucidate our nation's past, present and future.

America is a story told by its symbols, by its geography, by its accouterments and by its people. It is a story limned in images, from a 1901 Fourth of July parade in Nome, Alaska, to Neil Armstrong's first steps on the moon; from George Washington's sword to Commodore Matthew Perry's pen (see page 20); from Oz and Dorothy's ruby slippers to Frank Sinatra's bow tie; from gospel to bluegrass; from light bulbs to lawnmowers; from Sitting Bull to the Supremes; from the majesty of Oregon's Mount Hood to Maine's craggy coast. This is America–the essence, in the words of African-American poet Langston Hughes, of "the dream the dreamers dreamed."

Diane M. Bolz

This 1977 King trumpet was used by jazz musician John Birks (Dizzy) Gillespie.

Replica of the first flag to be called "the star-spangled banner" will go to Japan.

Costume of invincible fighter for "the American way" was worn in *Superman IV.*

Airtight lunar-sample-return container, tongs, maps, are from Apollo mission.

Zuni pot with sunflower, deer and bird design, circa 1880, is from New Mexico.

Poster bears Martin Luther King jr.'s famed 1963 call for freedom and unity.

Protect your family from the most dangerous animals on earth.

For over 40 years Land Rovers have stood up to irate water buffalo and outmaneuvered entire stampedes.

So there's much to be said for the new Discovery when confronted by the automotive wildlife on America's roads.

It's the first family 4x4 that comes with dual airbags.

What's more, with its superior ABS and permanent 4-wheel drive, the Discovery provides security that goes well beyond the front seats.

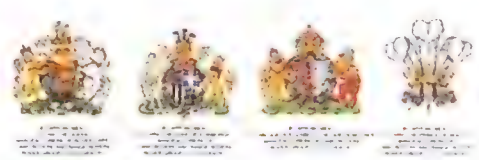
Particularly with our steel inner body cage and massive 14-gauge chassis surrounding your son, daughter and golden retriever.

What's all the more extraordinary is that the Discovery can provide this kind of security on virtually any kind of terrain. From Amazon trails submerged in water to the sands of the Kalahari, not to mention, the mud-covered lot at the little league field.

Why not call 1-800-FINE 4WD for the nearest dealer?

Starting at just under $29,000,* it's rather modestly priced.

Especially for a vehicle intended to keep a family of seven, a family of seven.



LAND ROVER DISCOVERY. $28,900.

National Portrait Gallery

On March 8, 1854, Commodore Perry, backed by Navy ships, was at last allowed to land at Yokohama.

By James Fallows

After centuries of Japanese isolation, a fateful meeting of East and West

When Japan's rulers finally let in Yankee trade and technology, they changed the history of their country and of the world

There he exchanged ceremonial gifts and signed a pact with plenipotentiaries of the Japanese emperor.

From the deck of the USS *Susquehanna* the sailors watched the sea around them fill with little boats. The *Susquehanna* and its sister ships–the *Mississippi*, the *Saratoga*, the *Powhatan*–had been traveling for more than half a year. From Norfolk, Virginia, they had sailed in the late fall of 1852 across the Atlantic, then down around Capetown, and across the Indian Ocean to the South China Sea. Through the spring of 1853 they labored northward past Macao, Hong Kong, Okinawa and the Bonin island chain–Iwo Jima and Chichi Jima–toward the main islands of Japan.

On the evening of July 8, 1853, they rounded a promontory and came to the entrance of the Uraga Channel, itself the entrance to Edo Wan, now known as Tokyo Bay. At the head of the bay, less than a day's sail away, lay Edo itself, Japan's largest city, insulated from foreign contact for nearly 250 years.

The Japanese guard boats that teemed around the American flotilla in the Uraga Channel were made of wood, with sharply angled prows. Sweating oarsmen propelled the boats through the ocean chop. Above the rowers' heads flapped the geometric- or floral-patterned standards of the Tokugawa shoguns who ruled Japan. The American sailors could not understand the shouts that came to them in Japanese. Yet every crew member knew that in the past, uninvited visitors to Japan had often been jailed, tortured or decapitated.

As the lead guard boat approached the *Susquehanna*, the Americans peering down from the deck found, with relief, that they could make out a few familiar characters from the Roman alphabet, rather than the gracefully swirling *hiragana* of Japanese phonetic writing or the intricate *kanji* ideograms the Japanese had adapted from written Chinese. As the guard boat drew closer still, sharp-eyed crewmen sounded out the first word: "*Départez!*" The entire message was in French, not English. It said, "Depart immediately and dare not anchor!" The two nations that would become the main Pacific powers made their first significant contact in a language neither really understood.

The lengthened shadows of two men

Japan's rulers had not in any way invited the encounter; indeed, the more imminent it had become, the more it filled them with dread. America forced the encounter on Japan for a confused tangle of reasons, many of which the American instigators did not honestly discuss among themselves. Yet the aftereffects of this moment prepared Japan for the most impressive feat in its history, and one of the most surprising in the history of any nation. At the same time American interests were more shrewdly advanced by the man who sat hidden in his cabin on the *Susquehanna* than by other American leaders at almost any time in U.S. history. Ninety years afterward, Japan and America would be at war, but that was not the fault of the two men who guided this encounter on a hot summer day in 1853: Masahiro Abe, in the shogun's council at Edo, and Matthew Calbraith Perry, in command of the vessels known today in Japan as *kurofune*, "black ships."

Matthew Perry, bearing the title not of Commodore but of "Commander in Chief, United States Naval Forces Stationed in the East India, China, and Japan Seas," was 59 years old when his fleet reached Uraga. For the era, that was old–especially for a man undertaking a prolonged voyage to an essentially unknown destination. Perry suffered from arthritis and other maladies that confined him to his cabin during much of the long trip. Even at age 25 he had been remarked on for his

gravitas; as he grew older he took on the air of a mandarin. This demeanor proved a great asset. Like Douglas MacArthur, another American too regal to fit easily into his home culture, Matthew Perry was well prepared by training and temperament for negotiations in Japan. An aw-shucks, unassuming manner might be an asset on the American frontier, but not surrounded by little boats in Tokyo Bay.

Perry's career, indeed his whole life, was devoted to the expansion of the U.S. Navy. His older brother, Oliver Hazard Perry, had become a hero at the Battle of Lake Erie before Matthew was out of his teens. Matthew, by contrast, spent his early career in a peacetime navy "where members of a small clique of senior officers scrambled for the limited command opportunities, where feuding, backbiting, and even dueling were a way of life," as Peter Booth Wiley puts it in *Yankees in the Land of the Gods.* "During the navy's first fifty years, thirty-three officers were killed in duels." Perry's first important mission, in 1819, was to transport freed slaves to Africa during the founding of Liberia. He did not see combat until he was in his 50s, at the Battle of Veracruz in the Mexican War, as the nation kept expanding westward toward a second sea frontier on the Pacific.

One great struggle over America's maritime future turned on the relative future roles of clipper ships versus steam-powered vessels. By the 1850s the fast and graceful clippers had given America the lead in the shipping trade. But the British were outbuilding America in steamships, and by the 1840s, Britain's steam-powered Cunard line was winning the battle for passengers and valuable freight on the transatlantic route.

Steam power required coal, and at the time no ship was large enough to carry all the coal it needed to cross the vast Pacific. Clipper ships had to choose routes to China on the basis of favorable winds, but steamers could be more deliberate, following a "great circle" route up toward Alaska and then down the Japanese archipelago. With coaling stations along the way, the great circle route would be possible, and in 1851 Americans learned that Japan had deposits of coal. "The moment is near when the last link in the chain of oceanic steam navigation is to be formed," said Senator Daniel Webster of New Hampshire, not stinting on rhetoric, as he endorsed an American expedition to Japan. The point of this link would not be to buy from the Japanese their own handicrafts and manufactures but to obtain a "gift of Providence, deposited, by the Creator of all things, in the depths of the Japanese islands for the benefit of the human family"–that is, Japan's coal.

The desire to expand a coal-using, steam-powered

James Fallows, Washington editor of the Atlantic Monthly, *has just published* Looking at the Sun, *a study of Japanese and East Asian economic systems.*

National Portrait Gallery

One of the tense moments between pushy Americans and the standoffish Japanese took place in July 1853.

Library of Congress

A U.S. Navy cutter bent on surveying Edo harbor was blocked by a flotilla of hostile Japanese boats.

National Portrait Gallery

Austere and aging Perry (above) was photographed just after his Japan mission in 1855 and caricatured by a Japanese artist while he was still in Yokohama.

navy was not the only reason for the expedition to Japan. Beyond lay China, where Americans hoped to find markets to develop and souls to convert. For a century before the age of steamships, American whalers had worked the waters of the North Pacific surrounding Japan. Frequently the ships did not come home. American sailors stranded by typhoon or shipwreck had washed ashore in Japan since the late 1700s. Often they were executed; usually they were jailed; a few were forced to perform ritual disrespect to Christian symbols, for instance by walking on a portrait of the Virgin Mary.

Getting the jump on Dutch, French and English

These icons of the Blessed Virgin were leftovers from Portuguese Jesuits, who had proselytized in Japan for nearly a century before being driven out in the early 1600s. The shipwrecked Americans, mainly Protestants, found this ordeal less excruciating than the Japanese expected, yet news of such episodes, especially one involving the whaler *Lagoda*, filtered back to America, where at a minimum they stirred a passion for better protection for whalers, and among some people a desire to make the "pagans" atone. "If that double-bolted land, Japan, is ever to become hospitable, it is the whaleship alone to whom the credit will be due," Herman Melville wrote in *Moby-Dick* in 1851.

The British had won their Opium Wars against China. From the north came Russian vessels. Swarming around were the French and the Dutch. The expansionist U.S. Government watched these plans with care. Finally, to establish America's presence first, the Administration of Millard Fillmore, in by far its most consequential step, commissioned the Japan Expedition and convinced Matthew Perry to command it. For nearly two and a half centuries, since the great warlord Hideyoshi took steps that led to the policies known as *sakoku*, or "closed country," Japan's officials had isolated themselves from the world–and wondered apprehensively when the isolation might end.

In 1549 a Portuguese Jesuit, Francis Xavier, had come ashore on the island of Kyushu. Initially tolerated, even supported by some local noblemen, the Jesuits had in the next 50 years made tens of thousands of Japanese converts. By the end of the century Hideyoshi, weakened by a costly and failed attempt to conquer Korea, and chastened to learn that savage conquistadors had often followed the cross in Latin America, had expelled all missionaries. Soon, the Tokugawa shogunate launched its radical policy of seclusion. As far as possible, Japan and its leaders would function as if there were no world beyond Japan's seacoast. "So long as the Sun shall warm the earth, let no Christian dare to come to Japan," said the shogun's expulsion order of 1638. If contact with foreigners was unavoidable, it would be handled

Government counselor Masahiro Abe was the man who got Japan to change policy on exclusion of foreigners.

through an enclave of Dutch traders, concentrated in an island ghetto called Deshima, near Nagasaki in the far southern extreme of the country–hundreds of miles from the great, protected centers of Kyoto and Edo.

The sakoku policy worked for a while–indeed, for as many years as the United States has now existed as an independent country. Yet in the early 1800s, as Japan began its third century of near-total isolation, the strains were evident. "In 1642, the year Isaac Newton was born, the last Japanese priest had been crucified and Japan had closed like an oyster," one American historian has written. But the leaders who made the decision "could hardly guess that Japan, which went into seclusion as one of the two or three strongest nations on the globe, would emerge from it, centuries later, as a distinctly second-class power."

The same whalers and fishermen who were inconvenient when washed onto Japanese shores inevitably brought news of the Industrial Revolution and other advancements outside Japan. A young Japanese fisherman named Manjiro Nakajima was himself shipwrecked and picked up by an American whaler in 1841. Under Japan's seclusion law, it was a capital offense to leave the country–or to come back, if one had escaped. But after spending a decade in New England, under the name John Mung, Manjiro decided to risk returning to Japan.

The *daimyo*, or lord, of the southern province of Satsuma realized, as Samuel Eliot Morison puts it, that decapitating Manjiro would not only sever his head but also "would cut off an important source of information." Instead, the daimyo sent him to Nagasaki, "where officials pumped Manjiro dry of everything he knew about the United States." Among the facts Manjiro revealed (as Walter McDougall wrote in *Let the Sea Make a Noise . . .*) was that Americans were lewd by nature, and that in their country "toilets are placed over holes in the ground. It is customary to read books in them."

Officially, the Japanese rulers faced news of foreign developments with redoubled sternness. In 1825, as whaling traffic increased, the shogun issued an edict forbidding any foreign ship to land. When a foreign ship came into view, the order read, it was crucial to shoot at it first and ask questions later. "Have no compunctions about firing on [the Dutch] by mistake," the order went on. "When in doubt, drive the ship away without hesitation. Never be caught off guard."

Behind this bravado was a debate, based on very little information but heated because the Japanese felt the very survival of the nation was at stake. In the town of Mito, a day's walk to the northeast of Edo, the "Mito School" of theorists said that an increased threat required increased determination to resist. Japan must shore up its coastal defenses, girding itself for the inevitable battle to the death that would keep the foreigners away. "Today the alien barbarians of the West, the lowly organs of the legs and feet of the world, are . . . trampling other countries underfoot, and daring, with their squinting eyes and limping feet, to override the noble nations," one such scholar wrote in 1825. With such a foe, no compromise could be possible.

Could Japan bend without breaking?

In the other camp were the Rangakusha, or "masters of Dutch learning," so called after Holland's role during the closed-country years as the vehicle for all learning from overseas. A realistic assessment of the circumstances, said members of this camp, required Japan to bend so as to avoid being broken. They had evidence of weakness inside the country. Taxes, levied in rice, were becoming oppressive. In several centuries of peace the samurai class had grown large and dependent; in 1850 Edo alone supported some 17,000 bureaucrats, compared with 1,500 in Washington, D.C.

Evidence of the strength of potential invaders was even more dramatic. In 1846, seven years before Matthew Perry's arrival, Commodore James Biddle of the U.S. Navy had reached the mouth of the Uraga Channel. He had retreated with humiliating loss of face, after letting Japanese sightseers and officials inspect every

You'll be done before you know it.

The newer, faster, better HP LaserJet 4 Plus.

Twelve pages per minute. A faster RISC processor. And an advancement that returns the use of your PC more quickly. All with HP's superior 600-dpi print quality. What are you waiting for?

The new HP LaserJet 4 Plus printer delivers even greater performance than its groundbreaking predecessor, the LaserJet 4. And it does so for the same price. Only $1,839 U.S. list.

See your Yellow Pages for a dealer near you. Move up to the new HP LaserJet 4 Plus, or to the LaserJet 4M Plus for mixed environments and networks. And move on to your next project.

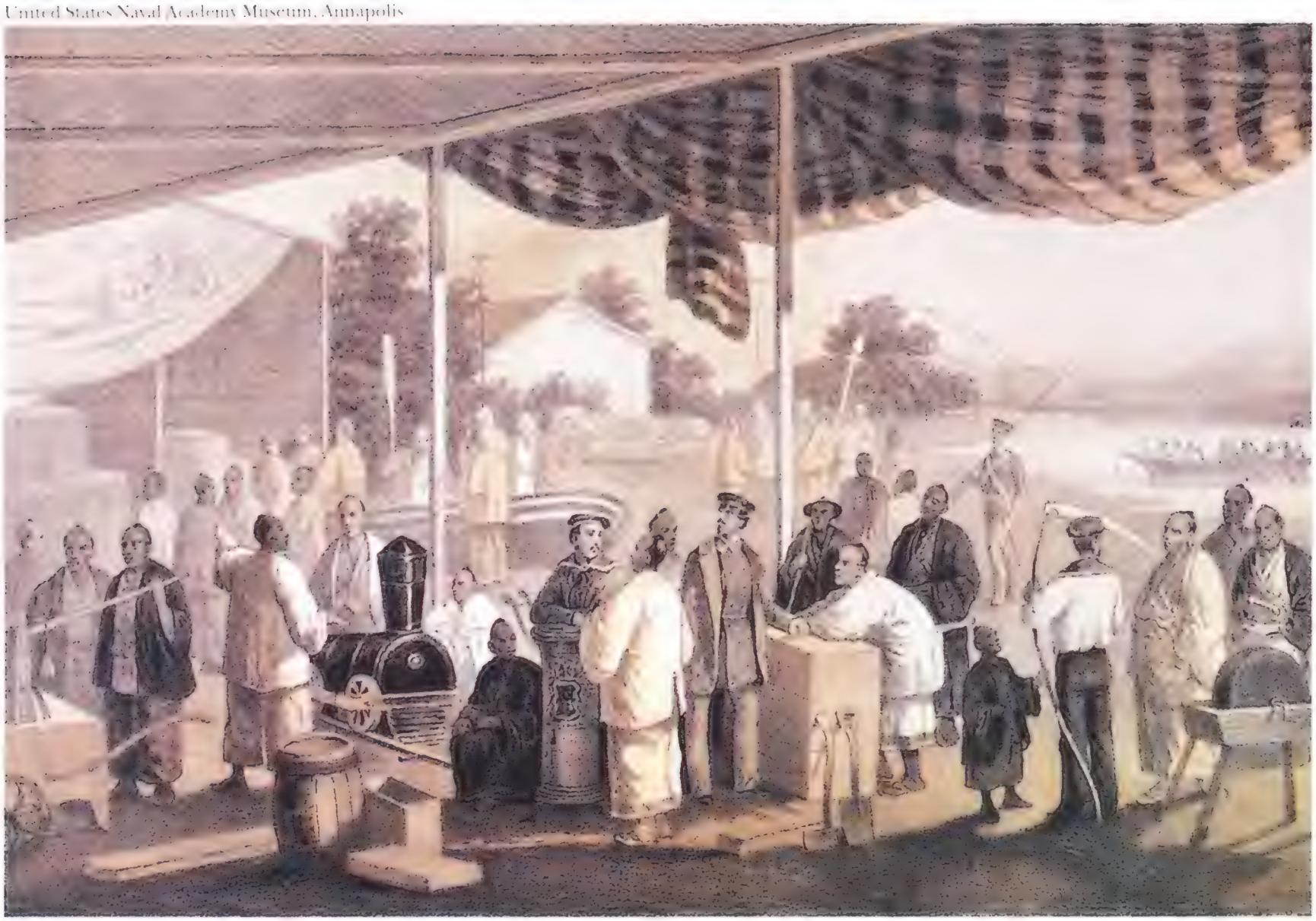
You do your job. We'll do ours.

HP LaserJet Printers

HEWLETT® PACKARD

[illegible] LASERJET Ext. [illegible] Or call [illegible] for a faxed data sheet. In Canada, call [illegible] Ext. [illegible] © 1994 Hewlett-Packard Company. [illegible]

United States Naval Academy Museum, Annapolis



Of gifts given, those from Japanese (opposite) were more decorative, while Perry's aimed to impress Japan with industrial might. Baby steam engine was biggest hit, but offerings included plow, scythe, grindstone.

inch of his ship and after accepting a letter from the shogun telling him never to return. Yet the shrewder Japanese officials of the era carefully noted the size and power of his ships, and of the American guns. Biddle's vessels represented destructive potential of a sort Japan had barely imagined.

Most of all the Japanese realists noticed what had happened to China–noticed, and were appalled. China was not just another country but the Middle Kingdom, the Central Country. Its emperor had historically referred to Japan's emperor as "your little king." A new China had been carved up by Westerners, debauched by opium and left totally unprotected by either the Ch'ing dynasty or armed force. If the British and French could polish off China, what hope was there for little Japan–against Britain, France, Russia and the United States? Japan could try to enforce its seclusion law, said one of its very shrewdest leaders after the Biddle affair, but if "the foreigners retaliated, it would be a hopeless contest, and it would be a worse disgrace for Japan."

This leader was Masahiro Abe, the senior counselor for the shogun's government. As the shogun was the power that ruled Japan in the emperor's name, so Abe was the strategist who made plans on behalf of the weakened shogun, Tokugawa Ieyoshi, who was in place when Perry arrived. Abe was a generation younger than Perry, only 34 years old as Perry's flotilla of Black Ships neared Edo. Raised in a scholar's family, he had through force of intellect made himself one of the shogun's most influential advisers while still in his 20s.

In the split between the hard-liners and compromisers in the shogun's court, Abe sided initially with the hard-liners. But after extensive consultation among the daimyos of Japan, he and his allies came up with a brilliant compromise. Japan would open itself to the Western traders–but only for a time–placating them just long enough to learn how to rebuild its own navies and arsenals. Naosuke Ii, the most influential of all the daimyos, reminded the shogun that, even as Japan had earlier used Dutch traders as its bridge to the outside world, it was time to use the Americans and other foreigners as another, broader bridge. Across this bridge new discoveries could flow into Japan–providing the country, in the long run, with the means to rearm itself, learn from outside technology, and ultimately "gain a complete victory" over the foreigners.

Some of the American politicians promoting the Japan Expedition had cast it in missionary terms, a chance to open the Orient to faith and flag. "I am sure that the Japanese policy of seclusion is not according to

God's plan of bringing the nations of the earth to a knowledge of the truth," Samuel Wells Williams, a missionary traveling with Perry as cultural expert and interpreter, wrote in his journal as the expedition neared Edo. Perry himself, pious enough, never described his duties in these terms. Instead he concentrated on how to deploy his men, his ships and himself for maximum effect. Before the trip began, Perry foresaw that his fleet's substantial armament "would do more to command their fears, and secure their friendship, than all that the diplomatic missions have accomplished in the last one hundred years." In a set of "Instructions" for the voyage, Perry said that the Commander "will be careful to do nothing that may [compromise] his own dignity or that of the country. He will, on the contrary, do every thing to impress them with a just sense of the power and greatness of this country, and to satisfy them that its past forbearance has been the result, not of timidity, but of a desire to be on friendly terms with them."

Gifts to show a nation's strength

Like Masahiro Abe, Perry had studied the sad history of Commodore Biddle, who had been forced out of Edo Bay in 1846. In Perry's view, Biddle never recovered from setting his first foot wrong with the Japanese: rather than insisting on retaining a mysterious distance, he had let them climb onto his ship and, in effect, imprison it with guard boats. Speaking of himself in the third person, in his memoir of the voyage Perry said, "The Commodore . . . was well aware that the more exclusive he should make himself, and the more unyielding he might be in adhering to his declared intentions, the more respect these people of forms and ceremonies would be disposed to award him." He would meet only with officials of "the highest rank" in Japan. He would make a threat only when he was absolutely certain he could carry it out.

Power could be demonstrated through generosity as well as reserve. Perry had prepared gifts to demonstrate the range of strengths his nation possessed. Editions of Audubon's *Birds of America* and *Quadrupeds of America* that had cost $1,000 apiece–a decade's earnings for an average American family at the time. Champagne, perfume and mirrors. Whisky, liqueurs, and small weapons from the Colt factory. And, most important, American machines: plows, a telegraph, a crude camera, even a nifty little quarter-scale steam-powered railroad train.

This was the man who appeared in the Uraga Channel in July 1853. He was not one to be driven away by instructions to "*Départez!*" Sweating alone in his cabin, unwilling to present himself prematurely to the crowd of Japanese, he issued his orders. The *Susquehanna* and sister ships were to repel, with all necessary force, any Japanese who attempted to board the boats. They would

All: National Museum of Natural History

Official gifts, and objects Perry bought to present to the Smithsonian for its first museum, include (from top): sake server on trivet; bronze temple bell; lacquer writing case; ceramic vase; spouted water pot; two-foot-high wooden Shinto altar.

Mariners' Museum, Newport News

Lively Japanese print of a Dutch steamboat fueled by Japanese coal reflects influence of Perry visit in a mix of Eastern élan with the new interest in Western-style progress.

proceed up the channel, toward Edo, until their wish to meet a truly senior official, one who could speak for the ruler, was fulfilled. After the failure of the French message, a Japanese official had neared the *Susquehanna* and yelled out, in English, "I can speak Dutch!" To him the Americans conveyed their wish to meet someone truly in command.

Throughout Edo, news of the Black Ships' arrival created near-panic. Some citizens fled, carrying their possessions to the countryside, fearing pillage and war. The shogun's council met to consider bleak-seeming alternatives. The usual reflexive responses to outside pressure–asking the foreigners to come back again in a few years, telling them to go on to Nagasaki, the only site where Japan had done business with foreign representatives through the sakoku years–seemed to have lost their potency. The Americans would not retreat–in fact, they kept sending surveying ships farther up the bay, ignoring Japanese assertions that this violated local law and saying that they needed to be sure about anchorages, for "the next time."

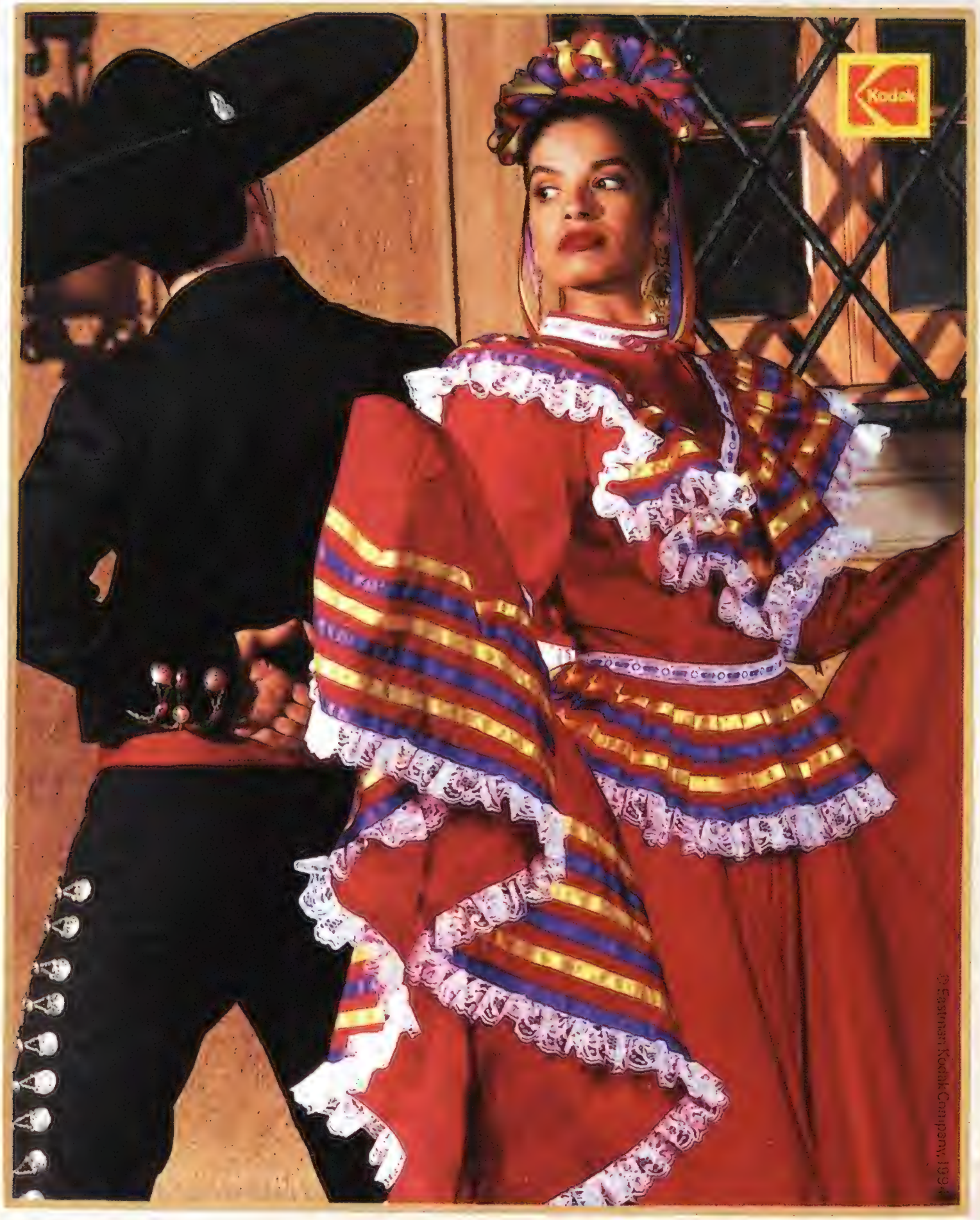
As the governing council quarreled, Abe pushed them toward a decision: the Americans must be placated, at least for now. Perry had been asking to meet the emperor; that was out of the question, of course. Indeed, to this point the Americans were not even aware that a real emperor existed, hidden in Kyoto. When they said "emperor," they were referring to the shogun; their official goal was to present him with letters from President Fillmore.

Clearly some meeting was essential, and so on July 14, after elaborate arguments over protocol, Matthew Perry himself came ashore at the town of Kurihama.

In retrospect this result seems inevitable. America was a country on the rise. Japan could not wall itself off eternally. Each party had a stake in negotiating reasonably with the other: Perry, because he was outnumbered on the scene; the Japanese, because other Americans could come back and exact retribution if anything went wrong. But at the time it was very much touch and go. More than once Perry's men came to the brink of violent confrontation. Crewmen on the *Mississippi* had to level a loaded musket at a Japanese official's chest to keep him from climbing aboard. A small American survey boat, commanded by Lieut. Silas Bent, found itself surrounded by three dozen Japanese guard boats. Bent prepared for hand-to-hand combat, instructing his small crew to fix bayonets–until the mighty *Mississippi* steamed into view and the Japanese retreated.

And so, on the night before Perry's scheduled landing in Kurihama, his crew members watched apprehensively from their decks as more and more Japanese troops filled the shore. Perry considered the possibility that the proposed meeting was really an ambush. After his surveyors reported that Kurihama's harbor was deep enough, Perry ordered his gunboats brought in close to shore, where they could bombard the Japanese if anything went wrong. On the long night before the meeting, 250 American sailors were chosen by lot for the dangerous mission of accompanying their commander ashore. The Japanese worked through the night to prepare a pavilion for the meeting–and to increase the boats guarding the entrance to Edo Bay, in case the Americans were planning a sudden, treacherous assault.

On the morning of July 14, the American boats drew near to shore. Members of the landing party, dressed in their formal uniforms, were issued 20 rounds of ammunition apiece and carefully loaded their muskets and



Introducing new Kodak Royal Gold film.

Royal Gold film means microfine grain, for extra sharpness and clarity. This is the one film to use for your most important shots—the ones you'll want to enlarge or frame. Available in 25, 100, 400, and 1000 speeds.

A Kodak Moment

Kodak Royal Gold

FOR THE MOMENTS THAT MATTER MOST.

Daval Foundation, from the collection of Ambassador and Mrs. William Leonhart of Washington

By 1861 foreign tourists, like this American couple, had become subjects of Japanese curiosity–and art.

pistols. On the shore they saw three new pavilions, covered with the bright flags and standards of Japanese officialdom. Surrounding the pavilions were files and files of soldiers, armed with swords, bows and arrows, and a few antique firearms.

At 10 o'clock barges full of Americans began arriving on the shore. Miscalculations at this moment might have had historic consequences; long after the event, one of the Japanese commanders revealed that ten swordsmen had been hiding under the floor of a pavilion, with orders to leap out and slaughter the foreigners if they made the slightest aggressive move.

As their numbers grew on the beach, Perry's men formed a double line, through which their commander, arriving at last, marched toward the waiting Japanese. Ahead of Perry was a Marine officer walking with sword in hand. On either side of him were two of the largest men from his ship, both black stewards, loaded with all the weapons they could carry and towering over every other person on the beach. Once Perry was safe ashore, tension eased a bit. He was met by two Japanese governors, to whom the stewards presented large rosewood boxes. Inside were small solid-gold cases, which in turn contained Millard Fillmore's letters requesting that Japan open itself to the world. The governors, in return, presented Perry with a letter said to be from Japan's ruler. When translated, it turned out to contain warnings that the Americans had broken Japanese law by landing in Kurihama and must not come back. Perry said that, with his mission accomplished, he was leaving Japan–but he would be back the next year to hear the Japanese government's response. With quite as many ships? the interpreter asked. "All of them," Perry replied. "And probably more, as these are only a portion of the squadron."

After the meeting in Kurihama, Perry had compounded Japan's sense of threat by sending surveying parties even deeper into Edo Bay. Then his departing fleet retraced the route it had taken toward Japan, visiting Okinawa and the Bonin Islands before stopping for repairs and refitting in Macao. He studiously ignored suggestions from Washington that he wait and assemble a much larger force before his return trip. Perry knew that French and Russian missions would soon be heading to Japan. He was suffering terribly from arthritis; a winter passage back to Edo would be dangerous and unpleasant. Yet to forestall all other navies and force action from the Japanese, Perry set sail northward from Macao in the middle of January 1854.

Back in Edo everything was still uncertain. What did the Americans really want? What compromise would be enough to make their warships go away? Suppose the shogun's government offered to give the Americans half the trading rights now monopolized by the Dutch? Or dragged out the negotiations themselves over five or ten years, after which time the Americans might lose interest or Japan might come up with a new plan?

Fight it out or face up to progress

Masahiro Abe had ordered Japan's coastal defenses fortified as soon as Perry's flotilla headed south after its first visit. He engineered the repeal of a law–enacted at the start of the sakoku era–that prohibited Japanese citizens from building seagoing vessels, and he opened negotiations with the Dutch about buying some steam-powered warships from them. All factions in Japan agreed that negotiations should be strung out as long as possible. Yet when the moment of choice arose, should Japan fight to the death, as influential figures like Tokugawa Nariaki, daimyo of Mito, were advocating? Or should it bow to the reality of superior force and instead plan for long-term survival, and future revenge?

The issue was forced in the middle of February, when American ships arrived once more in the Uraga Channel. This time Perry's flotilla numbered three steam-powered frigates, seven ships under sail, and combined crews totaling more than 1,500 men. Overcoming bitter accusations that he was betraying Japan, Abe at last

SO YOU NEVER
REACH THIS
← POINT.

If you've ever reached
the end of your rope with
a car problem, you
know why we designed
Quality Care.

To make sure you get
the best care possible, we
spent 2 million hours last
year training technicians on
Ford, Mercury and Lincoln
vehicles like yours.

We make sure all
the necessary equipment
is available to fix your
car right the first time.

And when you have
a question, your dealer
has a Service Advisor
with answers.

It seems to be paying off.

With higher levels
of satisfaction from
Ford, Mercury
and Lincoln owners.

Quality Care at your
Ford or Lincoln-Mercury
dealer means you'll be
back on the road.
Not at the end of
your rope.

FORD
MERCURY
LINCOLN
QUALITY CARE
Where the Quality Continues™

©1994 Ford Motor Company

National Museum of American History

Sumo wrestlers, svelte by today's standards, performed for Perry and were sketched by crewman T. C. Dudley.

forced through a decision. Japan would greet the Americans with conciliation. It would accept a code of conduct for shipwrecked whalers and seamen. It would let the Americans obtain coal in Shimoda, near Edo, and trade with them at sites other than the traditional foreigners' ghetto in Nagasaki. It asked only for a transition period of a few years before the full agreement came into effect.

There were still points of detail to be negotiated–how many ports would be open to trade, what tariff the Japanese could impose. But under Abe's guidance Japan had given in. Matthew Perry, confined by disease and dignity to his Black Ship cabin, was ready by early March to deal face-to-face with his Japanese counterparts. On March 8 he came ashore at Yokohama for a detailed, though still touchy, negotiating session.

On March 13 Perry went ashore once again for the first gift-exchanging ceremony. One by one he gave away the marvels of artistry and engineering he had stowed aboard his ships nearly two years before. The Japanese onlookers were entranced by the scale-model locomotive pulling a train. The passenger coach, complete with interior benches and curtains, was too small for human passengers, but samurai and shogun's officials took rides sitting on top of the train. In their turn, the Japanese offered gifts. But because they thought that valuable gifts might be insulting–suggesting the possibility of a bribe or the need to reply in kind–their gifts were modest, though artistic and of fine workmanship. Perry regarded them as trifling. More impressive were their mammoth sumo wrestlers. Perry watched as the *sumotori* strode in, heavy sacks of rice atop their heads. One of the wrestlers approached Perry, who accepted the invitation to punch the immense stomach and feel its strength. Samuel Wells Williams, Perry's missionary-interpreter, who was generally quite admiring of Japan and who despaired of his crewmates' insensitivity to foreign ways, nonetheless wrote in his diary that the spectacle demonstrated the clash of two cultures: the "success of science and enterprise" on the American side, the "brute animal force" on Japan's.

A final disagreement arose over Perry's desire to walk the streets of the capital city. Here the Japanese held firm; Perry could, if he chose, view Edo from the deck of his ship, but must not come ashore. Perry accepted, sailed to the top of Edo Bay for a look, and then, on April 14, headed south again.

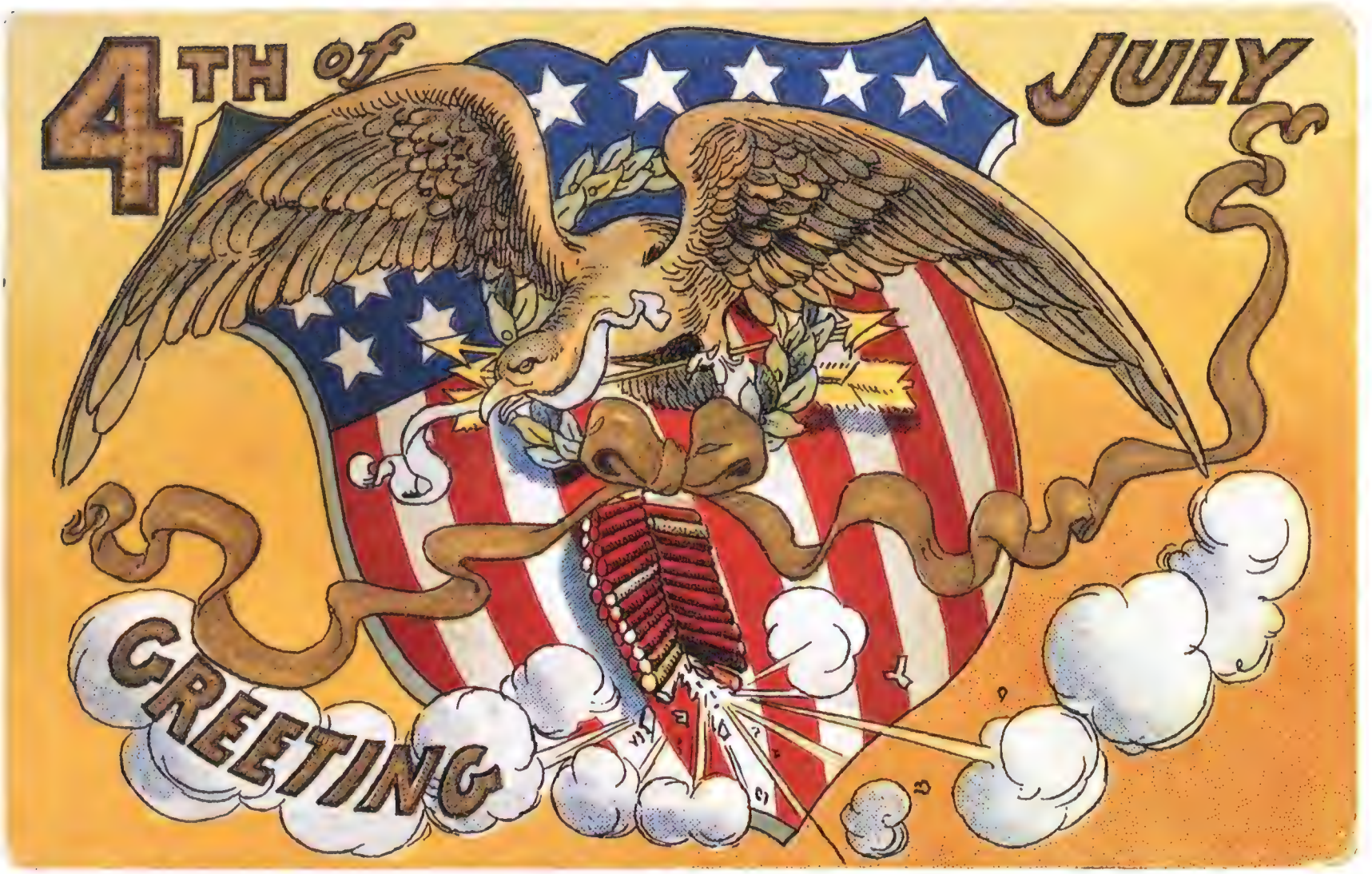
Negotiations between Japan and the United States were just beginning. For most of the next decade an American counsel, Townsend Harris, would accuse Japanese officials of backsliding, dissembling and attempting to evade the treaty's terms. More than a century later in the debate over trading issues, Japanese and American officials have assumed roles very similar to those first played in Uraga and Kurihama, with the Japanese debating the merits of acquiescence or defiance, and the Americans, far less powerful now, attempting to display impressive and intimidating force.

Perry's role in Japan was complete. It was to be a profound role and, though deeply unwished for by the Japanese, in the long run it had quite positive effects. Although Japan had been forced to make concessions and accept "unequal treaties," it had avoided outright defeat–and had prepared for the rapid modernization that began with the Meiji Restoration of 1868. For this progress Japan could, with mixed emotions, thank Perry and the shock he delivered with the Black Ships.

Perry thought he would be lionized by his countrymen on his return, but he was not, in part because his countrymen were preoccupied with tensions over slavery that would lead to the Civil War. Retiring to his town house in New York, the Commodore worked methodically on his *Narrative of the Expedition*, which he submitted to the publisher at the end of 1857. Masahiro Abe, who had skillfully guided Japan through its greatest challenge of the 19th century, died while still in his 30s, a few months before Perry completed the manuscript. On March 4, 1858, shortly before his 64th birthday, Matthew Perry died at home, of rheumatism and heart failure. His cortege was led down Fifth Avenue by the men with whom he had sailed to Japan–the men, that is to say, with whom he had changed history.

Woodcut from 1874 suggests how, during Meiji era, the Japanese hastened to acquire modern machinery.

Daval Foundation, from the collection of Ambassador and Mrs. William Leonhart of Washington



Common but showy July 4th images included (above) the national shield, the American Eagle and exploding firecrackers. Uncle Sam madly rides a rocket (below), and a la-di-da lady is in for a very loud surprise.

By Harvey Ginsberg

Siss! Boom! Bah! Postcards from a patriotic past

Uncle Sam, the American Eagle, Old Glory, small boys scaring folks with firecrackers– such were the simple joys of the Fourth of July

Cherry bombs popping on the sidewalk, whistling shells exploding a hundred feet in the air and the authoritative boom of three-inch salutes were once highlights of the Fourth of July. Now, doubtless for good reason, they have largely been banished from private use. Along with them have gone the raw excitement and unabashed patriotism the holiday once stirred. Fireworks today are primarily a spectator sport, relegated to elaborate public displays. But if we look back at the glory that once was the Fourth–via early 20th-century postcards–it's hard not to mourn a time when Teddy Roosevelt could blithely send the Great White Fleet around the world, a time when America was still happily feeling its oats.

Some dozen or so years ago, I joined the ranks of collectors of vintage postcards like the ones pictured here. After six months as a deltiologist (the formal term for postcard collector), I began to specialize in pre-1920 patriotic postcards that celebrated Lincoln's and Washington's birthdays, Memorial Day and the Fourth. Of them all, I found the cards created in honor of Independence Day most full of inventive wit and lively color.

In the early part of this century, when illustrated postcards were still a novelty, postcard collecting became a national fad. Postcards were often published in sets of six, all depicting some common theme. These days, it is rare to find a complete set for sale; the cards must be sought out one by one at prices generally ranging from $4 to $15 apiece for the patriotics. By my reckoning, there are well over 100 different sets of Fourth of July postcards. And if, as I do, you count variations of the same card as essential to your collection, you can wind up owning more than a thousand July Fourth postcards.

One set–with a red-white-and-blue barber-pole border–portrays an idealized family celebrating the Fourth. Other cards show Uncle Sam and Lady Liberty, screaming American eagles, waving flags, booming cannon, Liberty Bell(e)s and patriotic little drummer boys. There are, of course, cards of angelic children of both sexes displaying patriotic rectitude. But in those days, little girls tended to hold their ears or look in horror at the firecracker-driven antics of incorrigible little boys.

Indeed, in these July Fourths of yesteryear, small boys are often shown doing dastardly things like tying firecrackers to the tails of dogs and, in the process, blowing themselves up or landing themselves in bed swathed in bandages, with a rude awakening on the morning after. One card offers parents some tongue-in-cheek advice about "How to prevent your boy being killed on the Fourth of July." To wit: "Kill him on the Third."

The author, a retired senior executive of William Morrow & Company, is an inveterate deltiologist.

A clearly nautical theme celebrating America's Manifest Destiny salutes *Old Ironsides* and the worldwide tour of T.R.'s Great White Fleet.

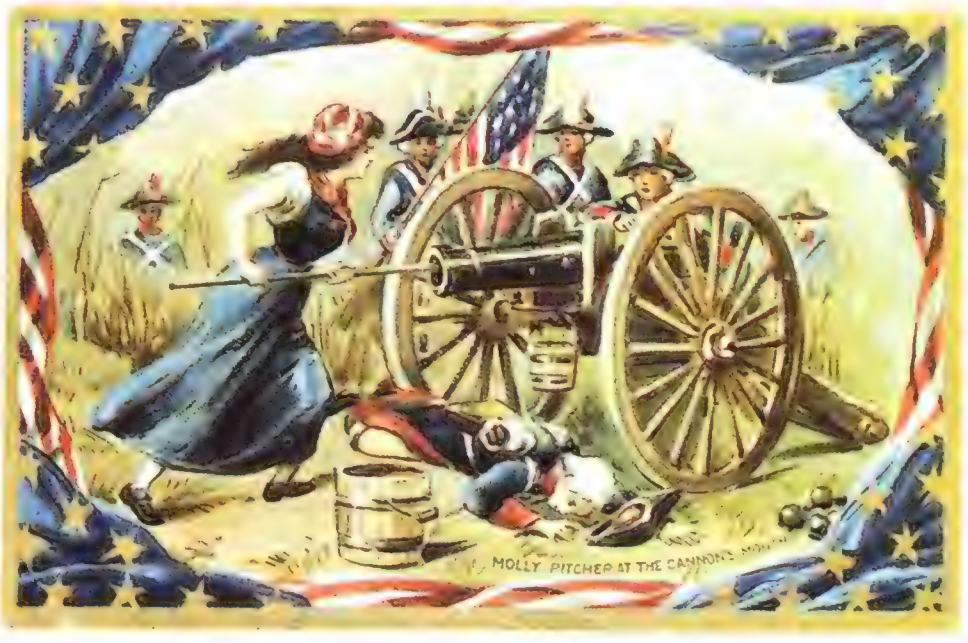
For kiddy card charmer, publisher Franz Huld apparently started with a photograph, then painted in a string of exploding firecrackers.

A Young Patriot

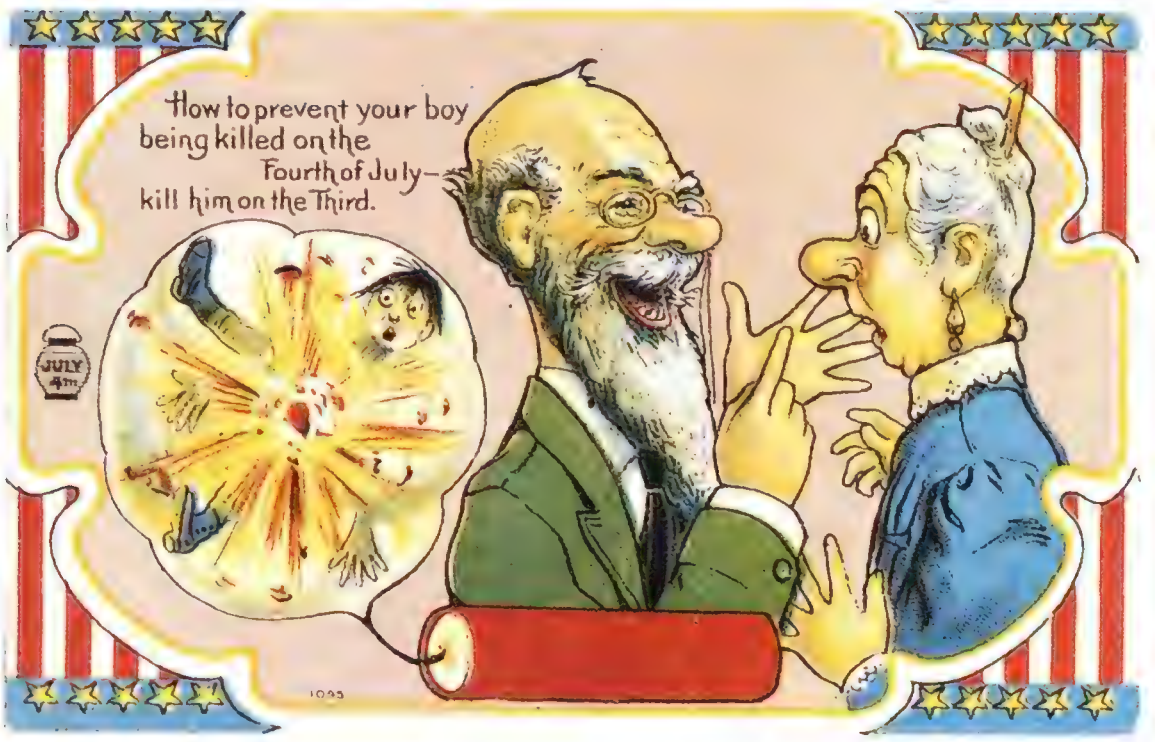
Copyright 1906 by Franz Huld, Publisher, New York.

Boldly clad in stars and stripes, and precariously perched above a giant pair of crossed firecrackers, is a modish turn-of-the-century "Liberty Belle."

Part of a series depicting great moments from the American Revolution, this one casts Molly Pitcher in a daring new role–she's ramming home a charge.



Uncle Sam and friends enjoy a dirigible flight on a card created by Ellen Clapsaddle, one of several female card illustrators of the time.



With a zaniness that brings *Mad* magazine to mind, this gem is the work of E. Nash, the most prolific publisher of patriotic postcards.

Popular hell-for-leather style of President Teddy Roosevelt and Uncle Sam both get taken for a ride in that rip-roaring new invention, the auto.

By Donald Dale Jackson

Ken Burns puts his special spin on the old ball game

In Baseball, *his biggest pitch since* The Civil War, *the uniforms are different, but the filmmaker's subject is, as always, America and its people*

The editing crew begins trickling into the big old house in Walpole, New Hampshire, at 8:30 on this bright summer morning in 1993–supervising editor Paul Barnes, film editor Yaffa Lerea, coordinating producer Mike Hill, senior creative consultant John Thorn. Producer Lynn Novick lingers on the porch before yielding her young daughter to the babysitter. They settle into a smallish room that might once have been a parlor but is now fitted out with editing equipment, a half-dozen chairs, scripts resting on music stands, and shelves lined with neatly filed reels of film. A bulletin board marked "Inning Three" bears rows of index cards with titles like "Intro," "Connie Mack," "Cobb's Battles," "1917 World Series" and "Terkel–Bases on Balls."

Ken Burns, the presiding genius of this team, comes in a few minutes later. Barefoot and in shorts, smiling beneath his dark bangs, he looks elfin and twentysomething rather than a month away from 40, more like an intern than the celebrated creator of eight documentary films, including the hugely acclaimed *The Civil War* in 1990. Today, he explains, they'll begin "the sixth or seventh editing pass" on the third "inning," or two-hour segment, of his nine-inning film-in-progress *Baseball*. A production of Burns' Florentine Films in association with WETA in Washington, D.C., it is due to run on PBS beginning September 18. Burns folds himself into his chair as Yaffa Lerea, the editor for this episode, flicks a switch on the Steenbeck, a desk-size editing table, and historian Studs Terkel's gravel voice rumbles over a montage of still pictures: "Why is baseball, you ask? Because it is like charity–it never faileth. It is always there, except on Mondays or wet grounds . . ."

Like each of the film's nine chronological innings, this one begins with a historical review of its time period, a technique the filmmakers call "framing." Mike Hill, stationed at a computer on which he makes script changes at Burns' direction, furnishes history nuggets from a reference book. "We could use the *Titanic* here," he suggests. Burns smiles wanly. "That would be a record. I'd have six films with the *Titanic* in them." Burns hums along with "Take Me Out to the Ball Game" on the sound track, one of some 250 versions of the song recorded for the film. "Baseball had never been more popular," the narrator says–Burns is reading the narration on the track because the narrator, journalist John Chancellor, is not yet on the job–"but by the end of the decade, fans everywhere would feel betrayed . . ."

"That's what I missed," Burns remarks now over his own voice, "everyone, everywhere. We need a sense of possession and having it ripped away by scandal. That works poetically." This segment will culminate in the 1919 Chicago "Black Sox" scandal.

Moments later the unmistakable voice of Gregory Peck fills the room, reading the words of baseball's "grand old man," manager-owner Connie Mack. "Fabulous, that's fabulous," Burns says, rising partway out of his chair. "I met Peck at the Kennedy Center," he whispers. "He volunteered to read and gave me his number. The next sound was my jaw shattering as it hit the floor." But the music here isn't quite right. "What else have we got?" he asks Hill. "'When Irish Eyes Are Smiling' was 1912," Hill replies. "That's perfect for Connie," Burns nods, "light, but not upbeat."

A series of jerky newsreel pictures captures the vicious style of Ty Cobb, characterized by baseball historian-commentator Dan Okrent in the film as "the great black mark" on baseball history because of his violent behavior both on and off the field. Jody Powell, President Jimmy Carter's Georgia-born press secretary, reads the part of Cobb. "There's something that takes too long in here," Burns says suddenly. "Let's ditch the donkeys." A strip showing the Detroit Tigers astride donkeys comes out. "You remember in *Amadeus* when the emperor listens to a piece by Mozart and says, 'Too many notes'?" Burns asks. "We have too many notes here."

Now we're in color again, and a gentle-voiced black man is talking–Buck O'Neil, a veteran of the Negro Leagues beginning in the pre-Jackie Robinson era. Lynn Novick tracked him down through the Baseball Hall of Fame. The grandson of a slave, O'Neil became

Burns' hero, Jackie Robinson (shown here on the editing screen), saw him through the *Baseball* project.

CARTONS

Buck O'Neil surveys the field as manager of the Negro Leagues' Kansas City Monarchs. He later joined the Chicago Cubs, becoming the first black coach in the major leagues.

Baby-faced Ted Williams, known as "the Kid" in his early days with the Red Sox, would become the greatest hitter of his era, the last ever to top .400.

"Shoeless" Joe Jackson, acquitted of charges in the 1919 Chicago Black Sox scandal, was nevertheless banned from baseball for life.

the first black coach in the major leagues. In the film he appears repeatedly to comment on the sport and the racism that long marred it. Burn calls him the film's "conscience." "I was working in the celery field," O'Neil is saying, "but I wanted to play baseball." A dock appears. The scene is O'Neil's Gulf Coast hometown. "I want some red-hot cicadas here," Burns says. "I want that dock to fry." Editor Lerea makes another note on her script.

Merriment erupts a few minutes later as Terkel tells a story about a manager on his deathbed. A friend visiting at the hospital asks the manager what's killing him. "Bases on balls," he replies. The crew, all of whom have heard the line 15 times, explode in laughter. "Oh Studs, I love you!" Burns exults.

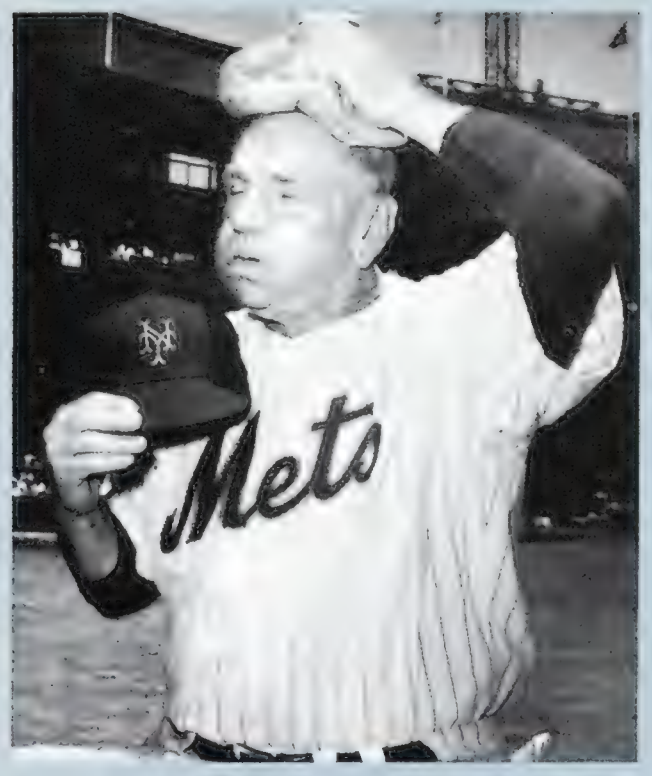
Ken Burns may be like San Francisco Giants superstar Barry Bonds, the best in his game. He loves his work, *The Civil War* (and especially the book spin-off) made him all the money he'll ever need, and he lives and works as he pleases, on projects he chooses, in a beautiful New England town. Is all this fulfillment enough? "No," says friend John Thorn, editor of the baseball encyclopedia *Total Baseball*, "he wants to be President." Seriously? Burns sounds at least semiserious as he allows, "If nominated I would run, and if elected I would serve."

His father, Robert, a cultural anthropologist, was studying at Columbia University when Burns was born in Brooklyn in 1953. Brother Ric (cowriter and coproducer of *The Civil War*) was born 18 months later. The family moved to Delaware and then Michigan, where the boys' mother died of breast cancer when Ken was 11. "He had a very hard time with that," his father reflects. "I've been told by my father-in-law, a psychologist," Ken says, "that my films are a way of, in effect, waking the dead, that maybe I'm trying to keep her alive through the films." His father gave him an 8-millimeter movie camera for his 17th birthday so he could take a high school course in documentary filmmaking, and he made his first film soon afterward–"an exposé of an especially unsightly Ann Arbor junkyard," his father remembers.

At Hampshire College in Massachusetts he found a mentor in filmmaker and teacher Jerome Liebling, whom he credits with "teaching me to be human." Burns was one of a group of intense, talented students

Author Donald Dale Jackson vividly recalls going alone by bus at age 12 to see the San Francisco Seals play in Seal Stadium. Now he's a Mets fan.

Ty Cobb displays hands-apart grip with which he set the major league lifetime batting record at .366.



Casey Stengel managed Yankees to seven Series wins but finds '63 Mets are a whole 'nother ball game.

In 1941 Joe DiMaggio celebrates hitting safely in 44 consecutive games. He set the new record, 56, that year.

who loved films and "constantly pushed each other," Liebling recalls. Even in a documentary Burns made as an undergraduate on the restored Colonial village of Sturbridge, Massachusetts, "his technique was there, he could put you in that place. He used historical sources and music the same way he did later."

In 1977, at 24, Burns began raising money for his first major film, *Brooklyn Bridge*. "I heard a story from a man at Channel 13 in New York," publicist Owen Comora relates. "Ken came around asking for $30,000, made a terrific pitch and got it, and afterward the station executive said, 'Do you realize we have just given $30,000 to a kid who looks 12 years old? For the Brooklyn Bridge?'"

Burns refined his film technique in documentaries about the Shakers, the Statue of Liberty and Huey Long before making his 11½-hour masterpiece on the Civil War, a work that caused journalist George Will to remark, "Our *Iliad* has found its Homer."

He also showed a flair for finding the perfect voices for the characters in his films. He had chutzpah enough to persuade actors like Jason Robards and Julie Harris to work for scale, and he recruited non-actors like Jody Powell, Studs Terkel and playwright Arthur Miller because they were good readers with expressive voices. He met Paul Roebling, the actor who read the poignant Sullivan Ballou letter at the end of the first episode of *The Civil War* and plays several parts in *Baseball*, while making the Brooklyn Bridge film–Roebling's great-grandfather was the engineer in charge of building the bridge (SMITHSONIAN, October 1972, April 1983). Roebling has been a principal voice in Burns' films ever since.

Though he took only one history course in college, and that in Russian history, Burns feels he has an almost mystical affinity for American history. "My emotional life is animated by a connection to the life and promise of this country. This is what my ear listens to, this is what moves me. My one question in all my films is, simply, Who are we?" He sees himself as "an emotional archaeologist, trying to excavate what there is in our past that speaks to the 'better angels' in our nature, the *unum* and not the *pluribus*."

Burns sometimes resembles the kid in your high school class who did all the reading and all the *outside* reading, the A student whose hand was forever waving in the air. It is churlish to suggest it, but he seems almost too good to be true–articulate enough to run verbal circles around any interviewer, devoted to his family ("When somebody asks me what my hobbies are I say I

Burns pushes home a point as he and supervising editor Paul Barnes (left) go over sound effects with editors Elliot Deitch (right) and Zeborah Tidwell after pictures for an episode have been finalized.

only have one, hugging my children"–his daughters are 11 and 7), benevolent enough with his staff to inspire a respect bordering on adulation. Although Ric Burns went out on his own after what some say was a falling-out over credit for *The Civil War*, detractors, if they're out there, are grumbling inaudibly.

Lynn Novick concedes that there are "disagreements and arguments, but they're part of the creative process. Ken's single-minded, but he brings out the best in people. I've worked with a lot of producers and I've never known one who let everyone get their two cents worth in like he does. He's open because he's confident."

It is a confidence reinforced by success, of course–his celebrity, he says, is such that "I can go into any town and somebody will say, 'Aren't you the guy that made the Civil War film?' Every time I speak, someone asks me to run for office."

Intense and animated in conversation, Burns smiles easily, cheerfully munches hamburgers and ice cream sundaes and holds exercise to a minimum. "Mostly it's walking around and nervous energy," he says, but once in a while he stops at a batting cage to swat a few baseballs–though the vision of Burns at bat is as difficult to snap into focus as that of Burns in the Oval Office.

It is the editing room that is clearly his natural habitat. When editing he seems to have total recall of every photograph and piece of music that has gone before. But he also sees and hears things that elude most of us. "I can look at an old photograph and actually *hear* it. I hear the loudspeaker and the static in a picture of Huey Long making a speech, or the crowd and background noise when Babe Ruth hits a home run. And I can look at one old grainy picture and see 10 or 15 ways to shoot it, to move in and out on different parts of it."

Documentary filmmaking, Burns says, has taught him everything he knows how to do–"how to see, how to create, how to write, how to shoot, how to interview, to criticize, to raise money, speak in public, and how to research. It even taught me how to tie a tie. It's a total education." Editing, he believes, is like sculpture. "You chip away at the block of marble, and three-fourths or more of it winds up on the floor as rubble, and it's not reconfigurable. What's left is the film."

Back in the editing room, where the marble is being

Speed Sensitive Steering. The Automotive Equivalent of Having Your Cake And Eating It, Too.

At highway speeds, you want tight, responsive steering. But when you're driving slowly or parallel parking, you can appreciate the benefits of power assisted steering.

So Intrepid is now available with a speed sensitive steering system that's the best of both worlds.

You get a crisp road feel, because it gradually reduces power assist as your speed increases. But there's more assist at low speeds. And since that makes it easy to turn the wheel, parking is a piece of cake.

Select Features

- *Standard driver & front passenger airbags*
- *Available anti-lock brakes & traction control*
- *Available integrated child safety seat*
- *Available speed sensitive steering*
- *Standard rear seat heat & air ducts*
- *Standard air conditioning with available automatic temperature control system*
- *Standard four-wheel independent suspension*
- *Available 3.5L V-6, 24-valve overhead cam, 214 hp*
- *Choice of warranties: 7/70 powertrain or 3/36 bumper-to-bumper. See these limited warranties & restrictions at dealer. Excludes normal maintenance, adjustments & wear items.*
- *For still more information, call 1-800-4-A-DODGE*

INTREPID THE NEW DODGE

A DIVISION OF THE CHRYSLER CORPORATION

Intrepid ES

OFFICIAL SPONSOR OF THE 1996 U.S. OLYMPIC TEAM USA

Always wear your seat belt.

chiseled, Burns is momentarily distressed. He can't find his chair. "Is that it?" he demands, pointing at the chair Mike Hill is occupying. A tense silence ensues until a telltale "KB" is discovered on the back. "It's either yours or Kim Basinger's," says Hill, yielding the chair.

On-screen, Okrent is talking about Branch Rickey, the executive who would break baseball's color line by signing Jackie Robinson. "He was a Leonardo in baseball," Okrent says, "artist and scientist and genius of a million kinds . . . " Consultant Thorn, one of several baseball historians who view the film at periodic screenings, interrupts to remind Burns of a fact about Rickey's career as a major league catcher: "Twelve men stole bases on him in one game. Poorest performance by a catcher in big league history." Burns wrestles with a rewrite of a long sentence about Rickey. "Sounds Faulknerian," supervising editor Paul Barnes comments after the first reading. "We've had sentences twice that long," Burns retorts. When he reads it again, pausing rhythmically at each comma, all agree that it sounds right.

Burns grabs a stick of gum from a cluster of packs on the editing console. "OK, let's have fun for a second," he says as Garrison Keillor's voice rolls mellifluously on the track, reading a florid newspaper account of the 1916 World Series. "The withered stalk of the baseball season burst with a crash into radiant bloom today. The Superbas of Brooklyn and the carmine-hosed Boston warriors scrambled for the petals of the first blossom . . ." "Ah, Garrison," Burns sighs. "Only he could pull that off. Let the music wail there. Yaffa, let it run." Youthful assistants and interns move silently in and out of the room, collecting film to take back to their machines. They help with the patching, splicing and collating required after each editing session. The house is a filmmaking factory, used exclusively for editing; Burns lives in another fine old house a few miles away.

The mood changes abruptly when they screen the 30-minute section on the Black Sox (as the press dubbed the eight Chicago White Sox who allegedly took bribes to throw the 1919 World Series). A shot of gambler Arnold Rothstein runs with a quote from F. Scott Fitzgerald's *The Great Gatsby*, read by Roebling: "It never occurred to me that one man could play with the faith of fifty million people. . . ." The camera pans slowly over photographs of a hotel where White Sox players were approached about throwing the Series, then a bedroom; $10,000 was left under a pillow in one player's room. "Shoeless" Joe Jackson is introduced, described by Ty Cobb as "the greatest natural hitter I ever saw."

An old man named Gardiner Stern, a White Sox fan who was 15 in 1919, appears on-screen. Novick found him through the Chicago Historical Society. "I was at all the Chicago games," Stern says. "I was the most disappointed kid in the city of Chicago, I think. . . . I didn't know about gambling, I was just heartbroken."

As the sequence nears the end the camera zooms in on the accused players in a team photograph, one after another. The sound is the *poof* of an old camera, but the

In 1922 a sea of fans surrounds the great Babe Ruth, whose home run record would later be beaten by Hank Aaron but whose popularity has never been surpassed.

Ms. Taft's Students Study A Few Of The Greek Classics In Geography.

Why would sophomores study Greek Revival Architecture in geography class? Just ask any of Ms. Lou Taft's students. To them, geography is much more than knowing locations on a map.

All because Ms. Taft has them study their own town, Towanda, Pennsylvania. They begin by investigating its architecture, exploring everything from Greek to Gothic Revival. In the process, they discover the influence of other countries right in their own backyard. So, not only do they learn about their community, they also learn about other cultures.

Students then work together and create a map for a walking tour of their town. They also produce a slide presentation that is shown to community groups. The exercise gives the students a sense of pride for where they live. More importantly, it gives them a connection with the rest of the world.

For her creative approach to teaching, State Farm is pleased to honor Ms. Taft with the Good Neighbor Award and donate $5,000 in her name to Towanda Area High School of Towanda, Pennsylvania.

STATE FARM INSURANCE

GOOD NEIGHBOR AWARD

STATE FARM INSURANCE COMPANIES
Home Offices: Bloomington, Illinois

The Good Neighbor Award was developed in cooperation with the National Council for Geographic Education.

Burns enjoys a light moment in interview with Curt Flood, whose challenge to the reserve clause helped pave the way for free agency. Under the clause, owners traded players at will, which Flood likened to slavery.

effect is like a firing squad. "Oh, this hurts," Burns says. Keith Carradine reads the words of the illiterate country boy Joe Jackson as he testifies before a grand jury. "Did anybody pay you any money to help throw the Series?" the prosecutor asks. "They did," he says. The prosecutor asks what his wife said when she found out. "She said it was an awful thing to do," he replies. Burns and his editors watch, mesmerized. He has made small fixes during the screening ("What we need there is the sound of peeling wallpaper," he jokes at one point), but he's obviously delighted. "Nothing wrong with that, eh?" he cries. "Yaffa, you can hold that 'awful thing to do' line forever. OK, now let's get back to Garrison."

Burns credits Mike Hill with the original suggestion that he do a baseball film. "It was early in our work on *The Civil War*, about 1986. I knew instantly that it was a good idea. Baseball is a mirror in which we can see the whole of America–political, social, racial, everything–and its story is an odyssey that helps tell us who we are, because how we play is also who we are."

He worked up a proposal in 1989, and General Motors and the National Endowment for the Humanities signed on as principal backers for the $7 million project. The staff began interviewing (sportscaster Red Barber was the first, in April 1990), and feeding quotes and other material to principal writer Geoffrey Ward in New York. Picture-gathering and scriptwriting move on parallel but independent tracks in a Burns film. "The idea," Burns says, "is to present words and pictures together in such a way that one plus one adds up to more than two."

The staff ultimately contacted 250 picture collections and filmed 4,000 still photographs and thousands of newsreel clips. Burns painstakingly filmed many of the archival pictures himself, listening for the sounds within them. He decided whom to interview–the total reached about 65–and did three-fourths of the interviews. Novick, who prepared most of the questions, did the rest.

As he does in all his films, Burns took enormous care with the music, sitting with the musicians at a studio in Brattleboro, Vermont, to make certain he got what he was after. "I'd ask the pianist to play the national anthem, say, as it might sound at an elementary school assembly, or maybe with a church sound. We did 'Take Me Out to the Ball Game' with a bluesy sound, soft country, triumphant, wistful, and as cocktail music. Music can determine a scene. I work on music from the get-go."

Most of the longest, meatiest interviews were not with ballplayers but with baseball historians and writer fans like Roger Angell, Robert Creamer, George Will, Dan Okrent, poet Donald Hall and biographer Doris Kearns Goodwin. "I wanted people who understand the poetry of the game. I'm interested in the radioactivity that the game gives off, the free electrons of baseball." As the interviews progressed, Burns recalls, "I began to hear the notes of time and memory, family and home–baseball is about that too. The three sportscasters in the film–Red Barber, Vin Scully and Bob Costas–are presented as if they were grandfather, father and son."

Now, we're just two short days away.

Beginning June 13, we're cutting our standard delivery time in half. With *two-day* shipping.

You'll get your Lands' End order – anywhere in the USA – two business days after we fill it. And it won't cost a fortune, either.

For service this quick, most catalog companies tack on a $6 or $10 surcharge. Or even (tsk, tsk) $20.

But we're charging only a little more or less than our old, standard delivery charge – from $1 less on some orders, to $1 more on others. (It depends on the amount you order.)

Of course, your delivery may take a little longer if you live in some remote part of Alaska. Or you want an item monogrammed or hemmed. Or call during the *busiest* two or three days at Christmastime.

But by and large, you'll find that by going back and working with UPS, we've improved our delivery time enormously.

Just as we've improved our buttondown shirts and blouses, our parkas and kids' clothes – by constantly fiddling with *them*.

You see, at Lands' End we're impatient to offer you the very best products we can.

And we know how impatient *you* are to receive them.

Guaranteed. Period.®

© 1994 Lands' End, Inc.

If you'd like a free catalog, call us any time, 24 hours a day, at **1-800-356-4444** (in Canada, too).

Name _____

Address _____ Apt. _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Phone ( ) _____ Day/Night (*circle one*)

Mail to: 1 Lands' End Lane, Dodgeville, WI 53595

Red Barber won fame broadcasting Brooklyn Dodgers games from his "catbird seat" above Ebbets Field.

Burns bearded Ted Williams at his home in Florida. "I was forewarned that he was cranky; he could have said 'Not today' and shut the door on us. And he was all gruff and bluster on the first 12-minute reel. When it was over he said, 'Well, you haven't asked anything I haven't heard before.' We kept going through a second reel and after that he said, 'You're OK.' We finally did five reels, and at the end I was flagging. For one of the few times in my life I ran out of questions. He ripped off his mike, got up, said 'You got a film,' and that was it. He was brutally honest about his relations with the press and fans, and his poor performance the one time he was in a World Series. He looks like John Wayne, and when I asked him about Jackie Robinson he looked at me like Wayne would and said, 'That man had tons and tons of guts.' When Ted went into the Hall of Fame he asked why there weren't any Negro League players there."

Novick encountered with Reggie Jackson the kind of resistance that Burns had anticipated with Williams. "He was coaching with Oakland at the time, but the day we were set to do it he arrived late for the interview, just before batting practice, and said there wasn't time. He told us to come back the next day, but I said we couldn't, we had interviews to do in L.A. He said, 'Well, some days you come to the ballpark and it rains,' and that was it."

Joe DiMaggio withstood an all-out assault–"we tried four different approaches, through the Hall of Fame, through his agent and friends, but he never responded," Novick says. Sandy Koufax was "so reclusive that the Dodgers told us we could write him but we couldn't be sure he'd get it." Mickey Mantle was not only accessible but "warm and funny," she says. "I told him I could never understand Casey Stengel in newsreels, and I asked if he understood him. Mickey said, 'Not much.' He said the players would look down and laugh when Stengel was talking in the clubhouse because they were afraid to make eye contact when they didn't understand him."

Going into extra innings?

The staff transcribed the interviews, Burns selected the best quotes and they began assembling what they had. "We were stunned to find we had not 9 or 10 good hours like we expected, but 30," Burns recalls. Editing, aimed at reducing the 30 hours to 18, among other things, began in March 1992. A complete editing pass on the film takes about 90 working days. "It's what I do almost every day for two and a half years," Burns says.

He also directs the readers, a high-profile company that in *Baseball* includes Paul Newman, Tip O'Neill, Gregory Hines, Anthony Hopkins, Jason Robards and Paul Winfield. "We begin with 500 or 600 quotes, and we might have four or five readers read the same quote four or five different ways. They have to find the center; you don't want them going over the top dramatically. It's a high-wire act and some can't do it."

Burns believes that the film's most moving moment is the passage on Jackie Robinson's death at 53. "There's a line where he says, 'I never had it made.' He was talking about how far we still had to go racially, and we still do today. When we watched the funeral at a consultant screening everyone in the room was sobbing."

His pick for the funniest sequence is a segment called "*Yo La Tengo*" ("I've got it") about the 1962 New York Mets. After several collisions between Spanish-speaking infielder Elio Chacon and center fielder Richie Ashburn as they chased pop flies, the Mets taught Ashburn to say "*Yo la tengo,*" so he could call Chacon off. On the next popup Ashburn called for it in Spanish, and Chacon obediently backed off–only to see the right fielder bump into Ashburn and knock him down.

The best game ever? In the film it's the sixth game of the 1975 Boston-Cincinnati World Series, won by Carlton Fisk's 12th-inning home run for Boston (Cincinnati took the Series). But Burns is of course a Red Sox fan. "My real choice," he says, "is the Little League game in Newark, Delaware, in 1961, when I struck out the last batter for the Indians and we won 13-12."

In the editing room it's another day, another inning. A new film editor, Tricia Reidy, is at the Steenbeck. The

At Phillips Petroleum, we're helping protect as well as restore endangered wetlands in a number of South Central and Southwestern states. Known as playa lakes, they're being used to furnish winter homes each year for approximately 15 million migratory birds.

It's an investment that provides them food and shelter, while preserving the sanctity and beauty of the environment. And even though the investment we've made in these playa lakes will never produce a financial return, it's still rich in reward for all of us. That's what it means to be the performance company.

PHILLIPS PETROLEUM COMPANY

PHILLIPS 66

Every year, one of our investments has an average return of 15 million.

Phillips is a partner in the Playa Lakes Joint Venture. For more information, write to: Playa Lakes, Phillips Petroleum Company, 16 D-2 Phillips Building, Bartlesville, OK 74004.

cards on the fourth-inning bulletin board have a broken-record quality–"Babe Ruth Tough Childhood," "Babe Sold to NY," "Sociable Babe," "New Yankee Stadium," "Babe Begins to Fade." The first boffo laugh comes when Anthony Hopkins, as George Bernard Shaw, says, "Who is this Baby Ruth? And what does she do?"

The Babe comes on-screen, standing happily amid a group of delighted young fans, Gulliver among the Lilliputians (p. 44). Burns suggests a change simplifying the script's language. "I don't want to interrupt the flow," he says. "I don't want anybody straying off because of a word."

"How about 'debutante ankles'?" Paul Barnes asks, referring to a description of Ruth a consultant had questioned. "Do we keep that?" The decision, after a brief debate, is yes. Burns, as articulate in the editing room as outside it, carefully explains his decisions when they overrule a subordinate, but there are also times when he flexes his authority. "Can it dissolve here?" he asks Reidy. "It can," she answers without enthusiasm. "Let me put it a different way," he says, smiling: "It better."

A few minutes later Ossie Davis introduces a section about the Negro Leagues. Burns wants a longer framing setup on the status of blacks in general at the time, including the 1919 race riots that began in Chicago. He composes aloud: "'Out of the riots grew a new assertiveness among African-Americans.' Right? Is that in the ballpark, so to speak?" Grainy team photographs of black players appear on the screen, alternating with ghetto scenes, then Buck O'Neil's face–this film could make O'Neil a star.

Burns writes a few more sentences and puts his pencil down. "OK, now let's pick it apart," he says. "Blow that sucker up and let's see how it sounds." Mike Hill punches in the revision and enlarges the print on his computer screen, turning it toward Burns.

"I wanted two sentences and you gave me three paragraphs," Paul Barnes complains.

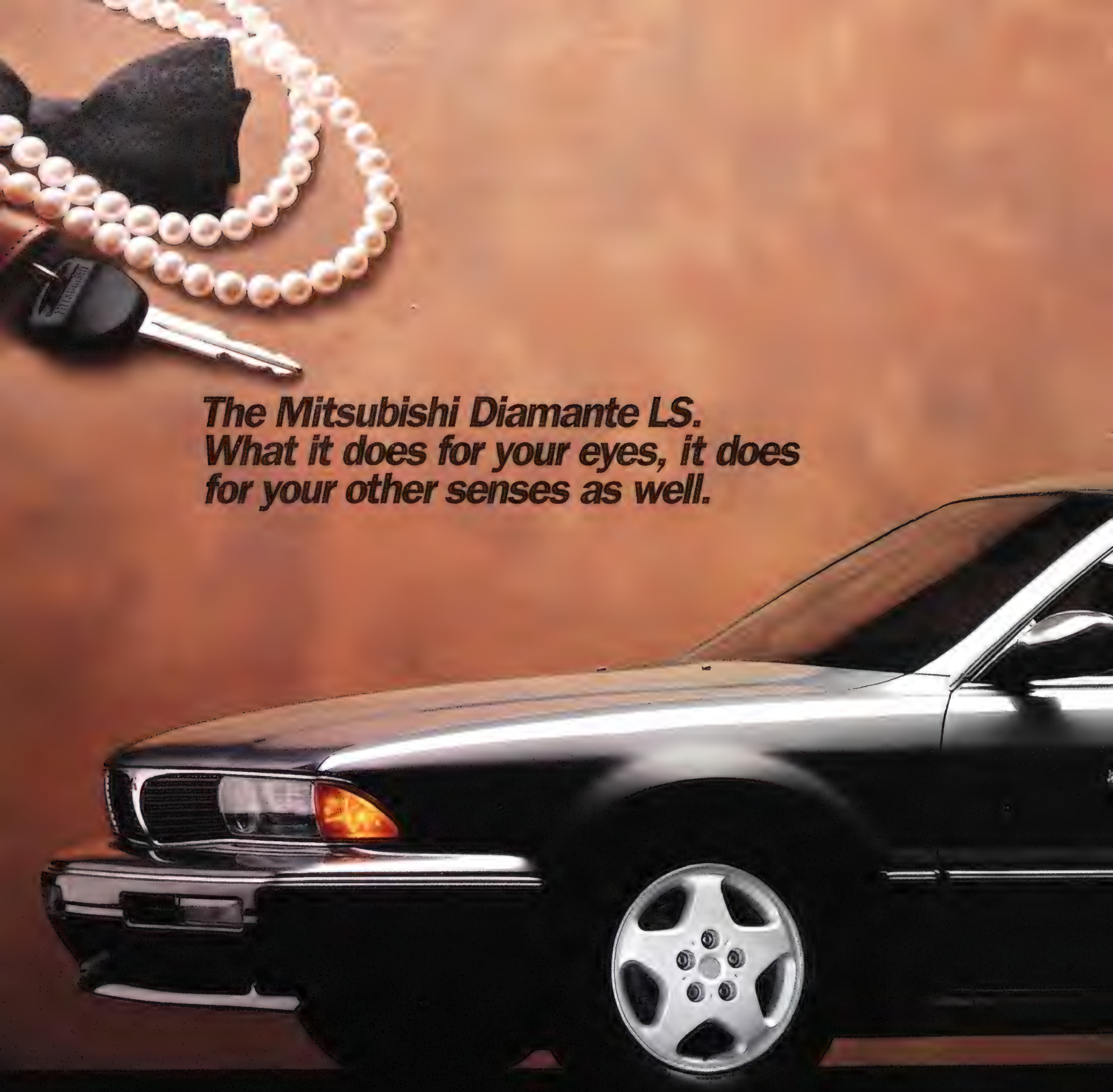
"OK," Burns replies, smiling at Novick. "So maybe we'll run 19 hours."

With teams of their own, such as the Indianapolis ABCs of the Negro National League, black players competed against one another during baseball's years of segregation, until time and talent won out.

Mitsubishi Luxury

You can take it to the Ritz.
You can take it to Baja.
Or you can take it up to 159 mph.*

DIAMANTE MONTERO 3000GT



The Mitsubishi Diamante LS. What it does for your eyes, it does for your other senses as well.

The interplay of lines and shapes communicates what might be called "elegant aggression"— a fitting expression of the driving experience that awaits you. There is nothing bland or reticent about the Diamante LS. Its rewards are emotional, sensual, as a luxury-performance sedan's rewards should be. A perfect embodiment of what Mitsubishi calls "The New Thinking in Automobiles.™"

From behind the wheel it feels taut, yet supple, giving a vivid tactile impression of the road, minus the sharp edges. The 7-way adjustable driver's seat comes with power assist and is easily contoured to your frame. Once adjusted, it soothes you as you drive. Precise orthopedics, with the opulence of leather.

The 24-valve V6 engine moves you along with exhilarating swiftness and gratifying quietness. Allowing you to fully appreciate the extraordinary stereo system, designed in cooperation with Infinity®, renowned makers of fine audio equipment. Meanwhile,

Mitsubishi's patented ETACS-IV™ encompasses ten separate convenience features to enhance your comfort and safety, from speed-sensitive windshield wipers to a comprehensive security system.

Dual air bags, ABS anti-lock brakes, side-impact protection, optional traction control, and an enormously strong passenger cage all contribute to your sense of security and well-being. Which, in turn, serve to intensify the boundless other pleasures to be enjoyed in the Diamante LS. For more information, or the Mitsubishi Dealer nearest you, call 1-800-55MITSU.

The Mitsubishi Montero SR. Unruffled by mud, rocks, snow or the freeway on Monday morning.

A fine luxury car is expected to display poise, unflappability, masterful control. But only on reasonably passable roads.

The Montero SR displays those traits on roads that would not be passable for any conventional luxury vehicle. As well as surfaces that don't remotely qualify as roads, and in forbidding weather.

With Active-Trac™ 4WD, Montero even adapts to the severity of the conditions at hand. From a lightly rain-slicked road all the way to deep mud and snow. And with Multi-Mode™ ABS, anti-lock braking is preserved in every drive mode. It's a highly versatile, ruggedly proficient luxury sport-utility. In essence, a "go-anywhere" luxury vehicle.

To go with its smooth, unruffled handling of almost any condition, there's a smooth 24-valve V6 engine capable of generating 215 horsepower. There's also a host of amenities,

including a premium stereo system, power windows and door locks, cruise control, three-row seating for seven,

and available leather and wood interior trim.

*All this, with an off-road racing heritage that, in 1993 alone, produced five major victories for Montero,** including the Paris-Dakar Rally. Such versatility isn't what you expect from a luxury vehicle. But then, it's exactly what Mitsubishi's "new thinking" demands. For more information, or the Mitsubishi Dealer nearest you, call 1-800-55MITSU.*

The Mitsubishi 3000GT VR-4. It reaches 159 mph on a race track and is equally thrilling in a parking lot.

There are roads on which it's perfectly legal to extract maximum performance from the 3000GT VR-4. Such roads are usually oval tracks, closed to normal traffic. But who knows? You may decide to seek one out someday.

On the other hand, you may well be content with the challenges offered by public roads—the slow-moving truck or the snaking back road, for example. Under such circumstances, terms like "all-wheel drive," "four-wheel steering," "twin turbochargers," "320 horsepower" and "six-speed gearbox" take on special meaning. You'd never believe an automobile could do such things. And with such gratifying smoothness and finesse.

The truth is, the 3000GT VR-4 represents new thinking in high-performance driving. It looks and performs like an exotic sports car, but isn't priced like one. Moreover, it's equally gratifying as a grand-touring sports car,

equipped with such luxury features as a power-adjustable driver's seat, leather trim, a superb Mitsubishi/Infinity® stereo system and comprehensive safety equipment.

All of which make it enormously enjoyable to spend time in. Whether you're negotiating a race track, taking an all-day trip or just sitting still in a parking lot. And that says nothing about the fun you'll have watching heads turn. For more information on the 3000GT, or the Mitsubishi Motors Dealer nearest you, please call 1-800-55MITSU.

Mitsubishi introduces the Spyder. Luxury taken to the extreme.

Mitsubishi Spyder

For Mitsubishi, new thinking is corporate policy. And if that thinking expands accepted parameters of luxury, so much the better. The new Spyder does just that, combining extremes in performance and design, with a major advance in what might be called "open-air technology."

One moment, the Spyder is a weather-tight hardtop. Push a button, and in approximately thirty seconds the top folds neatly, smoothly, and quietly into the trunk to create a stunning, open-top roadster. Push the button again, and the top reappears, latching snugly into place overhead. No bolting, unbolting, lifting or storing are required. It all happens automatically, via microprocessors and precision design. Making the Spyder the world's only production convertible with an automatically retracting hardtop.†

Of course, the Spyder perfectly exemplifies Mitsubishi luxury in every other respect, as well. From its extraordinary performance, to its opulent interior design, including rich leather trim and a magnificent Mitsubishi/Infinity® sound system with a 6-disc CD auto-changer. So, if your tastes in luxury go to the extreme, please note that the Spyder will be introduced in the fall of 1994. For more information, or the Mitsubishi Dealer nearest you, call 1-800-SPYDER1.

**Road & Track, February 1994. Top speed obtained under test track conditions by professional drivers using special equipment and procedures. Mitsubishi does not advocate exceeding speed limits. **Won by race-prepared, two-door version of the Mitsubishi Montero. †The Spyder's computer-controlled retractable hardtop was designed jointly by Mitsubishi Motors and ASC Incorporated and meets all federal safety standards for a convertible. Vehicle shown is a pre-production 1995 VR-4 model. SL model will also be available. Final production models, available fall 1994, may feature minor trim variations.*

asc.

MITSUBISHI

The New Thinking in Automobiles™

THE SMITHSONIAN TRAVELER

TO REQUEST TOUR AND SEMINAR BROCHURES, CALL (202) 357-4700; OR WRITE SMITHSONIAN STUDY TOURS AND SEMINARS MRC 702, WASHINGTON, DC 20560.

INTERNATIONAL TOURS

Countryside Tours *August-October* Relaxing sojourns in Austria, France, England, the Czech Republic and Italy.

Mongolia and China *August 30-September 19*

Chianti Walks (Italy) *September 1-13*

The Yangtze River *September 1-18*

Turkey's Black Sea Coast *September 4-19*

Tibetan Journey *September 4-20*

China's Imperial Capitals *September 4-21*

Voyage to Antiquity (Turkey) *September 5-20* Aboard the tall ship *Sea Cloud.*

Himalayan Kingdoms *September 7-26*

Indonesia *September 7-26*

Europe by Train *September 8-19*

Victorian England *September 8-19*

China's Silk Road *September 11-October 3*

French Landscapes (Paris and Normandy) *September 18-28*

Spanish Legacies *September 18-October 4*

Zimbabwe and Botswana *September 18-October 6*

NEW **Byzantium and Black Sea Cruise** *September 19-October 7*

Danube River Cruise *September 20-October 4*

England's Heritage *September 29-October 13*

Journey of Odysseus Cruise *October 1-18*

Israel *October 11-23*

Japan Journey *October 14-25*

Hidden India *October 25-November 20*

Mexico: Day of the Dead *October 27-November 8*

London Interlude *November 2-11*

Moscow and St. Petersburg *November 6-15*

Copper Canyon (Mexico) *November 12-19*

Splendors of New Zealand *November 12-26*

Bermuda Interlude *November 13-18*

Three-Continent Christmas Voyage *December 17-January 6* Europe, Africa and South America aboard the *Regina Renaissance.*

Christmas in Provence *December 19-30*

Christmas in Canterbury *December 22-January 2*

Yucatán Adventure *January 4-16*

South America (Cape Horn) Cruise *January 4-29* Aboard the *Regina Renaissance.*

Patagonian Andes (Chile and Argentina) *January 12-27*

Papua New Guinea *January 18-31*

U.S. TOURS

Smithsonian "Anytime" Weekend (Washington, D.C.) Two-night package includes hotel and behind-the-scenes tour of the Smithsonian Castle building.

NEW **American Legacy: The Dakotas** *August 19-27*

Maine Seascapes *September 11-18*

NEW **American History in Upstate New York (Adirondacks)** *September 17-23*

NEW **Coastal Homes of North Carolina** *September 21-28*

Pacific Northwest Cruise: Vancouver to Seattle *September 23-29*

NEW **Archaeology of the Southwest** *October 8-15*

Smithsonian Focus: Air and Space (Washington, D.C.) *October 11-14* For Contributing Members.

Presidential Pathways (Virginia) *October 14-20*

Birds of the Chesapeake *October 15-23*

Fall Foliage Cruise: The Hudson River and the Chesapeake Bay *October 15-25*

NEW **In the Footsteps of John Wesley Powell (Colorado Plateau)** *October 20-28*

NEW **Civil War: Contest for the Western Waters** *October 20-30* Visit battle sites in Kentucky, Tennessee, Louisiana and Mississippi.

SMITHSONIAN SEMINARS

Little Bighorn (Montana) *September 1-4*

Western Thought (Pacific Grove, California) *September 6-11*

Acadia National Park (Maine) *September 8-11*

American Literature and the Spirit of Place (Wyoming) *September 12-18*

Civil War: The Contest for Chattanooga (Tennessee) *September 15-18*

Riviera Art (France) *September 18-30*

Cuisines of California: Sonoma and Napa Valley (Napa, California) *September 20-25*

Boston's Literary Heritage *September 21-25*

Aircraft Restoration (Washington, D.C.) *September 25-29*

Photography Workshop (Clark, Colorado) *September 25-October 2*

Rome *October 5-17*

Polar Bears (Churchill, Canada) *October 18-24*

RESEARCH EXPEDITIONS

For your free Research Expeditions catalog, call: (202) 287-3210 or write Smithsonian Research Expeditions, MRC 933, Washington, D.C. 20560.

Brimfield, Massachusetts *September 4-11* Document material culture at an outdoor antique and collectible market.

Pasadena, California *September 10-17* Assist astrophysicists at the Mount Wilson Observatory.

Perth, Australia *September 12-22* Photograph and videotape marine life in the Ningaloo Reef.

ODYSSEY TOURS

Moderately Priced Tours *1994* Great Britain, Italy, Sicily-Malta, France, Greece, Israel-Jordan, Portugal, Spain-Morocco, Belize-Guatemala, Costa Rica, Ecuador-Galápagos, London-Amsterdam-Brussels-Paris, Prague-Budapest-Vienna-Salzburg, Thailand, India, Mexico, U.S. National Parks, Pacific Northwest, Canadian Rockies, Arizona-Colorado, New England, New York City and Washington, D.C. For an Odyssey brochure, call 1-800-932-8287.

THE LATEST WORD ON TOURS, EXPEDITIONS AND LEARNING ADVENTURES

Hazardous jobs foster tight bonds among crewmen in Tunnel No. 3. Everything–the "mancage" they ride to work, heavy equipment, fresh air–comes down, 550 feet below the streets of Brooklyn, via Shaft 23B (opposite).

By James R. Chiles

'Remember, Jimmy, stay away from the bottom of the shaft!'

And there are lots more danger zones; already 20 persons have died digging New York City's Water Tunnel No. 3, to be completed c. 2020

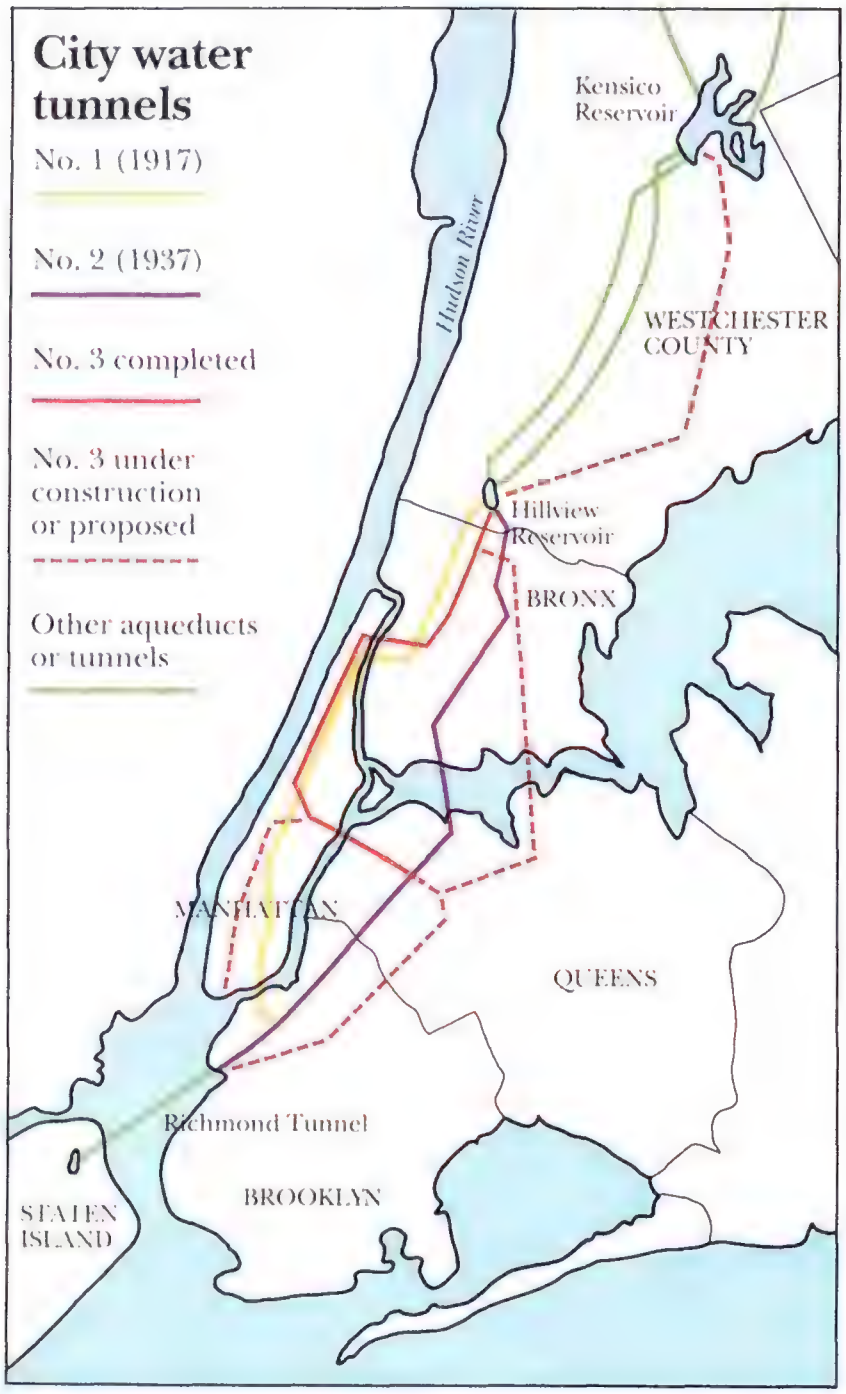
While fitting me out with a hard hat and earplugs, safety engineer Peter Reynolds held up a steel-cased cigarette lighter and waved it in my face.

"See this, Jimmy? Even a lighter, falling from 500 feet, is going to go right through you, head to foot, hard hat or not. So stay away from the bottom of the shaft!"

It was just one of the many warnings about the dangers of falling objects–from lunchpails to tools–that I would receive. I was spending some time with sandhogs–survivors of a vanishing breed that is endangered in more ways than one. They are digging New York City's Water Tunnel No. 3–a project that has already taken 20 lives, including that of a man killed by a falling winch in Shaft 19B only two weeks before my visit.

The scale of Tunnel No. 3 is staggering–a 55-mile-long, 10-to-24-foot-diameter hole driven through hard rock as much as 800 feet below the surface, with dozens of connecting shafts and valve chambers the size of zeppelin hangars. Altogether, No. 3 will exceed the mileage of the twin railroad tubes of the English Channel Tunnel and, before it is finished, the project will have spanned a human lifetime. Planning began in 1954, dig-

Photographs by Enrico Ferorelli



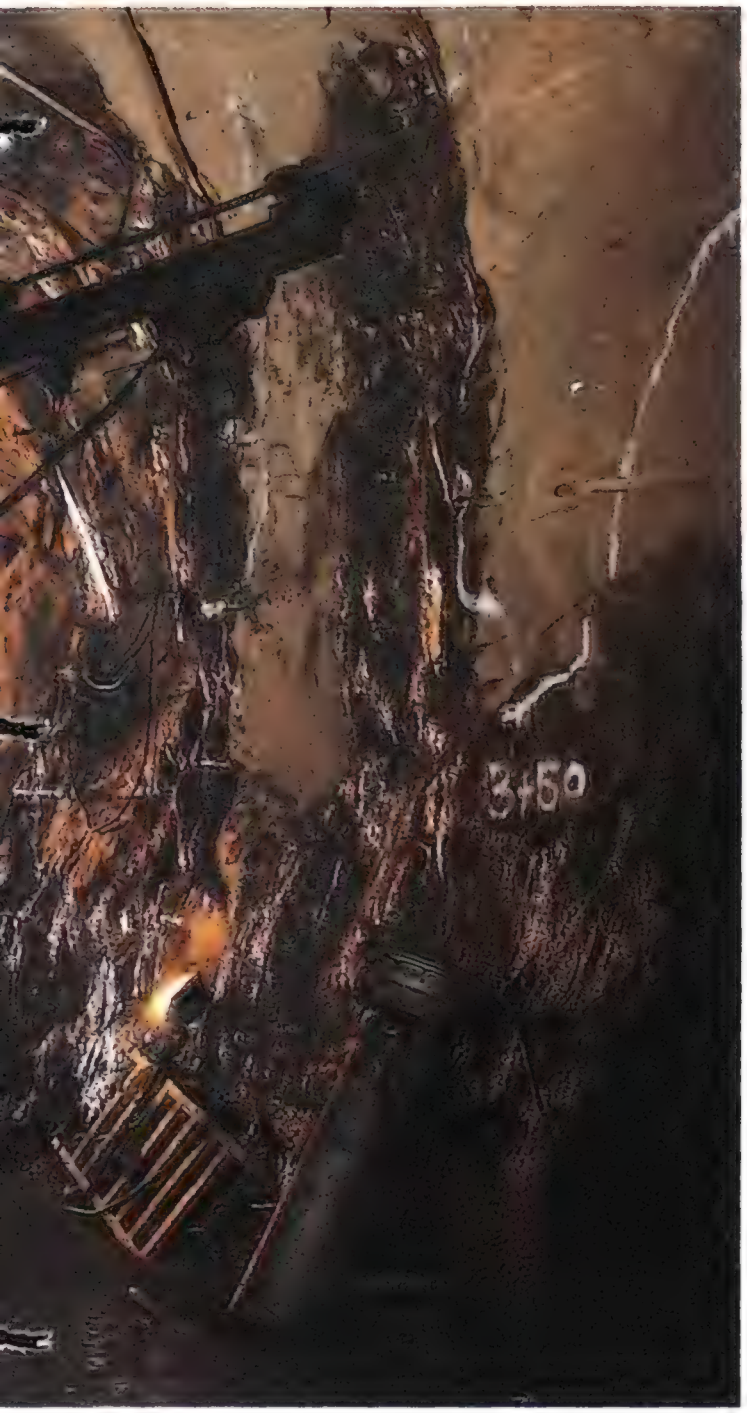
New York's exceptionally pure water comes from mountain rivers and lakes far to the north, and is then channeled through 280 miles of tunnels and aqueducts. No. 3 will add another 55 miles.

First step in widening a "tight area" at the start of a 5.5-mile tunnel to Queens is to drill blast holes.

ging began in 1970, and No. 3 won't be completed until around 2020–all to slake Gotham's thirst.

Eau de New York is some of the purest in the world–better than many bottled waters, and chefs claim that it almost has a fruit to it. And, the envy of many communities, there's plenty of it. City residents consume up to 1.5 billion gallons a day–enough to fill 2,100 Olympic-size swimming pools. But all of that water, drawn from reservoirs as far as 150 miles away in the Catskill Mountains and Delaware River watersheds, must enter the city through two giant tunnels.

Tunnel No. 1, serving Manhattan and Brooklyn, went into service in 1917; Tunnel No. 2, primarily serving The Bronx, Queens and Brooklyn, was opened in 1937. Their valves have never been inspected, their concrete linings may be leaking, chunks may have fallen into the shaft. "But they've never been turned off or checked out," says Mike Greenberg, chief of waterworks construction for the city. "The valves were opened up back then and have never been closed since. If you wanted to



Tunneling can be wet and noisy, "so loud that your whole body shakes from the sound." Water is essential for safe drilling. Above, rubble is dumped into a "muck bucket" for long hoist up the shaft to trucks.

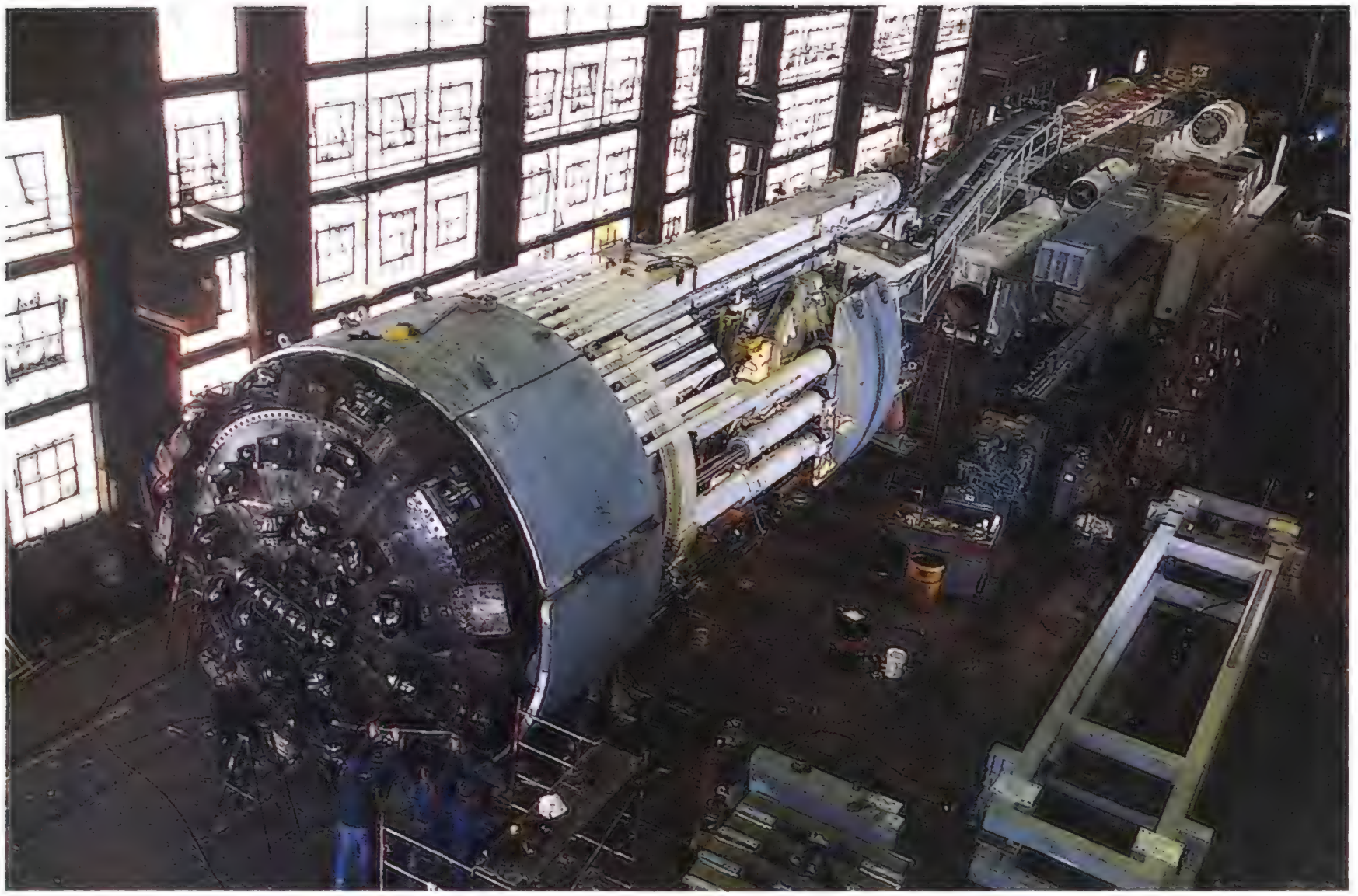
shut off the water, there's two questions. First, could you close it off at all, since it's never been done? Second, when you fix the problem could you turn the water back on? If the valves failed it could take months to repair them–maybe 18 months."

Such blockage would be enormously disruptive. There might not be enough pressure to reach the tops of tall buildings. Water for drinking and for toilets would have to be trucked in and, until emergency pipes could bring water–perhaps from New Jersey and Long Island–firetrucks might hook up to hydrants only to find them empty.

Once Tunnel No. 3 is connected to the city's system of mains, repairs to the other tunnels will be possible. The first stretch to be completed, about 13 miles from The Bronx, through Manhattan and into Queens, will begin providing water next year.

When I joined a half-dozen sandhogs in Brooklyn for a ride down Shaft 23B, starting a day of hard-rock work, the men sounded almost jovial. They clamored at me to hurry up and climb into the "mancage." They razzed one of their number, Jake Dunleavy, nominating him as official spokesman for the crew because, they said, he was so handsome and could talk like a New York lawyer. "Not me!" he protested as the concrete walls of the shaft slipped by, a few feet away. He was such a hopeless case, he claimed, that his high school guidance counselor had urged him to quit school and save them the trouble of throwing him out.

At a depth of 550 feet, the mancage landed with a gentle bump, and we stepped off into a spacious central chamber, with the "head" tunnel about 300 feet long leading from it. The sandhogs began laying out their tools and boxes of explosives, preparing to blast away more rock from the tunnel. This head tunnel was the barest beginning of a 5.5-mile passage that will run northeast to Grand Avenue in Queens. The project's contractor, Schiavone/Shea Joint Venture, will bore out the distance over the next two years and then line the hole with concrete to form a smooth, round pipe.



Mechanics check out head of the "mole," or tunnel-boring machine. The entire head turns, exerting 55,000 pounds of pressure and shattering rock with forty 17-inch disks, which work like the ones on can openers.

Tunnel digging is usually dogged by complications (SMITHSONIAN, May 1986, August 1987), so a project lasting decades or, for that matter, a lifetime, is the kind of work that sandhogs understand. Like medieval stonemasons laboring on some grand cathedral, the work of the father is the work of the son. "Every guy here, except one, is a son or nephew of a sandhog," Dunleavy told me as work began. "Who the hell else would do it?" He has spent 22 years driving tunnel; his father and uncle spent their working lives down in the deeps.

A century ago, sandhogs laid the foundations of the Brooklyn Bridge under the East River. They found bedrock by shoveling sand and clay up through caissons, massive iron-and-wood compartments sunk into the riverbed. They kept the chambers from flooding by pumping them up with high-pressure air. Sandhogs also drove subway tunnels under the city's rivers this way, erecting the iron walls inside caissonlike cutting heads that they shoved through the mud and sand with hydraulic jacks. It was this work that gave New York City tunnel diggers their distinctive name, "sandhog."

By 1938, sandhogs had built 40 river-crossing tubes to Manhattan for cars, trains and subways. Tunneling inside compressed air was a hellish job that combined almost every occupational danger: drowning, heatstroke, the bends, falling, suffocation and even fire. Virtually anything would burn in the oxygen-rich compressed air, including damp timbers and wet clothes. In 1890 during work on one New York tunnel, 25 percent of the sandhogs died. When City Tunnel No. 2 was being built during the Depression, 60 men died in one three-year span–three lives for every mile driven.

Sandhog Mike Warfield, notable for his unruly blond hair and powerful voice, said his grandfather helped build the Lincoln Tunnel under the Hudson River. "He was building tunnels before they even invented tunnels," Warfield told me. Tradition runs so deep in the sandhog world that some of their nicknames pass from father to son, like prized silver watches. Dale Estus inherited the nickname "Haybag" from his tunnel-driving dad, who ranged as far as New Zealand in his career.

Estus holds the title of "Shifter" down here, which is sandhog language for underground foreman. He dresses like the rest, in jeans and a sweatshirt, but also carries a radio with the other tools on his belt. He moves about with quiet efficiency, getting the job under way.

The crew on the late shift the night before had drilled almost a hundred holes 12 feet into the rock. Estus set

Minnesota writer Jim Chiles specializes in science and technology. His topics for SMITHSONIAN *have included Voyager 2, codebreaking and flying cars.*

his crew to work loading them with a finely calculated set of charges that would ideally fracture the solid rock but barely rattle the windows in the many buildings above. As foreman, Estus could have stood back and watched, but he worked alongside the men, installing blasting caps, detonating cord and red sticks of explosive. "Haybag, he's a working foreman," one of the men said. More red sticks went into each hole. Using long plastic rods, the men tamped in the charges with brown-paper tubes of sand so the force of the explosion would be directed into the rock and not out the hole. Estus linked the detonator cords into a network that could be triggered from above.

"My chest pulsed like a big bass drum"

Other sandhogs began sheltering equipment in the blast area. Since hundreds of pounds of high explosives would be going off only a few dozen feet from where a dozer and a rock drill sat, the men lowered a protective mat of heavy steel cable to shield them. Electrician Tim Hearns removed floodlamps and their power cables and put them out of harm's way. Blasts sometimes do freakish things: an explosion the day before had flung chunks of rock far enough to break a light 200 feet up the shaft.

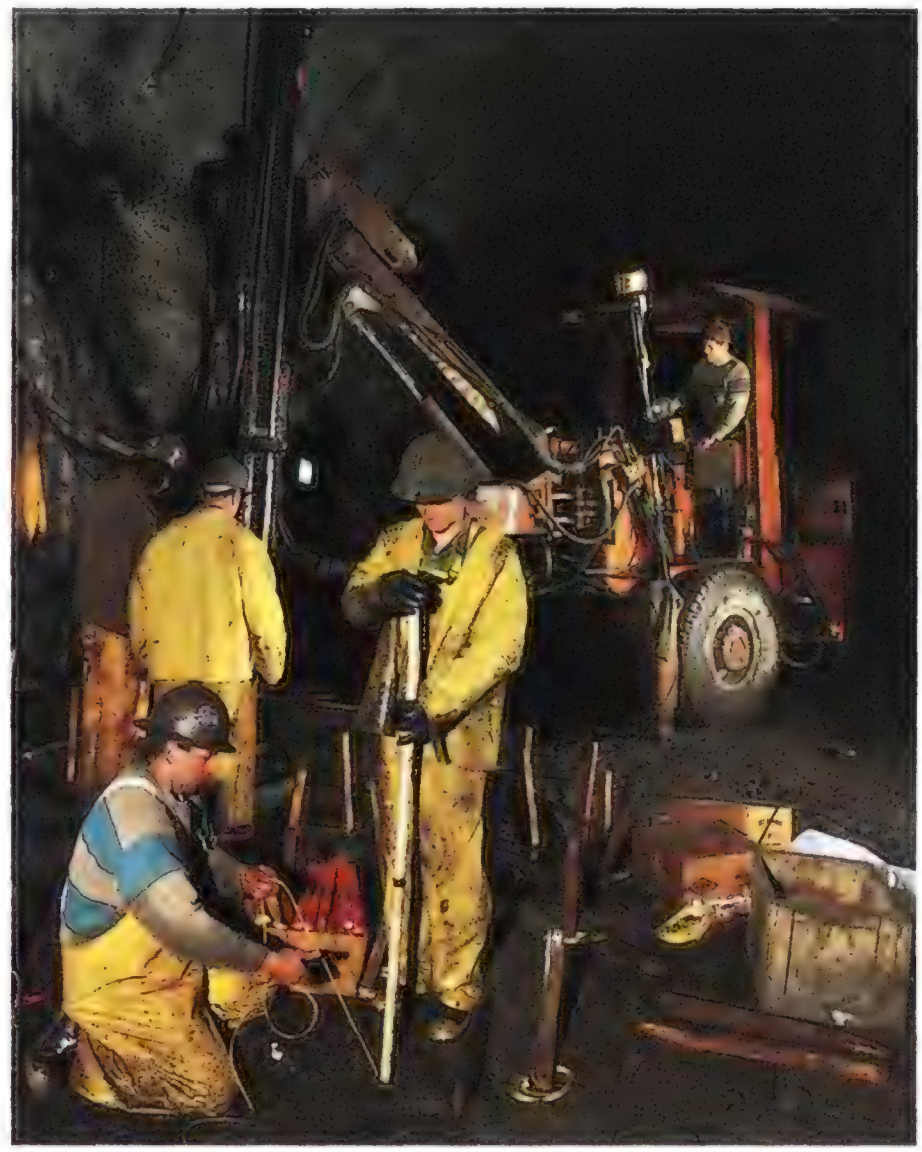
We rode the mancage to street level, unrolling a detonating cord behind us. At the top, the crew made final arrangements for the blast, receiving clearance and connecting the detonating cord to a firing mechanism. An air horn blared a final warning to the neighborhood. I heard a crack like a gunshot when Estus smacked a knob with his palm and set off the cord, followed by an impressive rumble that rolled out from the shaft opening and echoed off tenements across the street. Though not extremely loud, it was the sort of impossibly deep noise that you feel as much as hear. My chest pulsed like a big bass drum, struck sharply.

While waiting to go back into the tunnel I took a few minutes to examine the site of Shaft 23B with Eileen Schnock, the city engineer in charge of this part of Tunnel No. 3. It was a triangular lot in the Red Hook section of Brooklyn, just a few minutes' walk from the docks of the East River. The elevated ramps of the Brooklyn-Queens Expressway overlapped the lot on one side–close enough for the big crane to reach over and pluck a Toyota off the lanes, if the operator so desired.

There was a clearing barely wide enough, between all of the excavating gear and the stacked supplies, for trucks to pull in and load up with rock coming up from the blasting operations down below. Soon this site would be even busier, for Schiavone/Shea was preparing to bring in a 570-foot-long, 19-foot-wide tunnel-boring machine, or TBM. The crane would lower it through the shaft in sections after the sandhogs had hollowed out a chamber down below large enough for the assembly job.

The arrival of that big machine is very much on the minds of the men at 23B because it's going to change the nature of tunneling forever. "I'll be going all the time when the TBM gets to work," explained surveyor Al Baisely. A boring machine wanders off course as it encounters faults and hard zones, and needs constant adjustment. Powered by 13,200 volts, the "mole"–that's what the sandhogs call it–relies on enormous pressure and rotating grinders to reduce rock to rubble. If all goes well, it will leave up to 275 feet of new tunnel behind it every week. "A mole is much faster than drilling and blasting," Baisley said. Furthermore, because a TBM doesn't break out any more rock than plans call for, the lining for a TBM-dug tunnel requires much less concrete than does one dug with blasting.

By now, 30 minutes had passed, giving time for most of the fumes to clear from the tunnel. The sandhogs drained their coffee cups and headed toward the shaft. They paused by a "check-in-check-out board," where each man turned over a metal disk that hung by his name, flipping it from green side to red side. One flipped over a "visitor" badge for me. We climbed



"Moles" minimize need for blasting–and for sandhogs, here tamping explosive and detonating cords into holes.

At lunch, 11 to 11:30 in the "hoghouse," the focus is on a few quick hands of knock rummy, a sandhog tradition.

aboard the mancage and dropped into a dark murk that smelled like singed fertilizer. At the bottom there was just enough light falling through the shaft to make out a gray blanket of fluffy dust covering fresh heaps of rock. The sandhogs would load this rock into a bucket for lifting to the surface, a job called "mucking out."

But first they spread out in all directions, conferring softly, using their flashlights to spot slabs of rock on the walls and ceiling that had been loosened by the blast and might be prone to splitting off and crushing someone. These would need to be removed or secured promptly. Their flashlights picked out a chunk over my head. "That's a bad place to be standing, Jimmy!" a man called out. I wasted no time moving. It was spooky down there. The somber hush, the explosives' fumes and the dim circle of light falling from the shaft onto the piles of rock made it easy to imagine it as a building hit by a bomb and now being visited by a rescue team.

I was grateful for the silence, having been down to see drilling in another part of Tunnel No. 3. The noise could only be described as indescribable. Four air-powered rock drills going full throttle in a space the size of a living room had raised such an uproar that I hadn't been able to make out a word of conversation–even with an engineer bellowing into my ear from two inches away.

In the silence of 23B I was able to pose questions to a geologist-inspector named Scott Chesman. He was on double duty today: checking the contractor's work and also keeping track of my whereabouts for safety. I found him examining the rock and making pencil marks on a diagram clamped to a metal clipboard. Chesman had been a sandhog himself for five years, using the money to earn a degree in geology. "I showed up for three weeks each morning, with no luck," he said. "Finally one guy felt sorry for me and said, 'Tell 'em you're my nephew.' They started me at $24 an hour."

The gray rock Chesman was marking looked featureless to me. Rock is rock, right? Not to Chesman. To him this is the Hartland Formation, a 400-million-year-old layer of rock called gneiss that is very hard but also flawed by joints and faults. He explained that this rock was formed out under the ocean, and later piled up here by a collision between North America and Africa.

"You can tell the natural fractures by how the rock breaks from the blasts," he said, picking up a chunk. "Even though this is pretty good rock right now, it could be bad ahead." "Bad," to a tunneling man, has a couple of meanings. Joints that meet in an inverted V-shape over the tunnel can drop a wedge of rock days or months after blasting. Some historians think John Henry, the steel-driving man on the Big Bend Tunnel of the Chesapeake & Ohio Railway, died in such an accident after his epic competition with the steam drill, rather than from overexertion, as the folk song has it.

Chesman tapped every foot or so with his geologist's hammer, listening for a drumlike sound that indicates a joint not visible to the eye. He pointed to pieces for the sandhogs to pry loose with a long steel bar–a job for someone with the agility to jump away quickly when the rock splits off. The sandhogs also put in as many as 10,000 rock bolts per mile along the tunnel roof; these pin weaker sections to sound rock behind.

A harmless drip–then 3,000 gallons a minute

Water flooding down through faults is also a possibility. Chesman was watching, too, for signs of faulting that might open up an underground spring. In the 1930s one such spring gushed 3,000 gallons a minute into nearby tunnel excavations until sealed off. "It'll be water like this," he said, reaching out a finger to sample a harmless-looking drip coming from the ceiling. "Tunnel No. 2 is just over there, about 200 feet away," Chesman said, pointing to one wall. Clearly the old tunnel intrigues him. "Over the years, things happen," he said, meditatively. "Nobody knows how No. 2 is doing."

The sandhogs' world is fraught with hazards. Machinery mishaps that might be no more than an annoyance up above can be deadly underground. "You have heavy equipment operating in a very confined space," Mike Greenberg said when showing me around another section of Tunnel No. 3.

This was clear enough when Amos Modeste started up his diesel-powered loader. As he began dozing the

heaps of freshly blasted rock, each backward motion of the machine forced those of us behind him to sidle out of the way or back up flat against the wall.

Shortly before 11, Estus' crew headed up to the hoghouse for lunch. The word "hoghouse" may suggest something dark and disorderly, but this is a warm and cheery retreat assembled out of plywood and two trailer-size portable buildings. It has showers, lockers, a compact kitchen, a coffeemaker and laundry machines.

The men opened up their lunches but left plenty of room on the linoleum-topped tables for hands of knock rummy–designed for short periods of time, anyone can end a hand by knocking on the table. This game is a sandhog tradition, played during every coffee break and lunch up top. The cards were so faded they looked as though somebody had wiped the faces with sandpaper. "Almost every guy here plays," said Jim Donovan, a sandhog for ten years. "It's been going on as long as I remember."

"*Sixth sense? He ain't got* no *sense*"

While they played, I complimented Modeste on how he could back up in the tight quarters down below without hitting anything. "You must have a sixth sense," I said. He demurred modestly, in a slight accent from his native Trinidad, saying that he used a rearview mirror, but the others howled loudly and would have nothing of it. "Sixth sense?" Mike Warfield kidded the operator, "Amos, he ain't got *no* sense." Another insisted that the only reason Modeste hadn't run over any sandhogs yet was because they leapt out of the way too quickly.

The sandhog crew had both blacks and whites, of all extractions: Caribbean, Scottish, Irish, Eastern European. "We've been integrated long before the government said anything about it," said electrical superintendent Michael (Scotty) McGurk, a sandhog who once worked in the coal mines of Scotland. "Even early in the century, the work gangs were always mixed up by race, and that went for foremen and supervisors, too." The integration dates back to the time when sandhogs were recruited from the Irish who had built the Erie Canal, and the West Indians who had dug the Suez Canal.

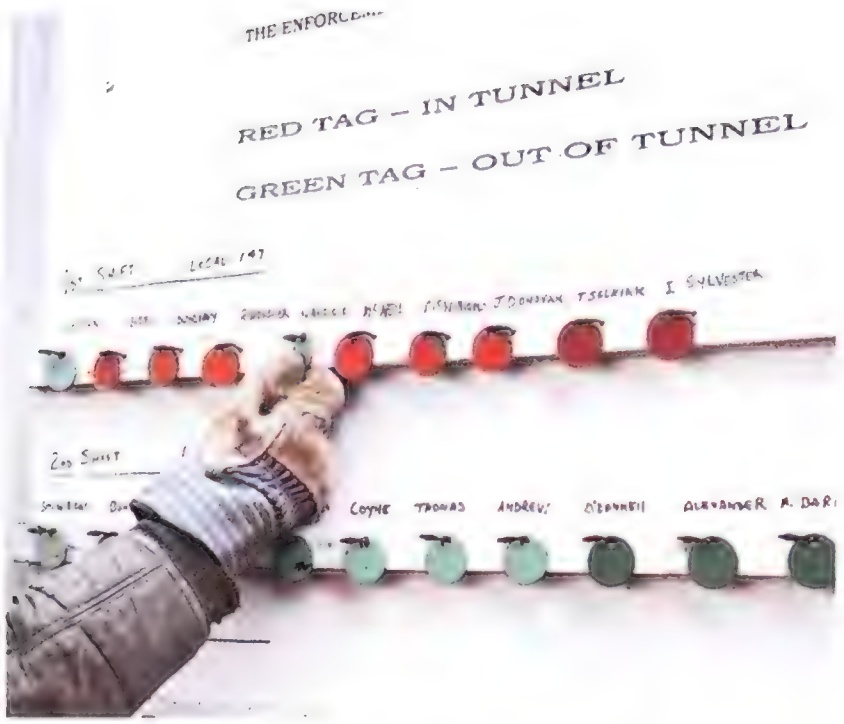
After lunch the sandhogs continued their attack on the freshly blasted rock. Modeste's loader scooped rock from the floor and dumped it into a huge steel "muck bucket" that the crane lowered on the end of a cable. Each time the bucket was full, the crane high above hoisted it just a few feet off the floor, then paused. The sandhogs moved in, shoving hard, to stop any swinging motion and prevent the massive container from crashing into the side of the shaft on its way up.

The pace of the work was steady but unhurried. I remembered talking earlier with Charlie McWilliams, who is what you might call a sandhog emeritus. By dint of long service, McWilliams got to stay up in daylight, giving signals to hoist operators. "I spent enough time down there," he said, a northern Irish brogue still rich in his speech. "It can be dangerous enough, so we work together. It's not the wild rushing about that you might see other places. We call that highballing, when you rush too much."

Near the end of the shift I found two old hands in the hoghouse: Scotty McGurk and Stuart Williams, superintendent of the evening shift. "You'll have to speak up," McGurk said to me, gesturing at his friend. "He's almost deaf." I asked Williams about it, speaking into his hearing aid. Williams said that sandhogs had once worked without any hearing protection more elaborate than bits of rag stuffed in their ears, and the years had caught up with him. Williams recalled working on a section of tunnel near Governors Island that had 13 air drills going at once. "Your body shakes with the noise in a place like that," McGurk said. "It's actually scary."

"Yeah, but I could drill a lot better if I could hear that steel in the hole," Williams said. The tunnel-boring machine is on Williams' mind too, because a TBM operation needs as little as one-fourth of the manpower that drilling and blasting requires. "I'm getting out of the

As a bulldozer was lifted up into the shaft, one man exclaimed, "It's awesome, like watching Dumbo fly!"



Before a blast or in case of a fire or cave-in, a glance at the check-in-check-out board tells who is still below.

business when that mole gets here," Williams said, grimacing. "It's not for me. You'll never see a hole driven conventionally again, except for little ones."

There's no question that the peak of the sandhog era has passed. In the 1970s, when work on Tunnel No. 3 was beginning, there were more than a thousand sandhogs on the job. It's a different story today. What with budget constraints and the fact that no huge valve chambers are currently being constructed, there are only the two shifts working at Shaft 23B–a total of 40 men.

The sandhogs union has a most impressive name: the Compressed Air & Free Air Tunnels, Foundations, Caissons, Subway, Sewer Cofferdam, Construction Workers Union of New York, New Jersey States & Vicinity. But at the union hall, a storefront in The Bronx, I saw no strapping young men lining up to apply for union cards. Instead, the visitors were retired sandhogs, coming in to check on their medical benefits. Richard Fitzsimmons, business manager of the sandhog local, told me, "We tell the guys they have to adapt to the new equipment, but we're taking a beating on it." He pulled out his wallet to show me his union card. "The last guy we took in was back in 1983." A few minutes later he brought out a *Life* magazine dated March 8, 1937, opening it to an article recounting a dispute between New York's tunnel workers and a contractor. "Back then," he said, "there were 5,000 of us–sandhogs were at the top of the world. Our subway tunnels were linking the boroughs." Now the local can't afford a secretary. Fitzsimmons' dad comes in to open the mail.

Some work will remain, of course, for old pros like those I had met. The TBMs need sandhogs to dig openings to start from and to provide support, and short tunnels aren't worth the setup that a mole requires. But given the uncertainty of their future and the dangers of their daily work, you have to wonder why they do it. If you ask a sandhog, the typical answer is that his daddy did it, or that it's the only construction work where you don't freeze in the winter and cook in the summer. He'll stress the tight bonds with coworkers and say that the pay is too good to leave behind–benefits included, sandhogs earn upwards of $80,000 a year.

I also put the question to Diane Dennis, a supervising geologist for the city. She spent nearly six years doing inspections in tunnel sections stretching from The Bronx to Manhattan, working right alongside sandhogs. "When the tunnel work was under way, I'd almost come down for free. Well, almost. It's a different world down here. It's even got its own light. Everybody has their own jobs and knows what needs to be done. It makes for very good camaraderie. If there's an accident, you have to depend on the guy next to you, so there's a lot of trust."

She described one underground mishap in which a transporter dumped a load of fresh concrete over her head. "They hosed me off, but I had to spend the rest of the day wet and miserable. They wouldn't let me out!" she added, laughing. "They said I should be able to take it if I wanted to stay down there with them. And I did."

Up top at 23B, I took a last look around after returning my safety equipment, reflecting that in a few years this construction extravaganza will go away, the shaft will be covered over and the site will become a parking lot or maybe even a little park. Nothing obvious at the surface will show why the city poured almost $180 million down a hole lying at this street corner. But the lack of monuments doesn't bother the sandhogs much. They know their creation will endure for a very long time, for waterworks are among the durability champs of all human engineering: in parts of Europe, Roman aqueducts are still in operation after 2,000 years.

I thought about a remark Scott Chesman had made while drawing his diagrams. "We'll be covering all this with concrete," he had said, looking around the tunnel in the same way that a man might look around his house before leaving it for the last time. "It's why we map it as we go along. Those engineers off in the future won't have any way to know the faulting without the notes we keep today."

A sheaf of well-kept notes for engineers yet unborn, the bond that grows between people doing dangerous but important work, the knowledge that fresh water is flowing from way down deep to millions of thirsty people–that's monument enough, I'd say.

In time, Shaft 23B will be covered over, leaving few clues to the new $180 million waterworks underneath.

By Jim Robbins

A tractor instead of a brush; seeds instead of paint

These are the tools of artist Stan Herd, who grew up on a Kansas farm, wondering how the fields looked from above as he endlessly plowed the soil

Herd sizes up a site in Manhattan; his most recent creation, *Countryside,* is now in bloom there.

An invitation from Stan Herd to see his artwork is no small offer. We drive a few miles to an airport carved out of the farm fields that surround Lawrence, Kansas, where we hire a pilot and a plane. Ten minutes later we're humming through a cobalt-blue sky. Herd points out the Kaw River below, which cuts large, meandering tree-lined loops through tilled, black-soil farmland that, in early February, is still without a hint of green.

Soon we're over Herd's work, a large medicine wheel, and the plane drops. As we circle, I stare down the wing at a giant picture mown into the grass–a wheel with a bird figure beneath it (p. 77). Above the din of the plane's engine, Herd explains that the piece, designed with the help of instructor Leslie Evans and art students at Haskell Indian Nations University, is modeled after ancient Indian prototypes.

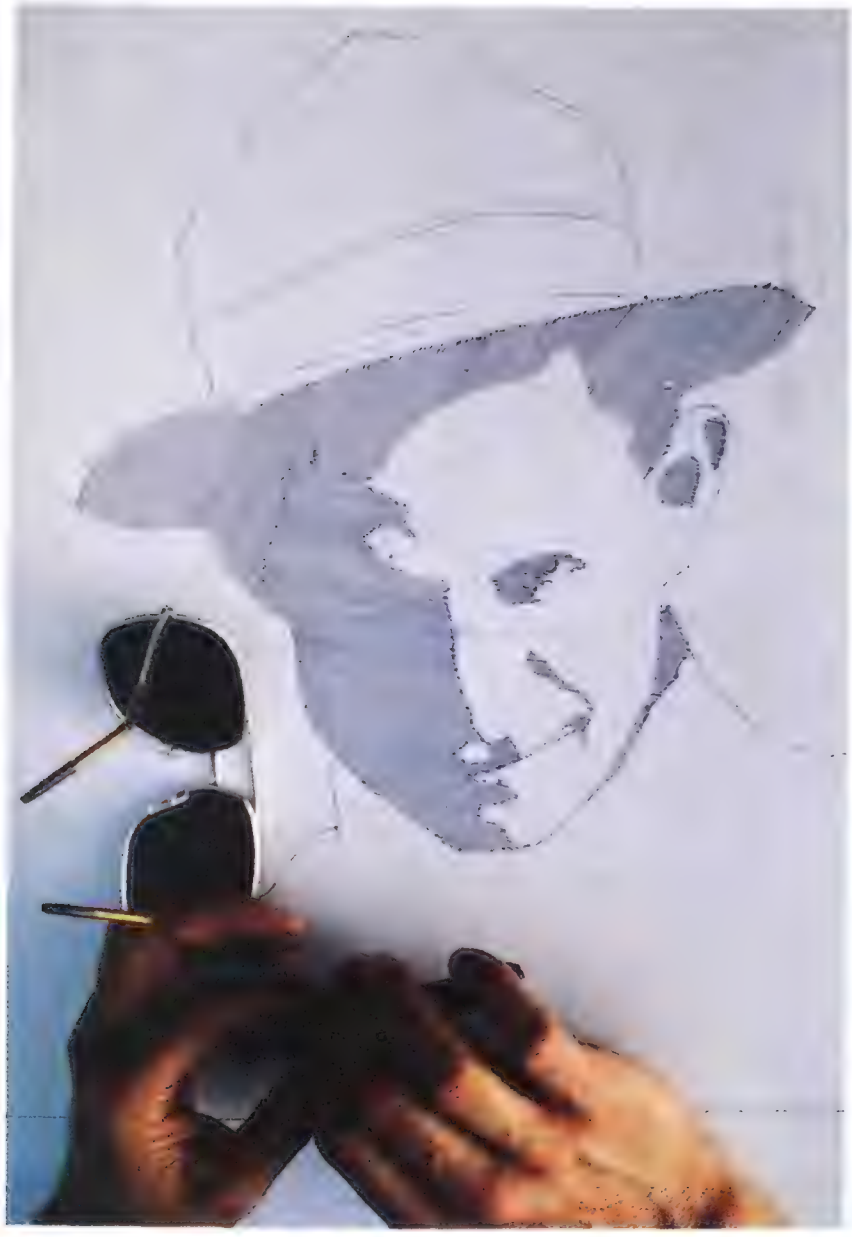
The college, on the outskirts of Lawrence, is attended by Indians from tribes around the country. Although the medicine wheel, which Herd called *The Circle*, was created as an art piece, not a spiritual piece, it has become a focal point for some Indians who follow traditional ways. Later, when Herd and I walk the wheel's circumference, we find tobacco, coins and other prayer offerings left on the stone markers at the four compass points.

There aren't many people whose business card could read "Crop Artist," but Stan Herd, a soft-spoken fourth-generation farmer from Kansas, is one of them. *The Circle* is one of ten pieces Herd has undertaken in his 14-year career, a career that marries two of his lifelong interests, the land and art. His portraits, still lifes and advertisements, fully visible only from above, fascinate audiences, even if they are seen in photographs or on videotape. David Letterman, the television show *That's Incredible*, Turner Broadcasting, and CBS news correspondent Charles Kuralt have all sent film crews to capture Herd's earth images. In May, Harry N. Abrams Inc. published *Crop Art and other Earthworks*, a large-format book that features his work.

In Kansas, Herd, tiny on the tractor (center), trims *Sunflower Still Life* (1986), his first fully planted artwork.

Stan Herd's crop art grew out of farming, quite literally. He was one of six children raised on a 160-acre cattle, horse and wheat farm in the plains of southwestern Kansas, near a little town of 700 called Protection. His grandfather had broken sod there in 1916. Herd grew up the way countless other farm boys have. When he was 12, his father taught him to drive a tractor. During the endless hours he spent tilling the soil, Herd wondered if people in planes flying among the clouds were looking down at the marks that he was scratching into the fields.

Now 43, Herd lives with his wife, Janis, and their son, Evan, in a passive solar house on a wooded, five-acre lot–without crop art–several miles from Lawrence. As we sit in his backyard one sunny day, Herd tells me that life on the farm was all work, bucking hay bales and taking care of the animals. After high school, he realized that while he loved the idea of a life on the land, he



For his half-mile-square portrait of Will Rogers, the artist first drew the work on a grid (above), which he mounted on a tractor for quick reference as he planted maize. The final image was slow to come–he had to irrigate after 20 days with no rain.

didn't like the sunup-to-sundown grind. "It was something I wanted to escape from," he says, in a soft voice tinged with a Midwestern twang. "I hated getting up early. In the summer I would go into town dog-tired from working on the farm, while my buddies were working at the swimming pool."

Herd's parents encouraged a childhood interest in drawing, and in 1969 he left the farm to study art at Wichita State University. He then moved on to Dodge City, where he set up shop as an artist, painting canvases and murals. He still paints, and his home is decorated with several of his Kansas landscapes.

Several things happened to Herd in the 1970s to interest him in the idea of art from above. Two television documentaries had a huge impact on him–one about the mysterious line drawings in the Nazca Desert in Peru, which make sense only when viewed from the air; and the other about Christo, the environmental artist who spent four years building a temporary, 24-mile "running fence" across the hills of California. Christo's project, Herd says, made him realize that the "effort to make the art is as important as the final image."

In the summer of 1976, Herd was headed out in a plane to photograph a Quonset hut that he had painted to look like a giant beer can. Returning from the trip he looked down on a farm field that had crusted over in the rain and turned to a light tan color. A tractor was disking the soil, leaving a rich, dark brown line behind it. The idea hit him of a portrait in soil–"an appropriate art form," says Herd, "for a nation of people who fly." At the time, he was only vaguely familiar with the earthworks artists of the 1960s and '70s, such as Robert

Jim Robbins is the author of Last Refuge: The Environmental Showdown in Yellowstone and the American West, *due in paperback in September.*

Smithson, who had created a major earthwork out of rock and salt crystal, a spiral jetty in the Great Salt Lake.

For five years, as he sought a farmer willing to lend him a field to work on, Herd sketched out his idea–a portrait of Satanta, a Kiowa Indian leader who, according to family legend, had camped with his people on hunting grounds near what is now the Herd farm. In 1981, he found a farmer who agreed to turn over 160 acres of his land at no charge. With no outside funding, he borrowed a tractor from an implement dealer and traded some of his paintings for seed, fuel and other crop artist's materials.

The portrait of Satanta was a "subtractive" piece, a field of golden wheat stubble with the lines of the image etched in darker dirt, similar to what Herd had seen from the air. Three weeks of torrential rain, however, changed that. The moisture caused green volunteer wheat to sprout. Afterward, when the dark earth dried, it turned a light tan. The result was a "negative" of the image Herd was looking for. Using a plow that severed the roots of the volunteer wheat but left the golden stubble on top, he went over the image again and finally obtained the desired effect.

Too much rain fell during *Satanta*; too little fell for his second work, a portrait of Will Rogers. The Rogers portrait was the first attempt at planting a crop to add color to an image. His plan was that turned earth would form the lines, while maize would provide a russet color in the half-mile-square portrait. After planting, Herd sat back to wait for the rains to come.

But the rains never came. For 20 days the temperature soared to 100 degrees or more. Herd watched the gun-metal-gray clouds of isolated thunderstorms sail across the flat prairie around him, dumping moisture here and there but never deigning to strike his parched field. It was dawning on him how much like farming his art was.

Little Girl in the Wind (1991), a portrait of Kickapoo Indian Carole Cadue, was Herd's first environmental statement. For the piece, he selected native plants–coneflowers and penstemon–and he didn't plow the soil.

One day he drove to a distant downpour and stood in the rain, frustrated that he could do nothing to move it. "It's part of the battle farmers have, and that's reflected in the art," he says. "The farmers laughed at my frustration when the rain didn't come and things fell apart." To salvage the piece Herd laid irrigation pipe, and a stunted crop of maize pushed its way up. Art sprouted half-heartedly on the Kansas prairie.

In 1983 Herd moved to Lawrence, in the hills of eastern Kansas. Eager to take the next step in the evolution of his field images–planting a piece in several different kinds of crops–he pitched the idea to a jovial father-son farm team, Junior and Butch Neis. They told him to choose the ground he wanted and "get after it." The result was his best-known work, *Sunflower Still Life*, a 20-acre piece reminiscent of Van Gogh's flower paintings. When the sunflower image was done, Neis harvested the artwork: five cuttings of alfalfa, along with soybeans and sunflowers. Like his earlier works, Herd paid for the project himself, and friends donated their labor.

Sunflower Still Life received wide publicity but, despite the popularity of his work, crop art is expensive, and Herd has had his share of financial problems. One piece that he did in Nebraska in 1987 forced him to the edge of bankruptcy. So, in 1989, with mixed feelings about whether he was compromising his artistic integrity, Herd approached the advertising agency that handled Absolut Vodka. The agency paid him to execute an 18-acre vodka-bottle piece on the Neis farm.

I caught up with Butch Neis, a big, voluble man with a generous belly, as he was loading a truck on his farm. He told me that he and his family have been tickled to have Herd working on their land. "It's not every day Charles Kuralt comes to visit," he says. "And we talked to David Letterman one-on-one." The Absolut people held a party for 500 people in the front yard, with a rock band, tents, a pig on a spit, all the vodka you could drink and two helicopters departing every four minutes to take people up to view the work. A memorable day.

When Herd is ready to start a new piece, the first thing he does is walk the ground with the farmer and look it over. Is there water running through it that will wipe the image out? Did chemicals get spilled and could they affect the image? "Then I go up in the air and read the land," he says. "Are there pockmarks?"

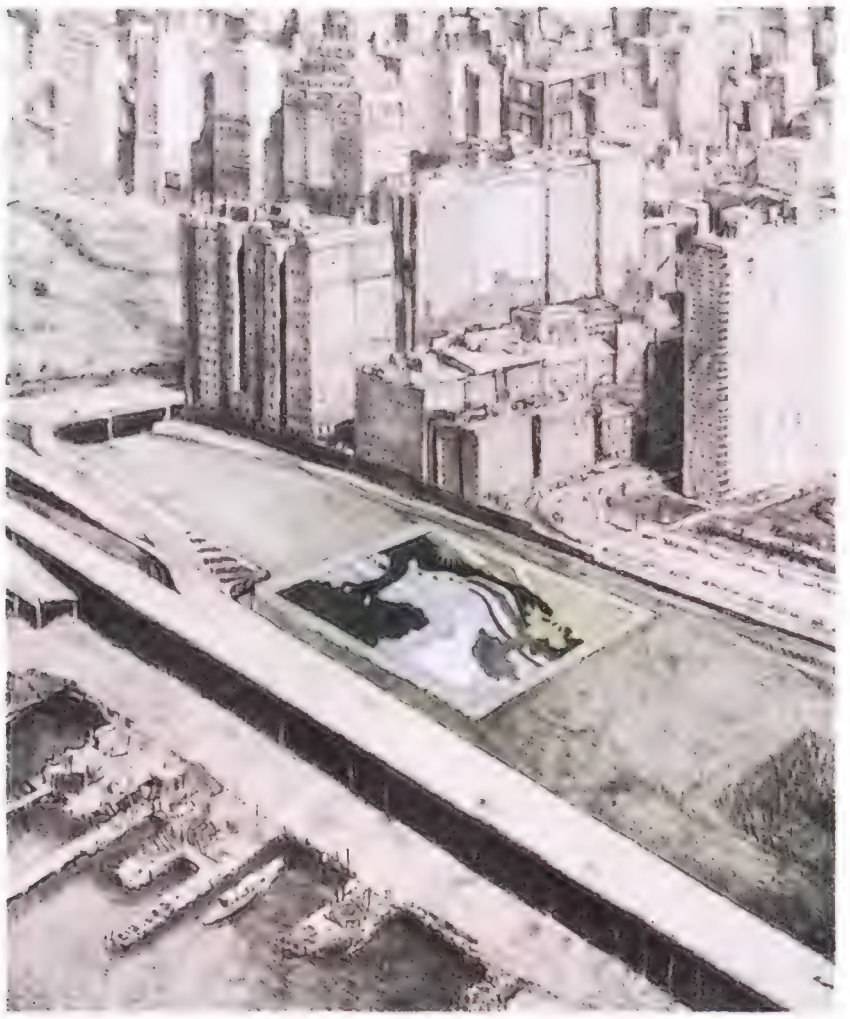
Once the site has been settled on, he draws the image on a piece of paper divided into one-inch grids. Typically, each one-inch square is a 100-foot square on the

In just one year, the member companies of the Chemical Manufacturers Association captured 640 million pounds of chemical pollutants for recycling.

Find out more about how our members and partners are working for change. Call 1-800-624-4321.

RESPONSIBLE CARE®

CHEMICAL MANUFACTURERS ASSOCIATION



Herd planned *Countryside,* here in a lithograph, to be seen by some of the cliff dwellers of Manhattan.

ground. The image is laid on the ground with surveying transits, and then the lines to be plowed or mowed are marked with bright orange flags. Some of the flags are numbered, so that when Herd starts plowing he follows the numbers–like a giant dot-to-dot puzzle. The first draft of the image is plowed gently so that if he wants changes they won't be difficult.

One complication of being a crop artist is that instead of taking a step or two back to get a little perspective on your work, you need to drive to the airport and charter a plane or helicopter. "I fly over a piece several times to 'pull proofs,'" laughs Herd. The pictures he shoots document the work's progress over several months.

In 1987 Herd's philosophy of art and farming underwent a change when he met Wes Jackson, president of the Land Institute, a nonprofit organization on the prairie outside Salina, Kansas. Jackson and his staff have been trying to revolutionize farming; he maintains that the plowing of prairie to plant a monocrop of corn or wheat is too expensive and squanders resources. Traditional farming, says Jackson, causes soil to be stripped off the land by wind and rain–in Iowa, at least two bushels of soil are lost for every bushel of corn grown. And herbicides and pesticides that are used to fend off pests and weeds are poisoning creeks and aquifers.

Jackson proposes a kind of agriculture that mimics nature–a crop of edible seed perennials, with four or five different species growing together. He puts together groups that can survive drought, wind, frost and fire, are naturally pest resistant and hold the soil in place. And instead of being plowed every year, the ground would be plowed once every 5 to 20 years.

Jackson's message captured Stan Herd's imagination. The following year, a Salina arts group called Horizons 50 commissioned him to do an earthwork of his choosing. Incorporating Jackson's philosophy, Herd planted *Little Girl in the Wind,* a portrait of Carole Cadue, a Kickapoo Indian girl, who is the daughter of a friend.

Marking off grid lines with flags

Herd and I drove to the site of the portrait, on a hill overlooking the town of Salina. His dark hair blowing in a stiff breeze, Herd climbed over a barbed-wire fence and walked to the middle of the portrait in his brown cowboy boots to explain how he has modified his techniques since meeting Jackson. First, a fire was set to burn the grasses off the five-acre plot of land. The lines that created the portrait and a full moon behind it were marked off with flags on a grid. But instead of plowing the ground, Herd and some volunteers hand-planted 450 yellow coneflowers to create the moon and 250 yellow penstemon to create the outline of the girl's face. Both are native prairie plants. "Visually the piece doesn't work very well," Herd admits, "but it reflects the compromise of not gouging the earth. Its subtlety is the strength of its message." Unlike Herd's plowed works, which die out in the winter, *Little Girl in the Wind* will continue to bloom in future seasons.

One of Herd's dreams is to do a series of portraits of native women in their ancestral homelands, using native plants. But for now, he's working on a piece in the old Penn Central railroad yards in Manhattan, a site that is owned by financier Donald Trump. Located between 68th and 70th streets, the land is scheduled to be developed, but in the meantime it will host a one-acre artwork entitled *Countryside* (above). Herd envisions a Thomas Hart Bentonesque pastoral landscape, created out of crops, flowers and grasses, in the midst of the city's concrete canyons. He expects that its peak viewing time will be in July. "I went down today and positioned some flags," he said on a sunny day in late April. "I'll mow beginning tomorrow. Can you believe it? I actually was able to buy a lawnmower in Manhattan!"

Herd hopes that *Countryside* will receive serious attention from the mainstream art world, and that his unusual body of work will be seen as a metaphor for the relationship of people to the earth. "My first piece was shown on *That's Incredible* after a dog that water-skied," Herd laments. "But that's not what I want. I feel this is an important idea about the land and farming. They are works of art centered around spring planting, a summer of growth, a fall harvest and a winter of dormancy. Very few people have an understanding of that."

The Circle was a collaboration with an instructor and students at Haskell Indian Nations University.

Corn and wheat were among plants that gave form to *The Harvest* (1987) before it was–itself–harvested.

By Ellen Ruppel Shell

'Kids don't need equipment, they need opportunity'

Forget about swings and teeter-totters and concrete turtles–to be a real success, a playground needs a few good mudholes

Flood Park playground in Menlo Park, California, lacks the glitz of an arcade and has none of the pizzazz of a theme park. There are no interactive video games, no ear-popping sound systems, no death-defying vertigo machines. There are only simple things: a rock the shape of an oversize beanbag chair, a cluster of stunted trees, a single wind chime. Not the stuff, one would think, to catch and hold the interest of technosavvy youth.

One would be wrong.

Today, a sharply clear Saturday in early fall, the place is crawling with kids. Kids as acrobats, flinging themselves from the rock into sand piled four feet deep. Kids as engineers, pumping water into a streambed dammed with pebbles and sticks and soda cans to form pools and eddies. Kids as set designers, turning a tangle of twisted Australian tea trees into a spaceship, then a pirate ship, then a playhouse. Flood Park was designed to fulfill not some adult fantasy of what kids want, but the desires and needs of the kids themselves. There is nothing here that cannot be touched and changed, nothing that kids can't control. Flood Park is a work in progress, and that, it seems, is its magic.

"Ideally a child's play space should never be finished, it should be in a constant state of change," says Susan Goltsman, a principal in the Berkeley, California, based firm Moore Iacofano Goltsman, who planned and designed the play space. "Children, you know, have a way of creating their own worlds."

You can probably recall creating such a world yourself as a child. There was a vacant lot or open field, a building site or back alley where you fled from time to time to escape adult judgment and scrutiny. There, far from a guardian's watchful eye, you and your friends made your own laws, appointed your own leaders, settled your own disputes. But the landscape of childhood has changed dramatically. Those vacant lots and open fields have given way to the push of progress–have been paved into parking lots or built into shopping malls and subdivisions. Those back alleys and secret cul de sacs have become truly frightening, places not of mystery but of danger. The freedom many of us associate with childhood is at worst an anachronism, at best a luxury out of reach for millions of today's kids.

Goltsman is one of a growing number of designers, architects, city planners and educators who are working hard to reverse this trend. In a sense, their goal is to reinvent the vacant lot. Rather than flattening the landscape into submission and smothering it with asphalt, this new wave of playground designers relies heavily on context, incorporating as many features of the native topology and local culture as possible. The places designed are subtle but complex, as intriguing as a child's imagination can make them.

In a tiny, exquisite playground in Central Park in Manhattan, for instance, children scramble up a jumble of rocks and logs to the top of a granite outcrop carved into a smooth spiral slide. They climb and slide and climb again, the slip of mud and rock against their sneakers, climbers challenging a peak. In Sunnyvale, California, kids excavate for fish fossils at a playground where the nearby wetlands make a soothing backdrop.

Swings adrift in an asphalt sea

"The idea is to use the landscape as a playground and nature as the play element," says Mark Francis, a landscape architect on the faculty of the University of California at Davis. "Most playgrounds are so tame; what we're trying to do is recapture a bit of the wild side."

Many architects and designers think of playgrounds as a necessary evil, something to tack on reluctantly, budget permitting, after the real work of creating buildings is done. This helps to explain why so many inner-city housing developments offer so little for children–typically a trio of swings set in four globs of cement adrift in an asphalt sea. Usually the swings have no seats. Often the asphalt is strewn with broken glass.

The thinking, or lack of it, that led to this tragedy is changing, but slowly and sporadically. And while theorists argue and government agencies equivocate about

At Houston's Mark Twain Adventure Play site, a muddied Adrienne Barnes climbs a child-constructed rope maze.

Photographs by Richard Howard

Gardening is a special joy at P.S. 197 in Harlem, where play structures show neighborhood in miniature.

There's nothing like a slosh of cool water for a sweaty boy at California's Flood Park, a work in progress.

what to do, a handful of activists are slipping bits and pieces of childhood back into the inner city. Sam Kornhauser is one of them.

Kornhauser's work is building playgrounds in Harlem, a community where the distinction between "playground" and "parking lot" appears to be mostly semantic. Indeed, a recent tour of Harlem's elementary school yards yielded little evidence of people of any kind, save during recess when teachers patrolled the perimeters of chain link fence as students let off steam in skittish games of tag.

An architect by training and a child advocate by avocation, Kornhauser considers play an educational opportunity, and the playgrounds he designs are an embodiment of that belief. His play space at Public School 197, for example, is Harlem in miniature, everything built to resemble something the kids have seen before. There's a "tenement house" climbing structure, seedy but rakish in a splash of primary colors. There's a stage like the one at the Apollo Theatre. There's a store, a fire engine, an ambulance, and a giant crawl-through tube marked with a white cross to represent Harlem Hospital–the school's neighbor and benefactor of the playground. Though fronted by a busy throughfare, the play yard is quiet, the street noise barely audible. Sitting here, you can almost forget that the playground is locked up each night to keep drug dealers from using it as a place of business.

"When I first began work on this project, there was nothing here but broken monkey bars, a fulcrum where a seesaw used to be, and stanchions sticking out of concrete where there were supposed to be benches," Kornhauser says. "It was a little daunting. But I spent a couple of days walking around the neighborhood, and I got inspired. I mean, Yankee Stadium is just 20 blocks across the river, and to the east is a railway bridge, and the trains lead to just about everywhere else in the world. I thought, this place is a real intersection of ideas."

A quartet of murals hangs on the playground's inevitable rectangle of chain link fence. They were painted by P.S. 197 students involved with a program called Unity Through Murals. Each painting depicts a view of the city and beyond: Yankee Stadium and north to the Arctic; the Harlem Bridge and east to Egypt and the pyramids; a neighborhood YMCA and west to Hawaii and Japan; and the Manhattan skyline giving way to a

Boston-based Ellen Ruppel Shell wrote on seed banks in the January 1990 SMITHSONIAN. *Her book* A Child's Place *was published by Little Brown in 1992.*

tropical rain forest in the lush, overripe style of painter Henri Rousseau. "The idea," Kornhauser says, "was to encourage pride in the neighborhood, but also to help the children see beyond to the rest of the world, to convey a sense of geography and history."

Children of the inner city, Kornhauser explains, have enough freneticism in their lives, so there are no monkey bars here, or swings. But there is a garden, a magnificent tumble of color and fragrance that not only catches the eye but soothes. There are roses and vegetables and what looks like every kind of flowering plant. The flowers attract insects and a wide assortment of birds.

When the children finally clamber out of P.S. 197 for recess, most head straight for "downtown," the toy Harlem with its fire engine and ambulance and playhouse. But one, a little boy of about 8, breaks away from the rest to take a stroll through the garden. Bending low, he inspects a flower that is drooping on its stem. Rather than yank at it, as one would expect, he takes a twig, sticks it in the dirt and props the stem against it, like a crutch. Satisfied, he scrambles to his feet and rushes back to score his turn at the ambulance.

The idea that creative play fulfills a vital need in children has been batted around by theorists for more than a century, but has only recently become part of mainstream thinking in the United States. Americans tend to underestimate the importance of play, to consider it as discretionary rather than essential to child development. Roger Hart, an environmental psychologist who edits the quarterly journal *Children's Environments*, says that this misguided concept of play has trickled down into the spaces we create for children, resulting in a proliferation of lackluster environments of little value.

Needed: water, sand and loose parts

"Most people who care about child development know nothing about design, and most people who design know nothing about child development," Hart says. "We all know that children need water, sand and loose parts to build with, as tools of communication and interaction. Yet most playgrounds have little beyond pieces of manufactured exercise equipment selected from catalogs. Kids don't need equipment, they need opportunity."

Hart, who is director of the Children's Environments Research Group at the City University of New York Graduate Center, drives me to the Playground for All Children, or PAC, a 3.5-acre playground in Flushing Meadows-Corona Park in Queens, New York. PAC has been in operation for about a decade; it was the first playground in the country to integrate children with special needs and children without them. The basketball nets here are low, to give those in wheelchairs a chance to rack up points; the slides, swings and seesaws are designed so that youngsters without working legs can manage them. But the real beauty of the place is the staff. PAC is one of the few play areas in the country with a team of trained play leaders.

"In Europe, play leaders have been common for years," Hart says. "In the Scandinavian countries, being a play leader is a profession. Americans should consider investing in people rather than in equipment. It really does work."

The investment at PAC certainly appears to have paid off. Diane Piselli, the playground's director, runs a pet-facilitated therapy program, and her German shepherd, Spencer, and two other dogs pull wheelchairs down to the basketball court. PAC's recreation leader, Eric Friedman, has the sort of enthusiasm and energy that inspire kids to push through their fears. He and the rest of the staff plan games and art projects, and help the children tend a garden with peppers, tomatoes and eggplants. There are sunflowers, too. "Kids were so surprised that you could eat sunflower seeds straight from a flower," Friedman says. "They thought they had to come from a store."

That afternoon Hart takes me to the Union Settlement Association in East Harlem. One of the largest and oldest social service agencies in Manhattan–it will be celebrat-

Sitting on cardboard for higher speed, girls in Central Park playground go down slide carved into granite.

ing its 100th anniversary next summer–the Settlement is shadowed by a burned-out tenement that resembles nothing so much as a vast slab of charred beef. Across the street there's a school with one of those abandoned asphalt play yards. On the corner, cars double-park in an angry tangle in front of an impromptu street market that, I'm told, specializes in the sale of illegal drugs.

"This place used to be a garbage-filled lot–I'd look out on it every day and hardly notice," says Sally Yarmolinsky, director of development at the Settlement, unlocking the gate and leading us inside. "You can get used to ugliness. But this, this is a dream come true."

The playground is, indeed, a wonder. There's a vine-covered gazebo as big as a living room, and fruit trees, and 50 vegetable beds planted with everything from collard greens to bamboo. Old men play dominoes here in the summer, while parents work in the garden and keep an eye on the children cavorting in the water fountain. There's plenty of stuff to climb and sit on, all of it brightly colored, clean and safe. There's also an "amphitheater," built in the shape of a Shaker hat box, where kids put on performances they create themselves.

"This playground has become a focus for the community, a bright point in so many families' lives," says Yarmolinsky. "It's safe, it's beautiful, it's a place you can come just to sit and think. There aren't many places to be contemplative in the city. This is a sanctuary."

It is a sanctuary that took root when two groups somewhat at odds–one, Operation Green Thumb, a city agency devoted to gardening, and the other, the Council on the Environment, a private agency that turned vacant lots into playgrounds–came together to create this unique setting. It's raining the afternoon I visit and the children have wisely stayed inside. But Yarmolinsky is prepared–she pulls out color photographs of community events that have taken place here, and of kids. In one, a grinning boy of about 10 hangs from a climbing net backed by a lush mesh of foliage. It's summer, and sunny, and the boy is dressed in shorts, a colorful shirt and sneakers. He looks for all the world like a kid on vacation in Miami Beach.

The history of playgrounds is a history of bad ideas. In 1907, the Playground Association of America called public attention to the need for organized play, and manufacturers rushed in to fill the void. Much of the equipment they produced was hazardous, made more so by its installation in concrete or hard ground. Virtually all of it–the swings, jungle gyms and seesaws, the slides and the merry-go-rounds–encouraged "gross motor activities," exercises of the large muscles of the body. But as Roger Hart argues, a playground fitted out with only this kind of equipment wouldn't even satisfy a chimpanzee.

In the 1950s and '60s, climbing apparatus took on new and startling shapes: this was the period of, for example, the concrete turtle. Concrete is nothing if not durable, and many of these turtles continue to grace our parks today. Most parents have noticed, however, that children don't get much of a kick out of interacting with these creatures. That's because nothing that children can do to or with a stone turtle will change it in any way. These mass-produced concrete objects were not springboards to the imagination, they were just bad art.

This period also was the heydey of the novelty play-

Once a garbage-filled lot, playground (left) at Union Settlement in East Harlem is an oasis for all. It's called El Sitio Feliz (The Happy Place)–just ask the kids up in the crow's nest of the colorful tower (above).

ground, the type built around grand themes. There was the "Dennis the Menace" playground in Monterey, California (you can guess what that one looked like), and the East Orange, New Jersey, "nautical" playground with its cinder block lighthouse and jetty, and two full-size cabin cruisers (landlocked, of course). Soon to follow were the so-called "fantasy" playgrounds–"undersea," with octopus rockers and shark swings; "Sputnik-inspired," with rocket-ship towers; the "fairy-tale," with enchanted castles and pumpkin coaches. The problem with all these attempts to catch children's attention was that the play value of most of the equipment was pretty much gone by the time it left the factory. This led to problems. Children can be quite inventive, and they tend to seek, rather than to avoid, risks. So the "horsie" swing became a battering ram, and the rocket-ship tower became a launching pad.

By the early 1970s, playground safety was a growing concern. The U.S. Consumer Product Safety Commission drew up guidelines. Here and there, schools and cities took action. Some installed rubber or other forgiving surfaces beneath swings and climbers, some removed the swings and climbers entirely. But most did nothing–most injuries on playgrounds today are still preventable, involving falls from a height onto a hard surface. And while in the '80s wood gradually replaced metal for play apparatus, it was usually fashioned into the same old towers and slides and teeter-totters that have been around for half a century. Even the so-called "participatory" playgrounds, in which children are encouraged to "design" their own play spaces, and parents to construct them, are built around pieces of equipment rather than around a solid concept of child development. That's why these "community-designed" structures of wood and old tires look so much alike, whether the community that designed them is in Texas or Maryland or Massachusetts.

"The nicest thing about these community-built playgrounds is their barn-raising aspect," says Susan Goltsman. "Building them is certainly a terrific experience for the parents and the community. But, again, people are focusing on structures, not the needs of kids."

Jay Beckwith, a designer and seller of playground equipment in Forestville, California, agrees. Beckwith popularized the notion of "continuous play loops," in which play features, such as slides and climbing structures, are linked together rather than set apart in lonely isolation. Continuous play structures, which encourage

Old tree stump, complete with insects, is key element of the playground at Washington's Beauvoir School.

socialization, are widely promoted these days, and Beckwith thinks that's a step in the right direction–but just a first step. "Equipment for active play is all most people are interested in," he says, rather sadly. "They don't seem to have an understanding of kids' other needs. When they are creating, making a mess, well, that's a problem. But being creative is messy."

Most of us have had the experience (or heard it related) of watching a child reject a toy in favor of the box it was packed in. Of course, such a response makes perfect sense: there's not much kids can do with a stuffed animal, but a box full of loose packing material is a box full of possibilities. The same can be said for play spaces. When Roger Hart talks with young children about playgrounds, their number-one choice, he reports, is not a fancy piece of equipment but something more like a mudhole. A choice, Hart suspects, most parents and other adults haven't even considered.

"Adults really aren't very good at figuring out what kids want or need," says Joe Frost, a professor of education at the University of Texas. "Kids love bright colors, but communities have threatened suit when brightly colored equipment goes up in a park."

One of Frost's own creations, a playground at the Beauvoir School in Washington, D.C., is a case in point. The school operated for more than 60 years without an outdoor play space, not for lack of resources but, as headmistress Paula Carreiro explains it, because the parents of the children who attended seemed to have overlooked the value of play in favor of academics.

"This is an elementary school with PhDs teaching science classes; with a swimming pool, a tennis court," Carreiro says. "And there was no playground."

An attempt to correct the oversight was made shortly before Carreiro arrived two years ago: an architect-designed labyrinth of elegant brick walls was erected. The idea was that the children would pedal their bikes carefully between the walls, like well-mannered robots.

"I took one look at those walls, and I knew we were in trouble," Carreiro says. "The walls were stately and elegant, but they weren't for children. I called in Joe."

Tear down the walls, put up a playground

Joe Frost spent several days at the school, speaking with parents and teachers, observing children, pacing off the space. He noticed that children dug for insects in the rotten stump of a giant oak and made a note to keep it. He saw that kids played impromptu ball games on a particular patch of dirt, so he declared that spot an equipment-free zone. Then he convinced the parents to take down the walls and put his design into action.

The day I visit Beauvoir is chilly, but the kids don't seem to notice. They flood out of the classrooms, heading straight for their favorite spots. A pair of tube slides, painted in garish primary colors, wait like elevators to whisk older children down from the playground's upper level, which is equipped for younger children, to the lower, more challenging one. Three boys entertain their friends with an Irish jig on the rubberized stage of an amphitheater, then chase each other in a game they call Power Rangers. Three first-grade girls, their long hair streaming, egg each other on at three increasingly tricky sets of climbing bars and rings, falling again and again onto the soft mulch. Two tiny girls make chocolate sand cakes in the playhouse, while a friend stands statue-still at the bow of an adjoining pirate ship, like a widow dreaming of her husband lost at sea. What's missing is the heat of argument, the steady stream of threats and recrimination that one associates with playground politics. Carreiro says that aggression levels went way down after the playground went up–the children are too involved to bicker. "What Joe Frost helped us build here was more than a playground. It's a testament to a belief in childhood."

Frost has studied children at play for nearly two decades. He says that what they need is simple: open space, challenge and the tools with which to materialize

Why settle for anything less?

With prices starting at $339.95 you can afford a NordicTrack.

30-day in-home trial!

There are good reasons why the NordicTrack® exerciser is known as "The World's Best Aerobic Exerciser®."

For over 18 years NordicTrack has been the leader in bringing cross-country skiing into the home. While lesser cross-country ski exercisers provide an awkward shuffling motion, the NordicTrack® exerciser uses a *legendary flywheel and one-way clutch mechanism* that no other ski machine can match. It's simply the best at simulating the natural cross-country skiing stride. With NordicTrack models priced as low as $339.95,* there's no reason to own anything but the best!

It's the affordable way to meet your fitness goals.

NordicTrack works all the major muscle groups, burning up to 1,100 calories an hour. And burning more fat than exercise bikes, treadmills and stairsteppers. It's gentle on your knees, hips and back. And it's easy to use.

More than 3 million users already know that exercise just doesn't get any better than NordicTrack.

NordicTrack Challenger™
only $339.95!

NordicTrack Sequoia™
only $429.95!

NordicTrack Excel™
only $499.95!

Other models priced from $599.95

Now at these prices you can afford your own NordicTrack!

Call 1-800-942-1890

Ext. 355G4

FREE Video and Brochure

- ❑ *Please send me a FREE brochure*
- ❑ *Also a FREE VHS videotape*

Name _____ Phone ( ) _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Send to: NordicTrack, Dept. 355G4, 104 Peavey Road, Chaska, MN 55318-2355

©1994 NordicTrack, Inc., A CML Company • All rights reserved

*Shipping, handling and applicable tax are extra.

NordicTrack
A CML Company

The World's Best Aerobic Exerciser®

Adventure kid Trip Harger shows Pam Rossman how he makes parts off a circuit board into a picture frame.

their own ideas. Child experts are in wide agreement on this and have been for decades. In the 1960s and '70s a small but significant movement of educators and landscape architects pushed to implement this concept in the nation's playgrounds, with some success. A scattering of neighborhood play spaces from Baltimore to Berkeley showed signs of the influence, but only a handful of these survive. Loose materials–the string and wood and nails that Frost recommends–require storage; freedom and challenge require skilled supervision. And those are two things that most public play areas lack. Park and school administrators, Frost complains, are constantly searching for the magic bullet, the one piece of play equipment that requires no maintenance or supervision and will keep children happily engaged. What they fail to acknowledge, he says, is that good play is rarely predictable–no piece of equipment designed by an adult can substitute for the child's own creation.

"Americans just can't seem to accept that, and it's a pity," Frost says. "Because so many children in this country have two working parents or only one parent, it's more important than ever to provide them with a rich and creative play environment." It's Frost's hunch that many learning disabilities have their roots in play deprivation.

In Texas, a coalition of concerned educators and parents has made impressive progress toward remedying this problem. The Houston Adventure Play Association has sponsored the installation of two school playgrounds built around a model first described by Danish landscape architect C. T. Sorensen 51 years ago. Sorensen knew that children preferred construction sites to most organized spaces, and this observation inspired the creation of his "junk playground," the precursor of the Adventure Playground. These are basically empty lots stocked with building materials: wood, nails, rope, water, sand and other found objects, as well as the wheelbarrows, hammers, saws and other tools necessary to transform the junk into any number of useful things–under the watchful eye of trained play leaders. Photographs of European and Japanese Adventure Playgrounds show children building playhouses from scratch, broiling sausages over campfires, planting gardens and tending animals. These are scruffy, wild-looking places; while children love them, most adults in this country seem not to. The American Adventure Play movement took only tentative hold in the mid-'70s, and the Houston branch, along with three others in California, is a lonely vestige. Still, the spirit of the Houston group is strong, and their dream is to inspire a rekindling of the movement nationwide.

"There is no question, we have a visual-pollution problem," says Frances Heyck, secretary of the board of the Houston Adventure Play Association. "But there is also no question that Adventure Playgrounds satisfy many of the needs of the urban child. Everyone worries about adolescent violence. Everyone worries about kids watching too much TV. Here is something we can all do to counteract these influences–it's cheap, it's available to everyone, and believe me, it works!"

A quick glance at one of Houston's two Adventure Playgrounds, with its grubby tables and chairs, ramshackle storage huts and piles of junk, make instantly clear what Heyck means by visual pollution. Play here is messy, unpredictable, spontaneous, freewheeling and sometimes a little scary. It looks a lot like life.

Indeed, Robin Moore, a professor of landscape architecture at North Carolina State University and president of the International Association for the Child's Right to Play, says that our children would be best served if we thought of playgrounds not as kiddie ghettos but as a new focus of community life.

"Exercise is important, of course, but children have so many other needs that are not being addressed," Moore says. "They need a diverse, secure and supportive place, a safe haven. Once they have that, the play will come. And that play, you know, will be wonderful."

Barefoot and blissful at a Houston "junk playground," young Harrison Barnes retires with a good book.

© 1959 Curtis Publishing Company

Norman Rockwell put Howard Pyle's initials on the treasure chest at the bottom of *A Family Tree* to indicate that the galleons had been inspired by Pyle.

Opposite: although Pyle (left) and Rockwell never met, Rockwell, who was only 17 when the master illustrator died, saw himself as Pyle's artistic heir.

Delaware Art Museum

Norman Rockwell Museum, Stockbridge

By Verlyn Klinkenborg

Pyle and Rockwell–totally American, yet not at all alike

These master illustrators shaped our ideas of ourselves and our history; now their works are brought together in an exhibition

In 1911 Norman Rockwell was enrolled at the Art Students' League in Manhattan, studying under a teacher named George Bridgeman. Rockwell was 17. Bridgeman taught a class in academic drawing, but in some ways he was an unacademic man. "His hair was always rumpled, his clothes always mussed and untidy," Rockwell wrote nearly half a century later; he "wore suspenders and smoked big black cigars" and was fond of chalking red lines on nude models to make an anatomical point. In early November that year, Bridgeman came to class "tipsy and with tears in his eyes." Howard Pyle, he announced–the greatest American illustrator of his time–had just died in Florence, Italy, at age 58.

"We were mourners," said Rockwell of himself and his friends at the Art Students' League that winter. "After class was over, Chris, the janitor, would bring Mr. Bridgeman a beer and he'd sit and talk to a few of us. . . . The model would put on her clothes behind the screen and then come out and sit with us, lacing her shoes or adjusting her hat. The light would gray down until it was almost dark in the classroom. And Mr. Bridgeman would tell us about Howard Pyle. . . ."

When Pyle had gone to New York from Wilmington, Delaware, in 1876, he too had taken classes at the Art

Both: Delaware Art Museum

Students' League–a life class and later a composition class, which turned after-hours into a social club. That group had included William Chase and Edwin Austin Abbey, Pyle's only American peer as an illustrator, who died three months before Pyle, in England. But there was more for Rockwell to mourn in 1911 than the deaths of Abbey and Pyle. "The golden age of illustration was dying," he wrote.

Still a teenager, Rockwell couldn't have imagined that he would one day be as revered as Pyle had been. Now, in an exhibition entitled "Howard Pyle and Norman Rockwell: Lasting Legacies," opening this month at the Norman Rockwell Museum at Stockbridge, Massachusetts, the paintings and drawings of these master illustrators–the giants of their respective generations–will hang side by side. The show provides an opportunity for us to reflect on the great impact their works have had on our ideas of who we are–our history, myth and popular culture. Jointly organized with the Delaware Art Museum, "Lasting Legacies" will move there later this year (November 18-February 19, 1995) after closing in Stockbridge on October 23.

In many ways, it was Pyle who made it possible for Rockwell to succeed as an illustrator in his own day. The two men never met, but Pyle had endowed the illustrator's profession with a seriousness of artistic purpose and a commitment to historical accuracy that was deeply inspiring to Rockwell. "To us," Rockwell wrote, "it was an ennobling profession. We sat in the lunchroom at the League questioning a model who had posed for Howard Pyle. How did he begin a painting? What kind of paints did he use? Did he make preliminary sketches?"

Many men and women, some of them just a few years older than Rockwell, could have answered his questions. They had studied with Pyle, a profoundly admired teacher, and they passed on his legacy to their students. But it's interesting to note that Rockwell, usually so self-effacing in his autobiography, disinherits Pyle's direct artistic descendants and proclaims himself the true heir. "Pyle's pupils lacked his sense of mission, his sincerity," he wrote in *Norman Rockwell: My Adventures as an Illustra-*

Author Verlyn Klinkenborg collared the world of oxen in a cover story for SMITHSONIAN *(September 1993).*

Pyle's images brought history to life. From left: oil painting of a buccaneer for a 1905 article in *Harper's Monthly*; oil painting of the Battle of Bunker Hill, to illustrate an article by Henry Cabot Lodge; and the frontispiece for *Robin Hood*, a pen-and-ink drawing.

tor. "When Pyle had to paint a Spanish galleon he hunted through old books until he had learned what a galleon actually looked like. N. C. Wyeth, one of Pyle's successors, painted *his idea* of a galleon, more romantic perhaps but lacking the authority and the research of a galleon by Pyle." When his studio in Arlington, Vermont, burned in the summer of 1943, Rockwell lamented the loss of a set of Pyle's prints and the clothing and artifacts he had acquired in his own search for authenticity.

In terms of reproduction techniques, Pyle and Rockwell belong to such different eras that it's hard to compare them without first factoring out those differences. "The manner in which an illustrator approaches his work," one scholar has written, "is largely governed by the means available to reproduce it." Most of Pyle's illustrations were done for books and for *Harper's Monthly Magazine*, a relatively expensive journal for an educated middle-class audience. The majority of Rockwell's most popular illustrations were done as covers for the *Saturday Evening Post*, a mass periodical with a vastly greater circulation than any of the magazines Pyle worked for and a vastly different readership. When Pyle began his career, the technique of reproducing an illustration had been almost unchanged since the 16th century. An artist's work was carved onto boxwood blocks by highly skilled wood engravers, and then inked, proofed, corrected, inked again and finally printed–in black and white. Not long after that, Pyle's work was printed with the new halftone process, a photomechanical means of reproducing tonal values in black and white, invented in 1881. Rockwell also lived through a significant technological transition; he was asked by the *Saturday Evening Post* to inaugurate the shift from two-color printing to four-color printing on the cover of its February 6, 1926, issue, a shift that allowed illustrators far greater latitude in their use of color.

Rockwell created only one painting with a direct reference to Howard Pyle. Called *A Family Tree*, it appeared on the cover of the *Saturday Evening Post* on October 24, 1959. At the foot of the family tree, galleons sail and burn, and a treasure chest lies on a deserted beach. Rockwell "put the initials H.P. on the chest as an acknowledgment of my steal of the galleons from Howard Pyle." Unlike most of his *Post* covers, whose lack of ambi-

guity is their virtue, *A Family Tree* can be read in two directions. Read downward, it's the wishful daydream of a modern, freckle-faced, very Rockwellian boy, the kind Rockwell said he painted a thousand times. Read upward, it's an optimistic, melting-pot history of American development, a history from which every tension–between races, between regions, between sexes, between generations–has been banished with only these faces left behind as quizzical icons.

"One of the most difficult problems in painting magazine covers," Rockwell wrote, "is thinking up ideas which a majority of the readers will understand." When Rockwell first began working for the *Post*, he would appear in the offices of George Lorimer, the editor, and act out his ideas–small, self-contained, instantaneous narratives, immediately accessible to literate and illiterate viewers alike. Rockwell often agonized over his ideas. While he was painting *A Family Tree* he kept a journal of sorts, which was published as the last chapter of *My Adventures as an Illustrator* when it appeared in 1960.

The journal records Rockwell's hectic schedule–along with *A Family Tree* he was working on several ads, the cover of the *Boy Scout Handbook* and a color sketch for a mural–and it also reveals his almost unappeasable insecurity. While he worked, Rockwell listened attentively to the criticisms of visitors. Among them was Erik Erikson, his psychoanalyst at the Austin Riggs Center in Stockbridge, who commented, "The pirate troubles me. Do you think you ought to start off the family with *him*, a cutthroat, a barbarian?" Erikson's question spurred endless soul-searching by Rockwell. Should he replace the pirate with a Pilgrim? Maybe a Puritan? "The Puritan is more reasonable," he mused; "I don't want to start the family with a vicious criminal." He rubbed out the pirate and galleons. Two days later, while shaving, he realized the Puritan was wrong, too. The next day he decided that it would be a "jolly buccaneer," and he made a drawing. Unfortunately, his business manager dropped by. Rockwell had to ask. "I don't like it," was the reply. "He doesn't look like a seafaring man at all." Returning to the pirate, Rockwell wrote in his journal, ". . . how can a man be so confused and still manage to make a living?" By this time Rockwell had painted more than 300 *Post* covers–his first appeared in 1916, his last in 1963–and yet each one seems to have been sent off in a panic, a small hurricane of "fainthearted thoughts."

To the end of his life Rockwell tried to square the sentimental character of his paintings with the harsher realities of existence. Whenever he tried to justify himself, he was likely to mention "my Dickensian view of people," for which a painting like *Christmas Trio* (1923) might stand as evidence. It shows three musicians in 19th-century costume framed against a circular landscape intersected by the familiar black borders of the *Saturday Evening Post* cover layout. Like the ships in *A Family Tree*, the rooftops and pinnacles behind the musicians are purely ornamental, providing only the faintest suggestion of context. Only in their costume, and in the general rosiness of their disposition, do they suggest Dickens characters. There is no room in Rockwell for the world of *Bleak House* or *Our Mutual Friend*. Yet Dickens' novels, like Howard Pyle's paintings, are distinguished above all by an insistence on the resonance between person and place, a resonance that is as often tragic or violent as it is comic.

© 1923 Curtis Publishing Company

Carolers set a merry mood in *Christmas Trio*, one of the 322 *Saturday Evening Post* covers Rockwell painted.

"I paint life as I would like it to be"

Since the 1940s, Rockwell has occupied a unique and isolated position in American art, above comparison with other artists if you're one kind of viewer, beneath comparison if you're another. "The view of life I communicate in my pictures," Rockwell wrote, "excludes the sordid and ugly. I paint life as I would like it to be." With its constantly discriminating light, his work feeds a special hunger for clarity in the viewer, an appetite of the eye. But the visual transparency of these paintings is an inducement to believe that what they depict is reality, when, in fact, each of them is a complex construction.

© 1941 American Magazine / Norman Rockwell Trust

"My problem was to catch the tenseness of the prize ring," wrote Rockwell about this 1941 assignment from *American Magazine*. He sought out boxing clubs, where he studied the people and the sweaty atmosphere.

Oddly, Rockwell has never received much credit for his imagination because no one believed he was using it.

Rockwell's pictures include his public; we are his subjects. We look on and we're caught in the gaze of Rockwell's characters, who watch us look on. But Rockwell's paintings exclude his public, too. We're not invited to imagine our way into them because they tell us so plainly and emphatically what they're about. Once we understand the joke or the sentiment, all that remains is the visual inspection of the painting's details. No matter how satisfying that can be, it has the effect of distancing the viewer from the world Rockwell set out to depict, the world as he would have liked it to be. "People like to think that Rockwell painted Middle America," says Tom Sgouros, an artist, illustrator, and professor at the Rhode Island School of Design. "The truth is, Norman Rockwell invented Middle America."

Howard Pyle was so utterly different from Rockwell that it makes you wonder about the ways artistic inspiration is smuggled across the generations. Like Rockwell, Pyle's character was thoroughly American. Like Rockwell, he was driven by his work. But there wasn't a particle of insecurity in Pyle's constitution; only an intense, almost spiritual devotion to the life of his imagination, which went unimpeded by the profusion of business and family concerns surrounding him. Thornton Oakley, one of Pyle's students, described a familiar scene from the Pyle household at their rented summer home in Chadds Ford, Pennsylvania. "On the stairway landing I found my teacher at his easel working at a canvas for his series 'Travels of the Soul,' his young children cavorting about his knees, a model posed nearby in costume to give him some detail of texture, Mrs. Pyle sitting beside him reading aloud, for his correction, proofs from *King Arthur*, he making comments for her notation."

Pyle lived in Wilmington for all but four years of his life–the three years he spent establishing himself as an illustrator in New York City (1876-79) and the last year, which was spent in Italy. During his lifetime, he produced more than 3,000 illustrations, most of them set in the Middle Ages, in Colonial, Revolutionary or mid-19th-century America, or among the pirates of the Caribbean. He wrote nearly a hundred illustrated magazine articles, illustrated scores of articles by other authors and provided illustrations for well over a hundred books, including works by Woodrow Wilson, Francis Parkman, Harriet Beecher Stowe and Nathaniel Hawthorne. He was, besides, the author of 19 volumes of his own, among them such beloved children's books as *The Wonder Clock, Otto of the Silver Hand, Pepper & Salt* and *The Garden Behind the Moon.* Pyle's retelling of *The Merry Adventures of Robin Hood*, based on Thomas Percy's *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry* (1775) and Joseph Ritson's collection of ballads, was published in 1883 with his own pen-and-ink illustrations and is still regarded as the classic version of that tale. All in all, the dimensions of Pyle's career were larger than he may have allowed himself to imagine. "Do you know an American magazine called *Harper's Monthly*?" Vincent van Gogh wrote to his brother, Theo, in the early 1880s. "There are things in it which strike me dumb with admiration, including . . . sketches of a Quaker town in the olden days by Howard Pyle."

For a generation of illustrators, Pyle was also the preeminent teacher in the United States. Beginning in 1894, he taught at the Drexel Institute of Art, Science,

and Industry in Philadelphia. For five important, idyllic summers at the turn of the century, he conducted a summer class at Chadds Ford, unpaid. The distinction between art and illustration–something that worried Rockwell all his life–was essentially meaningless to Pyle. "It seems to me," Pyle wrote to W.M.R. French, the director of the Art Institute of Chicago, "that the great art of the world is constructed upon a line almost identical with that of book and magazine illustration. . . . My objective . . . in teaching my pupils is that they should be fitted for any kind of art." In 1925 N. C. Wyeth wrote, "I can see him now, the soft overhead light faintly modeling his large, generous features, his massive forehead and deep-set eyes, the breadth between the eyes and the prominent cheek bones. Breaking the tense silence, he would talk in a soft, hushed voice, of art, its relation to life, his aspirations, his aspirations for us." Pyle's voice was not always so hushed. "Either you are color-blind, or else you are a genius," he is reported to have said to Thornton Oakley. He also had an enthusiasm that his students never forgot. "Look on this," he told them. "Study it, absorb it. Never again will it be the same. If you see it tomorrow the light will be different and you will be different. This moment is unique."

Pyle looked like a banker–in one of his few self-portraits he wears a heavy dark suit and rather stern pince-nez glasses–but the exterior merely camouflaged his imaginative exuberance. In his pen-and-ink illustrations you can feel his love of the line and the weight of ink, whether the subject is Robin Hood standing over a vanquished Guy of Gisbourne, or a swan bearing a prince on its back in *The Wonder Clock*. These illustrations recall Dürer and Holbein, but they also suggest some of Pyle's near-contemporaries–Frederick Sandys, Dante Gabriel Rossetti and Arthur Boyd Houghton. Sometimes Pyle used an almost medieval organization of space, compressing the landscape and folding it into the surface plane. But even in pen and ink, where he sometimes veered close to pure decoration, Pyle was the great enemy of abstraction. The relation between the human figures and the world in which they occur is always a particular one in his drawings.

Pyle began his historical paintings from the same premise as Rockwell did: he believed in the sufficiency of the painting itself. "It shall not require any text to explain it," he wrote in 1897 to Henry Cabot Lodge, whose *Story of the Revolution* he was illustrating, "but should explain itself and all the circumstances belonging to it." Yet Pyle's paintings create an entirely different kind of pictorial drama from Rockwell's, partly because they're based on a different sense of historical accuracy. In *The Battle of Bunker Hill* (1898), done for Lodge's book, Pyle has carefully researched the British military costumes, the topography, even the weather. But he has also asked himself from what perspective accuracy is meaningful. In Pyle's paintings, history means a sweep of time against a landscape. He seizes a moment in the Battle of Bunker Hill, but he does not still the battle. Instead, he incorporates the viewer's perspective, making us feel as though we are walking downhill toward the British flank, calf-deep in early summer grass. Pyle's paintings include us without disrupting the action: no one detects our presence, if you will. "This moment is unique," Pyle said, and the viewer can't help but notice the way his subjects are absorbed in the moment.

When he was profiled by Rufus Jarman in the *New Yorker* in 1945, Norman Rockwell said, "If I had my choice between an original Rembrandt and a good Howard Pyle, I would take Pyle every time." There is more than a little of the illustrator's defensiveness in that quotation. But it's also a reminder that when Pyle was painting, the chasm between fine art and illustration was not as wide as it became in Rockwell's day. It's always a complex balancing act, trying to decide how much the character of a painter's work is determined by the circumstances in which he painted.

When Rockwell was at his peak, the cover of the *Saturday Evening Post* was America's waiting room, filled with his contemporaries, for whom history was the present. When Pyle was at his peak, his eye looked almost exclusively to the past, to a place where his passionate imagination was assisted by his love of historical research. "I have lived so long in our American past," Pyle once wrote, "that it is like a certain part of my life. My imagination dwells in it and at times when I sit in my studio at work I forget the present and see the characters and things of these old days moving about me."

The awesome power of water and fire transcend time in Howard Pyle's 1905 oil *An Attack on a Galleon*.

Delaware Art Museum

Engraving of Audubon's *Snowy Egret* illustrates the rich allure of feathers. Throughout the 1800s delicate mating plumes were prized by hunters, who shot millions and millions of birds for the fashionable hat trade.

By Joseph Kastner

Long before furs, it was feathers that stirred reformist ire

Upset by the slaughter of birds, Bostonian Harriet Hemenway used tea and empathy to stop it–and start the Audubon Society

Most bird plumage, such as that on this "aigrette hat," had become illegal to buy (but not to wear) by 1914.

The group that Harriet Lawrence Hemenway brought together in Boston almost a hundred years ago to protect wild birds could be fairly described–ornithologically, at least–as a congregation of reformed sinners.

William Brewster, New England's eminent ornithologist, confessed to having "killed thousands of birds without suffering more than an occasional qualm." George Mackay, a noted conservationist, once shot 243 coots in one hunting session and, just for sport, used to bag bluebirds, hummingbirds, orioles and mockingbirds. And for years Harriet Hemenway wore feathers in her hats.

Mrs. Hemenway was one of Boston's elite, a forcible woman of conscience always ready to right a wrong–her own or anybody else's. But she had never felt any guilt about wearing feathers until, in January of 1896, she heard one of the many descriptions that were circulating of a Florida heron rookery after hunters had raided it for the bird's long plumes.

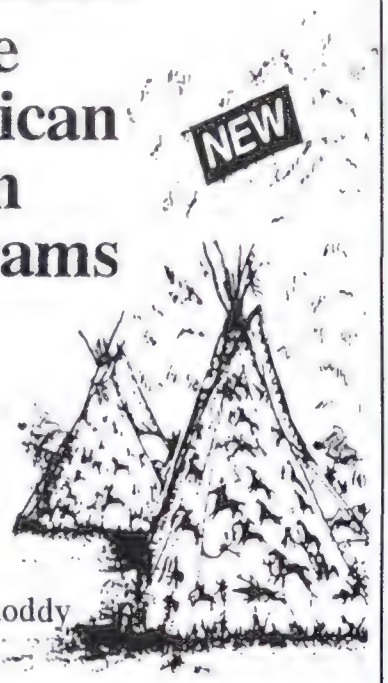
"In the mud," reads one, "lay the lifeless form of eight of the birds . . . the skin bearing the plumes stripped from their backs. Flies were getting in their work and they swarmed up with hideous buzzings. . . . Young orphan birds [clamored] piteously for food which their dead parents could never again bring them. A little one . . . lay with its head and neck hanging out of a nest." The awful scene, multiplied thousands of times, spelled the deaths of countless birds to satisfy women's fashion.

Horrified, Mrs. Hemenway knew what she had to do. She took her "Blue Book" of Boston society from her mansion and went across the street to her cousin Minna Hall. There, as they recalled later, "we marked the names of the ladies of fashion who would be likely to wear aigrettes in their hats," and who might "join a society for the protection of birds." Out of these marks in the social register grew a substantial part of the modern American environmental movement.

Aigrettes, usually made from the long, delicate white plumes of egrets or herons, were among the most elegant of the many kinds of feathers that women wore in their hats, hair, capes, dresses, muffs and fans. But no birds–sea gulls, sparrows, pigeons, blue jays, even crows–were safe from the plucking hand of fashion. By conservative estimate, in the late 19th century five million birds a year were killed for their feathers–and it was probably three or four times that. A whole colony of herons would be exterminated to get 20 or 30 top-grade plumes. One Florida hunter guessed he had killed 130,000 birds in one season. According to one account, "between December 1884 and April 1885, there were sold in one London auction room 6,228 birds of Paradise, . . . 404,464 West Indian and Brazil birds, 356,389 East Indian birds, besides kingfishers, parrots, . . . etc."

Our *Whole World Language Catalog* features:

Native American Indian Programs



- Cherokee
- Choctaw
- Kiowa
- Lakota
- Lenape
- Mohawk
- Navajo
- Passamaquoddy
- Tlingit

We are pleased to offer a selection of programs featuring the languages, lives, legends, and music of these varied people.

Audio-Forum is the world's largest publisher of self-instructional audio-cassette/book courses—264 courses in 91 languages. For free brochure listing all our Native American Indian programs, call toll-free **1-800-345-8501**, or write:

AUDIO-FORUM®
THE LANGUAGE SOURCE

Room G734, 96 Broad St.,
Guilford, CT 06437 • Fax (203) 453-9774

Harriet Hemenway showed her independence early on by posing for John Singer Sargent with a water lily, indicating that she was pregnant.

Geese Mate For Life
Symbol of Eternal Love

Eternal love is beautifully symbolized in our Geese Mate for Life pin. Finely crafted in 14K yellow gold, two geese are majestically depicted together in flight. As a gesture of your love, or the special bond between two people, it makes the perfect gift. Comes beautifully gift wrapped with the sentiments expressed by this piece on a small card tucked inside the box. Shown actual size.

Pin with ruby eyes	$345.00
Pendant w/ruby eyes, 18" chain	$445.00

Stop in, mail or phone orders M-F 9am - 5pm 1-800-433-2988
Postage Pd. Sent within 24 hours UPS Second Day Air
For deliveries in Maine add 6% state sales tax
Visa, MasterCard or American Express
Satisfaction Guaranteed

Cross Jewelers
Manufacturing Jewelers since 1908
570S Congress St. Portland, ME 04101 93

Now the victims of this monstrous trade had found a very formidable unfeathered friend. By family, Harriet Hemenway had considerable social clout and by temperament, a quick willingness to use it. Her grandfather, Amos Lawrence, built up textile mills and a large fortune. Her father, founder of colleges and the town of Lawrence, Kansas, was a devoted antislavery agitator. Her husband's family was equally rich and public-spirited. The families were the kind whose forebears were shot at by the Redcoats at Lexington, and who christened their children at a silver baptismal bowl that once belonged to George Washington.

Bostonians grew accustomed to Harriet Hemenway's shows of independence–taking Booker T. Washington into her home when the black leader could not find proper lodging in Boston, or denouncing lordly Henry Cabot Lodge as a "wicked, wicked man" because he opposed the League of Nations, or running out into Clarendon Street brandishing a bedroom slipper at a misbehaving son. Even when sitting for John Singer Sargent, Mrs. Hemenway kept in character. Her

portrait (opposite) shows a handsome woman with lustrous eyes and a compelling face, holding a water lily–a semiotic allusion to what was known then as a "delicate condition," something regarded as a very private matter by most women, who would not choose it as a time to have a portrait done, let alone use it as an announcement. Not Mrs. Hemenway. She was quite happy to go public with her pregnancy.

All in all, she deserved the tribute written by a friend for her 25th wedding anniversary: "She handsome as wild roses are / With eyes that match the evening star . . . . / A broad investigating mind / Open to all which aids mankind," including, the poem said, "saving birds from awful slaughter."

Her campaign against awful slaughter had two strategies. First she called a meeting of Boston's scientific and societal leaders to discuss the plume problem, and then and there they voted to form the Massachusetts Audubon Society. "The purpose of the Society," the founders stated, "is to discourage buying and wearing for ornamental purposes the feathers of any wild bird" and, almost as an afterthought, "to otherwise further the protection of our native birds." Men famous in the history of American ornithology became its officers: Brewster, Mackay, Edward Forbush, who made landmark studies in the economic importance of birds, and Ralph Hoffmann, whose bird identification guide presaged all the field guides that make present-day birdwatching possible.

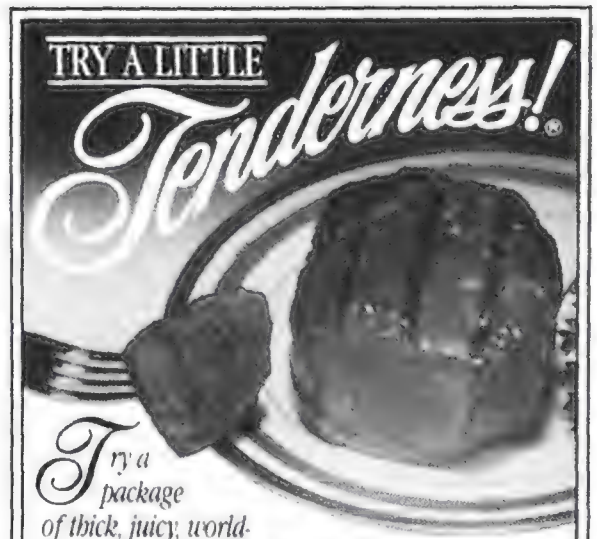
Mrs. Hemenway's other strategy was more personal and underhanded. The early minutes of the Massachusetts Audubon Society note that she had a number of Boston ladies to tea, at which time, over the refreshment, they were pressed to forsake feathers and join the Society. "Some women joined," Minna Hall noted, "and some who preferred to wear feathers would not join." Cup by cup, the tea parties won adherents and, like that earlier one in Boston, had an effect beyond the number of people or the amount of tea involved. By the end of the first year, the roster of the 900 or so founding members read like a catalog of the city's oligarchy: Abbott and Adams through Saltonstall and Wigglesworth, as well as seven Cabots, five Hemenways, four Lawrences and seven Lowells.

Joseph Kastner writes often about birds. His latest book: a biography of John James Audubon for young readers.

They were bucking a historic fashion. Tribal chiefs the world over wore decorative feathers, and medieval knights tucked them into their steel helmets. They were brought into modern fashion by Marie Antoinette, who reputedly, as a whim when dressing for a ball, picked up some plumes and stuck them in her hair. When the king complimented her, it was taken as a royal mandate, and ladies of the court outdid one another with feathery displays on top of towering hairdos. Sometimes, it was said, they had to ride with their heads sticking out of their carriage windows because their coiffures would not fit inside.

What began as a court style became everyman's fashion. Henry James in *The Bostonians* noted a "redundancy of feathers." In January 1896, the month that Harriet Hemenway had her avian epiphany, *The Delineator*, one of the most popular American fashion magazines, reported on new hat styles. "Wings, birds and quills are favored," it observed. "Tips and plumes are used in great profusion. Tall black quills produce a jaunty effect." Particularly admired were "four large black ostrich plumes with another plume falling over the edges." Egrets, herons, ostriches, parrots, peafowl, birds of paradise, pigeons and seabirds were favored that year. A decade earlier, a New York ornithologist, birding on 14th Street, counted 40 species upon the passing hats, including 4 robins, 7 warblers, 23 cedar waxwings, 5 blue jays, 1 swallow-tailed flycatcher, 2 redheaded woodpeckers, 16 bobwhites, 21 common terns, 7 grebes and 1 bobolink.

In high fashion, the most desirable feather was the "long white," a dorsal



Try a package of thick, juicy, world-famous Omaha Steaks®. Luscious FILET MIGNONS, aged to tender perfection. Closely trimmed by hand. Delivered to your door, frozen under dry ice, in a reusable cooler. A FREE COOKBOOK inside. Your satisfaction is Unconditionally Guaranteed!

INTRODUCTORY OFFER...SAVE $22.00!
#469 6 (5 oz.) FILET MIGNONS, each 1" thick
Regularly $51.95...for just $29.95!
(plus $6.50 shipping/handling*)
LIMIT OF 2 PKGS. AT THIS SPECIAL PRICE!
NEW CUSTOMERS ONLY, PLEASE

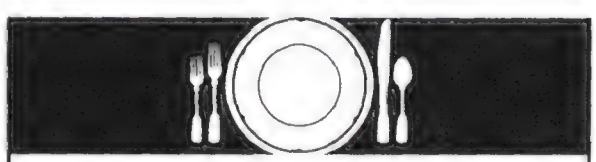
OFFER (valid in U.S. & Canada) EXPIRES 7/31/94
*(Outside mainland states, Ontario and Quebec, additional shipping applies.)

TO ORDER, CALL RIGHT NOW . . . TOLL FREE
1•800•228•9055
(Ask for Free Catalog & 10% Discount Coupon!)

Omaha Steaks International
Dept. AF4070 • P.O. Box 3300 • Omaha, NE 68103

Sierra Madre Express
Experience one of the world's most scenic and breathtaking rail journeys, COPPER CANYON of MEXICO, on the Flagship Carrier: 'Sierra Madre Express.' American owned and managed. Call 1-800-666-0346. P.O. Box 26381, Tucson, AZ 85726

PUZZLE ART
Heirloom quality, intricately handcut wood jigsaw puzzles personalized with silhouettes & messages
$95 and up
Call or write for free catalog
(612) 827-5757
Dept.S-7, 4255 Garfield Ave. S.
Minneapolis, MN 55409-1858
Rainy Lake PUZZLES


48,000 Patterns
China, Crystal & Flatware
Obsolete, Inactive And Active.
Buy Or Sell.
REPLACEMENTS, LTD.
1089 Knox Road, PO Box 26029
Greensboro, NC 27420 Dept. SM74A
1-800-562-4462

From the 1850s to the early 1900s, women's hats mostly came with fine feathers. The five shown here, from the turn of the century, include (clockwise from top left) ostrich dyed black; egret "long whites" and ostrich; dark exotics on fuzzy marabou; songbird wings, head; wings of an unfortunate seabird.

egret feather about 20 inches overall, soft and flexible yet stiff enough to keep its shape. Ostrich, almost as fancy, lost caste when ostrich farms glutted the market. By 1890, a fashion magazine sniffed, even servant girls were wearing ostrich feathers: "They are no longer so chic. Yet the extremely softening effect is ever desirable, especially for ladies no longer so young."

It took a lot of work to keep feathers in good condition. Plumes had to be recurled every few weeks using a knitting needle or a specially shaped piece of whalebone. White feathers that did not come clean with white soap had to be covered with white plaster of Paris powder for a week, then carefully shaken and wiped. Plebeian poultry feathers were just rubbed with salt and pepper and dried in the sun. They were often the feather of last resort. The working girl heroine of Dorothy Canfield Fisher's popular novel *The Bent Twig*, asked to a dance, pulled two wing feathers from a chicken, rubbed them down and was the belle of the evening.

Ten years before Harriet Hemenway began her crusade, an Audubon Society had been formed in New York City by a small organization of scientists, the American Ornithologists' Union. The enthusiastic response from thousands of bird lovers around the country proved more than the organization could handle. By 1890, it had all but collapsed of its own success. Meanwhile the AOU–which Brewster helped to found–was proposing protective bird laws. But its approach was impersonal, its membership entirely male. As Henry Ward Beecher noted in writing to the first Audubon Society to decry the slaughter of birds for fashion, "[A]s only women create a demand, it rests upon them to stay this wanton destruction."

By recruiting women–the ultimate offenders–to turn against their own fashions, Harriet Hemenway pulled a neat switch. As many women as men were officers of Massachusetts Audubon, and of the 118 local chapters set up around the state, 114 were run by women who kept after feather wearers and milliners to mend their ways. Branching out, they also taught children to understand and appreciate birds. They were less likely to be Blue Book ladies than teachers or librarians, and when their enthusiasm flagged, there was always Harriet inviting 60 of them to Clarendon Street to reinvigorate them with tea and empathy.

For a long while she preferred a behind-the-scenes role at Massachusetts Audubon. Her cousin Minna Hall was

more of an extrovert and thus given the diplomatic tasks. When William Brewster resigned the presidency, Minna got him to reconsider by flattering him, saying, "if you leave us, we shall become narrow minded and unscientific." When Mrs. William Howard Taft wore feathers to the 1909 Inauguration, Minna was instructed to write a "letter of remonstrance against the aigrettes worn on March 4."

But when money was needed Harriet Hemenway gave it, and when firm action was called for she took it. She settled tiffs in the Society's staff and also settled president Brewster when he resigned once again. Adopting a no-nonsense stance, she urged that the resignation be accepted and promptly nominated a successor.

All kinds of unexpected problems confronted the Society. A chapter secretary boasted, "I killed our cat because she killed more birds than two or three ladies could wear on their hats," and the officers, after some puzzlement, simply reported the woman's zeal without endorsing it. A high-ranking backslider, Society vice president Mrs. John L. Gardner, was accused of wearing an aigrette. Her explanation that she wasn't quite sure what an aigrette was, and that the one she wore was only "the kind made of horsehair or whalebone," was met with almost audible disbelief. The board declared that although she might be wearing an imitation, yet "the spirit of the Society is transgressed when the officers wear even artificial aigrettes which so resemble the genuine as to lead to the encouragement of the practice of killing egrets."

Then there were those troublesome Italians–recent immigrants accustomed in their homeland to shooting songbirds for their dinners who innocently did the same thing over here. After much discussion, the Society put posters up in Italian communities explaining that in the New World birds were to be enjoyed, not eaten.

Right off, women in other states followed Massachusetts Audubon. Stirred by that "admirable example," a group

NEW! NordicTrack's Aerobic Cross-Trainer. One machine — 5 exercises!

Variety Makes It Better.

NordicTrack brings you the best workouts with the first skier-stepper-treadmill in one!

NordicTrack's Aerobic Cross-Trainer™ exerciser is three machines in one, so you'll always be challenged with a different workout routine. The Aerobic Cross-Trainer combines the convenience of a treadmill, the lower-body workout of a stairstepper, and the total-body workout of a cross-country ski simulator — in one space-saving machine.

Prevent boredom with 5 exercises all in one machine!

The Aerobic Cross-Trainer gives you five different workouts to choose from *for the variety and excitement you need to stay with your program.* Whether it's stairstepping, walking, skiing, running, or NordicWalking (walking and using the upper-body exerciser), there's an exercise to help you reach your fitness goals.

NordicTrack's **Aerobic Cross-Trainer™**

It took NordicTrack to design such an exceptional cross-training machine.

Fitness experts agree that cross-training is a superior exercise program because it continuously challenges your body with a new activity. In this way, the Aerobic Cross-Trainer helps enhance muscle coordination while avoiding "physical boredom" in which muscle overuse actually slows your progress and keeps you from performing at your peak.

Best of all, it's from NordicTrack A CML Company

Call for a FREE Video and Brochure!

1-800-441-7836 **Ext. 0X3G4**

Or write: NordicTrack, Dept. 0X3G4
104 Peavey Road, Chaska, MN 55318-2355

Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____
Phone ( ) _____

©1991 NordicTrack, Inc., A CML Company • All rights reserved.

Get The Best Night's Sleep Ever

No more tossing and turning. No more back pain. The Select Comfort® air sleep system supports you on a cushion of air that conforms to your body shape for perfect spinal support.

Variable Firmness– Individual Controls

Dual air chambers inside the mattress can each be made firmer or softer so you each get the exact support you want at the push of a button. No risk 90-night trial and 20-year warranty.

The Only Mattress with Push Button Firmness Control.

SELECT COMFORT
AIR SLEEP SYSTEMS

The Ultimate In Comfort and Support

Call **1-800-831-1211**

Please send me a FREE Video, Brochure and Price List.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____
Zip _____ Phone _____

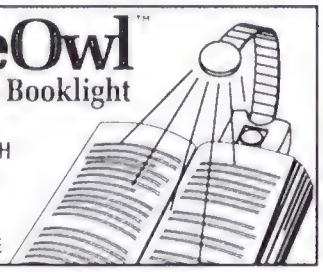
Mail to: Select Comfort Corporation
6105 Trenton Lane N., Minneapolis, MN 55442-9971
Dept 2740

SCHOOL AT HOME
Kindergarten through Grade 8
- teach your child at home
- complete curriculum
- no experience necessary
- traditional, classical education
- accredited, nonprofit program
- advisory teachers available
- all materials included
- French and music courses
- send for free information

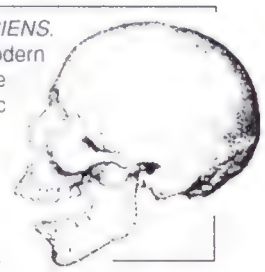
CALVERT SCHOOL
Since 1897
Dept. S74, 105 Tuscany Road, Baltimore, MD 21210
(410) 243-6030 fax (410) 366-0674

OLMEC – CHESS SETS
Pre-Colombian STYLE. Oak Case.
Excellent Quality, Brochure: - $3.00.
CHESSMEN
Post Office Box 803241
Santa Clarita, CA 91380-3241

NiteOwl™
Ultimate Booklight
Only $25.00 + $5.00 S&H
Free Gift ($8.00 value)
800-638-3500
MONEY BACK GUARANTEE



AVAILABLE TO ALL *HOMO SAPIENS.*
Highest quality scale model of modern human skull. First in a comparitive series of great ape and prehistoric human reproductions.
ANTS
P.O. Box 9208
Albuquerque, NM 87119
Call (800)-642-9267



The coastal homeland of the nomadic SERI faces TIBURON, island namesake of the archetypal sea predator. Now its graceful form becomes a simple, yet elegant, device.
Handcarved Ironwood Bottle Openers $18.00
CAPRINA • MUNDI
800-499-7597 or FAX (206) 932-2287

New expanded catalog!

Outstanding 72 page color catalog presents the most extensive collection of Northern Plains Indian art, crafts and jewelry ever offered.
Fascinating stories relate items to their Sioux [illegible]
with authentic materials.
With major credit card, call toll free (800)-541-2388 or fax (605)341-6415.
BY MAIL SEND $5 TO
PRAIRIE EDGE
BOX 8303 DEPT SM RAPID CITY SD 57709-8303
Dealer inquiries invited.
Visit our galleries in Santa Fe, NM, Rapid City, SD and Sturgis, SD.

in Philadelphia organized the Pennsylvania Audubon Society. Within a year it had 2,000 members. In Connecticut "a score of ladies met in Fairfield" to start an Audubon Society. Within two years there were Audubon Societies in 15 states, and in 1905 a National Association of Audubon Societies was formed.

Protecting the environment was just becoming a viable movement at the turn of the century, and there were two strains represented. The conservationists, appalled at the destruction of whole species, such as the passenger pigeon, and of whole forests, set out to preserve everything in the environment. Another strain, the humane tradition, aimed solely to eliminate cruelty to animals. Western thought had long held that animals were insensate brutes; they had no souls, hence no feelings, hence there could be no such thing as cruelty to animals. In the 19th century, philosophers and scientists agreed that animals did have feelings and suffered under cruelty. The protection of animals became a worthy cause.

Harriet Hemenway was in the humane tradition, moved more by sentiment than by science. Her concern for birds goes back, subliminally at least, to Saint Francis of Assisi, who in his sermon on the birds preached the endearing but wrongheaded concept that birds are frail creatures in need of special protection. Birds do need protection, of course, but they are as self-reliant and self-serving as any creatures on Earth, up to doing whatever has to be done to survive. Cowbirds usurp smaller birds' nests, wrens peck out the eyes of other wrens' fledglings, song sparrows desert nestfuls of baby birds to go off with new mates. Still, the Franciscan fallacy embedded itself in the Western conscience. The Audubon Societies, reaching for this sentimentality, became the first widely popular conservation group.

There was nothing in the conservation campaigns of Hemenway's time to match today's understanding of ecological relationships–the effects of habitat destruction on endangered species–or the exploitation of such relationships in conservation campaigns. And there was nothing in the antifeather movement to equal the current animal-rights movement's sabotaging of animal experiments, or slashing of mink coats, or pouring of mock blood on a passing dowager's silver-fox jacket. The bird protectors never went further than strong epithet. They called milliners "murderers, killers of baby birds" and declared that "all a plume hunter's sordid mind can grasp is a pair of pretty wings and a lady's fan."

Persuasion was the tactic, getting milliners to design featherless hats and making it fashionable to wear them. "How refreshing is the sight of a birdless bonnet," gushed one circular. "The face beneath, no matter how plain it may be, seems to possess a gentle charm." An embroidered Audubonnet, "wherein beauty is achieved without robbing the feathered kingdom of its plumage," was widely promoted at $5 to $15 but never really caught on.

Progress was erratic. In 1901, after a promising decline in feather use, hats suddenly sprouted plumage again. The secretary of Massachusetts Audubon's

Big hair topped by feathers became a fad at the court of Marie Antoinette.

Muffs and capes made of grebe skins were fashionable in the winter of 1896.

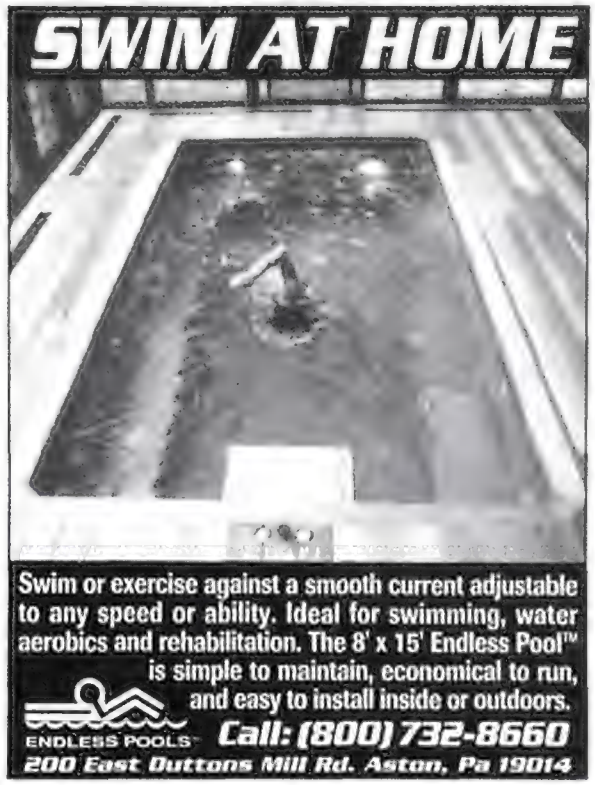
Newton Center chapter sighed that "quite a number of people around here feed the birds in winter but the women would not give up wearing feathers." *Bird Lore*, the "Official Organ of the Audubon Societies," was both upbeat and snooty, reporting that "fewer grebe muffs and capes are seen and whole terns seem by common consent to be relegated either to the wearer of the molted garment of her mistress or to the real 'loidy' who in winter with hat cocked over one eye . . . haunts the cheaper shops, lunching either on beer or soda water, chews gum and expectorates with seeming relish."

The feather trade traded epithets, attacking the "extremists of the Audubon Society" as "self-righteous sentimentalists." It also used scare tactics against a Massachusetts bill outlawing dealings in wild-bird feathers. "Every man who votes for the bill," one writer warned, "will be boycotted by every woman of his acquaintance." Still, in 1897 the State Legislature passed a law against "the possessing or wearing of the bodies or plumage of any Massachusetts song or insect-eating bird."

State conservation laws going back to 1818 were loosely drawn and rarely enforced. Now state after state began tightening up. In New York a crucial legislative fight set two up-and-coming politicians against each other: Alfred E. Smith for the feather dealers, Franklin D. Roosevelt, a dedicated bird-watcher, for the birds. Using arguments familiar today, the milliners said 20,000 jobs would be lost if a restrictive bill were passed. In the end the Roosevelt forces, supported by a deluge of petitions from women's clubs, beat the Smith forces–as they did years later at the 1932 Democratic National Convention.

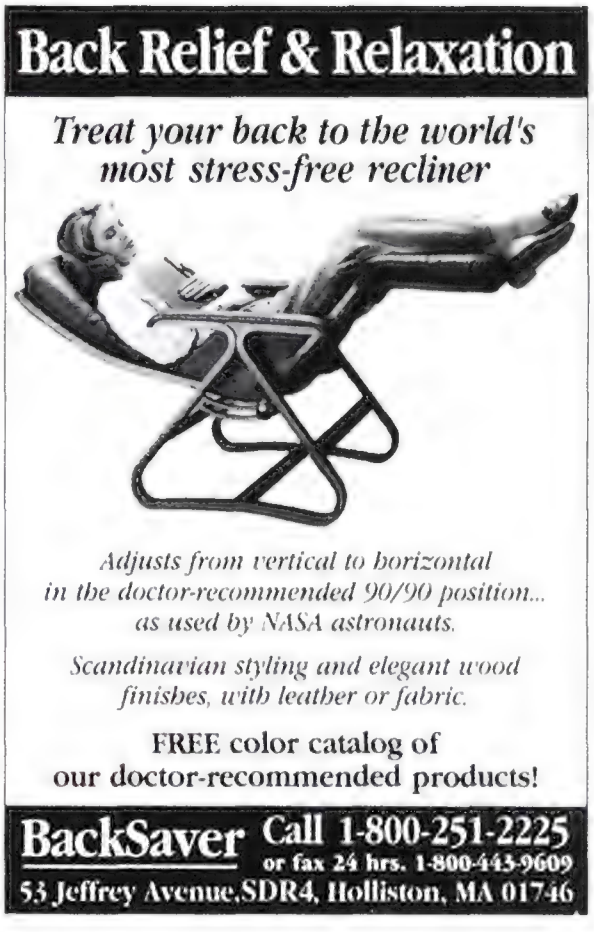
The 1913 debate in Congress over a bill to protect migratory birds brought a memorable oration from Senator James A. Reed of Missouri, who wanted to know "Why there should be any sympathy or sentiment about a long-legged, long-beaked, long-necked bird that lives in swamps and eats tadpoles. . . . Let humanity utilize this bird for the only purpose that the Lord made it for . . . so we could get aigrettes for the bonnet of our beautiful ladies." The bill passed anyway, and President Taft was gulled into signing a bill he didn't intend to approve. The 1916 Migratory Bird Treaty with Great Britain reinforced the law, and in the Supreme Court, answering arguments that birds belonged constitutionally to the states, Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes ruled that wild birds "are not in the possession of anyone and possession is the beginning of ownership."

Over in England, meanwhile, the Duchess of Portland was waging her own war on fashionable feathers. Unlike Harriet Hemenway, the duchess resorted to coercion. At church on Sunday, she would see which ladies wore feathers and then write them blackmailing notes, pointing out that they were risking royal displeasure. Queen Alexandra had given the duchess permission to use her name for the cause. "You know well," the royal secretary wrote the duchess, "how kind and humane the queen is to all living crea-

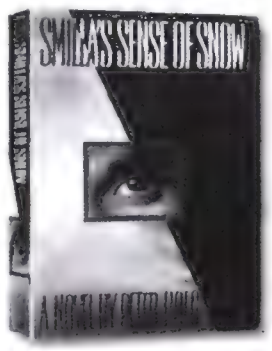

SWIM AT HOME
Swim or exercise against a smooth current adjustable to any speed or ability. Ideal for swimming, water aerobics and rehabilitation. The 8' x 15' Endless Pool™ is simple to maintain, economical to run, and easy to install inside or outdoors.
ENDLESS POOLS
Call: (800) 732-8660
200 East Duttons Mill Rd. Aston, Pa 19014

UPTON TEA IMPORTS
Over 70 Varieties of Fine Loose Tea
Call 1-800-234-TEAS for an issue of the
UPTON TEA QUARTERLY
P.O. BOX 159-S • UPTON, MA 01568

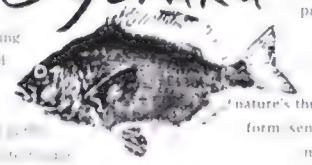
COPPER CANYON
NEW IN-DEPTH ITINERARIES
SIERRA MADRE RAIL EXCURSIONS
TO A CANYON DEEPER THAN GRAND CANYON
Mountain lodges in pristine pine forests; canyon descents; historic hacienda hotels in tropical colonial towns; cliff-dwelling Tarahumara Indians; waterfalls; horseback riding, etc. 25 years expertise. CUSTOMIZED DAILY DEPARTURES
1-800-843-1060 OPEN MON-FRI 9:00AM - 6:00PM CT
COLUMBUS TRAVEL, RT.12 BOX 382-B, NEW BRAUNFELS, TX 78132


Back Relief & Relaxation
Treat your back to the world's most stress-free recliner
Adjusts from vertical to horizontal in the doctor-recommended 90/90 position... as used by NASA astronauts.
Scandinavian styling and elegant wood finishes, with leather or fabric.
FREE color catalog of our doctor-recommended products!
BackSaver Call 1-800-251-2225
or fax 24 hrs. 1-800-443-9609
53 Jeffrey Avenue,SDR4, Holliston, MA 01746

RECORDED BOOKS™
Unabridged Recordings on Audiocassette
NEW!
Smilla's Sense of Snow
by Peter Høeg
Unabridged on cassette—critically acclaimed narrators, professionally produced, over 1,000 titles to choose from. Histories, mysteries, classics, sci-fi—All genres! Ask about our quick and easy rentals by mail.
Call now for a free catalog:
1-(800)-638-1304



Gyotaku
Gyotaku, the traditional gift of good fortune, is being [illegible]
To own a signed piece of this original art, which captures the pure image of nature's three-dimensional form, send $22 (check or money order) to:
GRAYLING STUDIO · 2351 LANGTON STREET, CAMBRIA, CA 93428



12-DAY CRUISES FROM $99/DAY
Mid America • Great Lakes • New Orleans-Mississippi • Canada Saguenay via Erie Canal • Whale Watching • NE Coast • RI-FL Intracoastal • Panama, Pearl & San Blas Is. • Belize • Reef • Guatemala • Mayan Jungle • Aruba • Bonaire • Bahamas • Virgin Is. • Antigua
800-556-7450 For Free Brochure
American Canadian Caribbean Line, Inc.
31 Yrs. of Small Ship Cruises Warren, RI 02885

Historic Ship Model Kits
Museum quality replicas you build yourself. Pre-cut wooden parts, metal and brass fittings, cloth sails. Up to 4 feet long. Call for free catalog.
1-800-742-7171
Model Expo, Inc.
Dept.SM74, PO Box 1000,
Mt.Pocono, PA 18344

DISCOUNT FURNITURE
The biggest discounts on America's finest furniture. We represent almost every major manufacturer of fine home and office furnishings. Home delivery & set up in the U.S., Canada, or worldwide. Call today for prices & details
(919) 638-9164
North Carolina
DISCOUNT FURNITURE SALES

Austin, Texas–A City for All Seasons
Go where the oaks and the music are always live, the famous springs a constant temperature and the epic history has the spark of immediacy.
AUSTIN
LIVE MUSIC CAPITAL OF THE WORLD
Call 800 92to-2282 for a free Visitors Pack.
Austin Convention and Visitors Bureau

tures. Her majesty never wears . . . feathers herself." The English press sided with the duchess. *Punch* wrote: "Go, lovely bird, / Speed from my lady warily. / For she hath heard / That finches dainty decking be, / And her sweet charms mean death to thee!"

In 1946 Harriet Hemenway and Minna Hall had another meeting at Clarendon Street, celebrating their historic get-together half a century before when, as Minna recalled, "Mrs. Hemenway . . . came over with the 'Boston Blue Book.'" Both were now well into their 80s. "Harriet's still a gadder," said Minna. "She doesn't know when to stop." Feathers had pretty much been blown away as an issue. That part of their mission had been admirably accomplished–victory in a relatively short time. But much more had come from that phrase tacked on to the Massachusetts Audubon Society's founding statement: "to otherwise further the protection of our native birds."

Generations of bird-watchers nurtured by the Audubon Societies have by now made birding the most popular of nonhunting outdoor activities. Songbird killing has passed from being illegal into being, by accepted ethic, immoral. Birders, because they are out in nature so much, have been at the core of conservation organizations, and the Audubon Societies today work as much to preserve the overall environment as to protect birds. At least three-quarters of the leaders of the groups that formed today's environmental movement came from the ranks of bird-watchers–and they can, with some reason, look back at Harriet Hemenway as their matron saint.

Not that she had ever turned saintly. In time she transferred some of her passions to the cause of working women. She was never a slave to fashion, of course. Long before it became a birding trademark, she wore white sneakers. Her grandchildren still remember her as wonderful if somewhat intractable company, pulling them reluctantly along on her bird walks or ordering them out into a winter's night to see where the Pleiades had moved to. Late in life she became addicted to strawberries, gorging herself after every meal. When reminded that her doctors said this was making her rheumatism worse, she huffed: "Yes, they did. Oh they did. But they are dead."

And she emphatically wasn't. When she did die in 1960, Harriet Hemenway was 102 years old.

Even in old age Harriet Hemenway kept up a lively pace, reading, birding, wearing featherless hats, and focusing on the plight of working women.

Book reviews

The Withering Child
John A. Gould
University of Georgia Press, $24.95

The Withering Child is a work of nonfiction. It relates a painful and mysterious episode in the life of a contemporary young family, and does so with so much honesty, grace and, in the end, good sense that it left me feeling wiser but not sadder. Part of the reason for this is that the mystery goes unresolved in a way that heightened my sense of wonder at the complexity of family life.

In the middle of August 1990, John A. Gould, his wife, Jane, and their two young sons, Gardner and Sam, arrive in England for a year's stay. He is on sabbatical from Phillips Academy, the Massachusetts prep school where he teaches English, and she is on leave from her work as an Episcopal priest. Both are excited about the prospect of a year in new surroundings, although their routine will hardly be less busy than that of their ordinary lives: John will attend lectures at Oxford, read, and visit sites associated with his reading and teaching; Jane will worship and pray in the ancestral homeland of her church, and will meet with women's groups interested in the long-contested ordination of women as priests in the Anglican Church.

The Goulds settle into a comfortable rented house in Woodstock, the town north of Oxford where Blenheim Palace sits. Although the smoothness of their transition to this new land has been marred by John's leaving his briefcase on the airplane, and in it the keys to a car they have bought, they make good use of the weeks until Gardner, who is 5, (Sam is just 16 months), has to start school. The family tours London and Oxford, strolls the grounds of Blenheim, meets the neighbors. John begins to reread Jane Austen, in preparation for a visit to the Hampshire villages where she lived–once he has his car.

Gardner emerges during this part of the book as a balky and difficult child, adept at manipulating his sensitive parents, who are perhaps too unwilling to confront him and risk his making a scene in a country not their own. Still, he is a bright, handsome little boy, charming when he wants to be, eager to please and, like all children, touchingly vulnerable.

Gardner's first day at the Woodstock Church of England Primary School, just two doors down from their rented house, goes smoothly enough, but that evening he has no appetite, and by the end of the week his mother has to drag him to school: "He trips and weeps violently, clinging desperately when she tries to leave him." The first night he has stomach and leg cramps, and later he vomits, although his temperature is normal. With this begins a weeks-long ordeal of something like anorexia, although his kindly British doctor assures the parents that children of Gardner's age don't have eating disorders.

Even so, Gardner eats little, vomits voluminously and eventually loses 20 pounds, one-third of his body weight. The doctors can find nothing physically wrong with him, and although psychiatric evaluation seems advisable, the British health care system seems likely to let him waste away before an appointment with a therapist can be arranged.

I confess to reading much of the first half of the book in a mild state of irritation–at Gardner for being such a brat, and at his mild, ineffectual father and his erratic mother, whose attitude swings between resentment and acquiescence. But eventually my annoyance turned to sympathy. It is clear that Gardner has become very ill: "He keeps growing smaller," his father says, "shrinking into himself like a dying flower."

But it is not only the pathos that won me over. Gould's willingness to record unflattering details about his family and himself could have smacked of self-flagellation, but instead seems admirable, a searching honesty born of deep puzzlement. It drew me into the frightening slide this bright family takes from optimism to despair.

The book also cracked open a few painful personal memories. I come from a military family, with parents as un-

VICTORIAN HACIENDA
in the bottom of a remote Mexican canyon

The Hacienda is a shady oasis in the old silver-mining village of BATOPILAS, between towering canyon walls and blue rivers
GARDENS ★ 14 GUEST ROOMS ★ CHEF ON STAFF
Walk to ancient ruins, lost missions, remote villages
COPPER CANYON LODGES 1-800-776-3942

PERSONALIZED CARTOUCHE JEWELRY
Your name translated into Egyptian hieroglyphics.
HANDMADE IN EGYPT
Cartouche shown spells 'Charlotte'

18K Gold from $150
Sterling Silver $40
TO ORDER, CALL
1 (800) 447-2504
VISA•MC AMEX•DISCOVER
for FREE BROCHURE Call or Write:
LITTLE EGYPT IMPORTS
P.O. Box 32977
Kansas City, MO 64111

Dolphins • Orca • Humpback Whales
The Living Artistry of Lee Clark

Exciting museum quality sculpture in beautiful bronze by LOSTWAX CASTING on cork and marble base. Limited editions
LeBlanc Gallery
271 ALVARADO MALL
MONTEREY, CA 93940

Special Care for Special People

Progressive education, home environment for the mentally handicapped child and adult. Opportunity for educational progress at any age – multiple recreational and social activities. A year-round program with an active and full lifestyle among friends on a 600-acre bluegrass estate. Est. 1893. Phone 502-875-4664 or write
THE STEWART HOME SCHOOL
Box 96, Frankfort, KY 40601
John P. Stewart, M.D., Resident Physician

Rare Wood Egg Collecting
Over 195 different woods from Africa, India, Mexico, Brazil, Middle-East, Asia, USA.

Send $1.00 for brochure & price list
WOODS OF THE WORLD, INC.
897-W North Bend Rd., Cincinnati, OH 45224

RAIL TRAVEL CENTER
RAIL TRAVEL CENTER TOURS & CLASSIC QUESTS
History, Great Homes, Superb Scenery & Gardens
Rail & Muti-Modal Tours Worldwide
For Free Catalog & to Book
Rail Travel Center Tours/Classic Quests
2 FEDERAL STREET, ST. ALBANS, VT 05478
(800) 458-5394 USA/CANADA (802) 527-1788 ANYWHERE

Celebration Bowl
Engagements • Weddings
Anniversaries • Retirement
Send someone special a personalized gift they will cherish. Crystal Bowl. 8.5"/$145 or 12"/$259
Allow 3-4 wks. delivery
203-677-7446 E. L. Wilde

yielding as Gardner's are permissive. Although I had a happy childhood, the book brought back periods of bleakness bordering on desperation when my family left a much-loved place for a new and unknown one. This past reminds me how little the excitement that John and Jane Gould felt about their year in England probably meant to their small son. I remember the nausea of loss, the embarrassment of being the new kid, the hopelessness of many days before surroundings became familiar and reassuring.

By the middle of October the Goulds realize that if they don't take Gardner home he will die. The child himself seems to feel that he is dying: he asks his parents one night to give his favorite Ninja Turtle figurine to his one English friend. Jane rushes home with the children on the first possible flight, leaving John behind to handle the details of ending their "English autumn."

Although the Goulds must stay with friends until their house is available, Gardner improves at once: "He began eating immediately, even before we regained our house, chowing down cereals mostly, gaining a quarter-pound the first week back, and retrieving all his lost weight within two months. He reentered kindergarten successfully, where he reestablished relationships with old friends and began some new ones."

A simple story, then, ending happily if without any satisfactory explanation. But to his credit, Gould does not just leave it at that. In an epilogue he struggles to make sense of the experience and of the resulting "emotional disarray."

Gould comes to the conclusion–easier for a parent to believe intellectually than viscerally–that "a parent's control over a child is limited . . . unless the child voluntarily defers to authority." But still there was the nagging need to affix blame: "Not enough love, not enough flexibility, not enough money, not enough discipline. . . . But blame is a canard, after all, a wild goose."

Blame, Gould concludes, requires intent. "And in this story no one acts deliberately or carelessly in order to hurt another. There is no villain."

So much gibberish gets published, and read, about families and their problems that a book like *The Withering Child*, which tells a good story honestly and well, and draws thoughtful conclusions about it, seems as valuable as it is rare. *Robert Wilson*, who lives in Virginia, is literary editor of *Civilization* magazine.

THE POKE BOAT®
IT'S EVERYTHING A CANOE ISN'T.
A canoe is tippy. A Poke Boat isn't. It's remarkably stable.
A canoe is hard to turn and difficult to keep in a straight line. A Poke Boat isn't. It stays in a straight line, yet is easy to maneuver.
A canoe is heavy. A Poke Boat isn't.
It weighs only 28 pounds - built with aircraft strength.
For under $800 you can buy more than a canoe.
For more information, give us a call.
606-986-2336.

Certain gifts must simply be extraordinary
THE FAMOUS
Stave Jigsaw Puzzles
Since 1974, the finest handcut personalized wooden jigsaw puzzles being made today. $95 - $2000. Call or write for free catalog. Stave Puzzles, Box 3295, Norwich, VT 05055 ☎ 802-295-5200

Cultural Folk Tours Int'l
& Bora Özkök present
16th year tours of
TURKEY
GREECE & EGYPT
The Cradle of Civilization . . .
Hospitable people, beautiful country, good climate. Incredible amount of history. We will stress culture, people, folklore, handicrafts, folk music, village visits, photography & much more.
GREAT TOURS - GOOD QUALITY - REASONABLE PRICES
GOOD HOTELS - GOOD FOOD - GOOD SHOPPING
For a free 1994 brochure
9939 Hibert St., Ste. 207
San Diego, CA 92131-1031
(619) 566-5951
1-800-935-TURK 8875

Bonsai: A Living Art
From the Hobbyist to the Enthusiast
House of Bonsai
Call or write for your free brochure
House of Bonsai
118 Shawan Road
Hunt Valley, Maryland 21030
410-584-9699

Free Catalogs of Best Book Bargains
From the world's largest bookseller, savings of up to 80% on remainders, imports, exclusive reprints, audio and video. Write for your catalog.
Barnes & Noble
Dept. 705N 126 5th Ave.
New York, NY 10011-5666

The California Wine Club
Experience Award-Winning California Boutique Wines
Terrific gift, or pamper yourself! $30 monthly, receive 2 bottles of superb award-winning wines and our 8-page newsletter "Uncorked". Free entertaining and informative book, "Plain Talk About Fine Wine" on all first orders. Cancel anytime. VISA-MC-AMEX
CALL ANYTIME 800-777-4443

call for a FREE 19th Century American Coin No Purchase Necessary!
To introduce you to our complete 26 piece 19th Century Set of rare US coins.
Call for your free coin and free brochure
Mayer Industries
1-800-354-6976

WANTED
Adventurous Americans keen to visit Australia
Call now for your FREE sample of our new $60-per-year newsletter, *Australia Dreaming*, introducing you to Aussies who know the real Australia and can show you the best places to swim, ride, dive, fish, golf, bike, trek, 4WD, see wildlife, or live it up and have fun.
1-800-749-8080
AUSTRALIA DREAMING
P.O. BOX D, MIDDLETOWN RI 02842

KITES
FREE COLOR CATALOG
Choose from over 200 exciting kites.
• Many unusual & innovative designs.
Call or write for your catalog today!
Into The Wind • (800) 541-0314
1408-R Pearl St., Boulder, CO 80302

THE HUNTINGTON BRONZE COLLECTION
Finest Service. Guaranteed!
Fine art bronze sculpture Made in USA
Bronco Buster
One of over 300 'lost wax' bronze sculptures in our collection. Call for our full color catalog today
1-800-777-8126
401 E. Cypress • Visalia, CA 93277
FAX (209) 732-5961 MC/VISA

World's Largest Bronze Supplier
FREDERIC REMINGTON
BRONZE COLLECTION
OUTLAW...$60
"Lost wax casting"
Henry Bonnard Bronze Co. and Associates
1490 S Hwy 17-92 (407) 339-9103
Longwood, FL 32750 (800) 521-3179
Call or Write for Catalog
Marble bases and shpg. & hdlg. additional

HAND MADE IN EGYPT
Cartouche
18 K Solid Gold from $150.00
Sterling Silver from $ 40.00
A talisman with your name in Ancient Egyptian Hieroglyphics
Free info 1-800-283-4978 Visa • MC • Am. Ex.
Or write: Cartouche, Box 847-A-1, Pgh., PA 15228

NEW LIGHTWEIGHT SINGLE FOR 1993
JUST BAG IT!
FOLBOT
FREE COLOR CATALOG
CALL 1-800-533-5099
IN CANADA 1-800-263-5099
FACTORY DIRECT PRICES — SATISFACTION GUARANTEED

Additional reading

Commodore Perry (p. 20)

Yankees in the Land of the Gods: Commodore Perry and the Opening of Japan by Peter Booth Wiley, Viking, 1990

"Old Bruin": Commodore Matthew C. Perry 1794-1858 by Samuel Eliot Morison, Little, Brown, 1967

Let the Sea Make a Noise: A History of the North Pacific from Magellan to MacArthur by Walter A. McDougall, Basic Books (New York), 1993

July Fourth postcards (p. 34)

Picture Postcards in the United States 1893-1918 by Dorothy Ryan, Clarkson N. Potter (New York), 1982

Ken Burns (p. 38)

Baseball, An Illustrated History by Geoffrey C. Ward & Ken Burns, Knopf, September 1994

Total Baseball: The Ultimate Encyclopedia of Baseball, edited by John Thorn and Pete Palmer, HarperCollins, 1993

The Ultimate Baseball Book, edited by Daniel Okrent and Harry Lewine, Houghton Mifflin, 1991

Glory of Their Times: The Story of the Early Days of Baseball Told by the Men Who Played It by Lawrence S. Ritter, William Morrow, 1992

New York water tunnel (p. 60)

Sandhogs: A History of the Tunnel Workers of New York by Paul E. Delaney, Local No. 147, 4332 Katonah Avenue, Bronx, New York 10470

Built for the Ages: New York City's Third Water Tunnel (booklet), New York City Department of Environmental Protection

Table Money by Jimmy Breslin, Ticknor & Fields, 1986

Playgrounds (p. 78)

Play and Playscapes by Joe Frost, Delmar Publishers (Albany, New York), 1992

Make Your Backyard More Interesting Than TV by Jay Beckwith, McGraw-Hill, 1980

Children's Experience of Place by Roger Hart, Irvington Publishers (New York), 1979

Norman Rockwell & Howard Pyle (p. 88)

Howard Pyle: A Chronicle by Charles D. Abbott, Harper & Brothers (New York), 1925

Howard Pyle by Henry C. Pitz, Clarkson N. Potter, 1975

Norman Rockwell: My Adventures as an Illustrator by Norman Rockwell, Harry N. Abrams, 1988

American Illustration, Delaware Art Museum, 1991

Norman Rockwell: A Centennial Celebration, Norman Rockwell Museum at Stockbridge, 1993

Feathers and fashion (p. 96)

A World of Watchers by Joseph Kastner, Knopf, 1986

Feather Fashions and Bird Preservation: A Study in Nature Protection by Robin W. Doughty, University of California Press, 1975

Picture credits

Cover: Arthur M. Sackler Gallery of Art; 13 Smithsonian Institution; 16 Judith Hallet/Office of Telecommunications–S.I.; 18 Office of Printing and Photographic Services/S.I.; 20, 21 National Portrait Gallery; 22 Library of Congress; 22-23 National Portrait Gallery; 24 *Abe Masahiro jiseki* by Shujiro Watanabe; 26 Beverly R. Robinson Collection/United States Naval Academy Museum; 27 All: National Museum of Natural History; 28 Mariners' Museum, Newport News; 30 Arthur M. Sackler Gallery; 32 National Museum of American History; 33 Arthur M. Sackler Gallery; 34-37 Henry Groskinsky/Collection of Harvey Ginsberg; 39 Paula Lerner; 40 Courtesy of Buck O'Neil & Florentine Films, The Sporting News, Chicago Historical Society; 41 Library of Congress, National Baseball Library & Archive–Cooperstown, N.Y. (2); 42 Paula Lerner; 44 Bettmann Archive; 46 Jerry Liebling; 48 The Sporting News; 50 National Baseball Library; 60-61 Enrico Ferorelli; 62 Wood Ronsaville Harlin; 62-69 Enrico Ferorelli; 70 Daniel Dancer/Harry N. Abrams Inc.; 71 Mark Ferri; 72-73 Peter B. Kaplan/Abrams; 74 Jon Blumb/Abrams; 76 Stanley J. Herd/Abrams; 77 Jon Blumb/Abrams, Daniel Dancer/Abrams; 78-87 Richard Howard; 88 © 1959 Curtis Publishing Company; 89 Delaware Art Museum, Norman Rockwell Museum–Stockbridge; 90,91 Delaware Art Museum (2); 91 Granger Collection; 92 © 1923 Curtis Publishing Company; 93 © 1941 *American Magazine*/Norman Rockwell Trust; 95 Delaware Art Museum; 96 Granger Collection; 97 Bettmann Archive; 98 Adelson Galleries, N.Y.; 100 Granger Collection, Bettmann Archive, UPI/Bettmann, Joseph Kastner, Society for the Preservation of New England Antiquities; 102 Granger Collection; 103 Henry Groskinsky/Costume Institute, Gift of Mrs. John C. Tomlinson; 104 Courtesy of Polly Homan; 108 Wally Neibart

MEN'S WIDE SHOES

EEE-EEEEEE, SIZES 5-13

Extra width for men who need it. Excellent variety, styling and quality. Send for **FREE CATALOG.**

HITCHCOCK SHOES, INC.
Dept. 21H Hingham, MA 02043

THREE COLORS YOU'LL LOOK GREAT IN.

It's the classic "Cartier-Styled" tri- color ring in solid 14k yellow, pink and white gold - $149. Or, 3 Sterling Silver Bands - $29.

Call 800-725-1520

Visa/MC - S&H $4. - Satisfaction Guaranteed - Check or M.O. to: *Marc Simon Fine Jewelry*, P.O. Box 18140, Encino, CA 91416

PUBLISH YOUR BOOK!

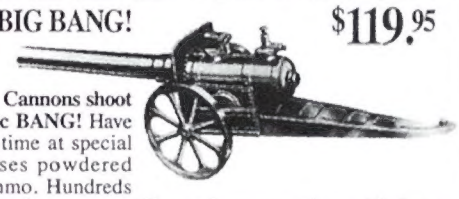
Join our satisfied authors in a complete and reliable publishing program. This program includes attractive books, publicity, advertising and quality service since 1959. All subjects are invited! Send for a FREE manuscript report & copy of *How To Publish Your Book*.

CARLTON PRESS 11 W. 32nd St. Dept. SLG New York, NY 10001

Celebrate July 4th & All Events

CARBIDE CANNON

BIG BANG! $119.95



Mammoth Cannons shoot with terrific BANG! Have a bang-up time at special events. Uses powdered carbide ammo. Hundreds of shots for few cents. All metal construction with large, rugged cast-iron wheels. Machined brass mechanism for easy loading and firing. Authentic turn-of-century design. Handsome decor when not in use. Made in USA to last a lifetime. Available in 3 sizes: 9" cannon, **$49.95 postpaid;** 17" cannon, **$89.95 postpaid;** 25" cannon (shown here) with rapid firing and automatic loading, **$119.95 postpaid.** The larger the cannon the louder the bang! **Carbide ammo, about 100 shots, $6.00; 3 packs for $15.00.** Send check, money order or call. Visa, MasterCard accepted by mail or phone (610) 866-0777. Give card number & expiration. Money-back guarantee.

The Conestoga Co., Inc., Dept S, PO Box 405, Bethlehem, PA 18016

☐ **SEND FOR FREE CATALOG** ☐

We Desire to Purchase...

Book Collections, Fine Bindings, First or Significant Editions: all periods, subjects and languages.

American Historical Autographs and Documents, collections or single items, Colonial period to the present.

David L. O'Neal Antiquarian Booksellers Inc.
234 Clarendon St., Boston, MA 02116 • **617-266-5790**

Free appraisals cheerfully given.

HIEROGLYPHS

PERSONALIZED CARTOUCHE JEWELRY

Translate Anything into Ancient Egyptian Hieroglyphs

SS Pendants from $40 • 18k from $150

Handmade in Egypt • Free Brochure has Alphabet

Pendants • Rings • Bracelets • Earrings

1-800-237-3358

Call Toll Free or Write to:
Discoveries 526 N. Fayette St., Dept. SM, Alexandria, Virginia 22314 ©

CELEBRATING OUR 14TH YEAR!

By Gerald Dumas

Sometimes it's hard to know who will get a kick out of what

Every word of what follows is true; not thunderingly important, just illuminating, in a vague sort of way.

I was cleaning out my desk the other day and came upon a small packet I've been trying to discard since 1987. So far I haven't been able to.

The brown envelope and its contents are from my grandfather's attic. Inside the envelope is a form letter from the *Reader's Digest*, inviting my grandfather to subscribe. There is a yellowed return postcard, titled "Provisional Order," and also a copy of a cover, with its table of contents. It is for Issue Number 53, and the date is September 1926. The cost of a yearly subscription is $3.

My grandfather was the Rev. Carl Christian Eberhard Holm, born in Germany in 1860. Beginning in 1896 he was a Lutheran pastor in various churches in the peaceful farm country around Stratford and Kitchener, Ontario. In 1926 he retired to a fine old redbrick house on half an acre at the edge of a tranquil village called Conestogo. There, he gardened, wrote, read, and died in 1945. After my grandmother died heirlooms were distributed, and then Uncle Reimer made a big fire in the garden, burning all the odds and ends no one wanted. But he missed one old paper bag.

In 1987, on one of my swings between Connecticut and Michigan, I stopped in Conestogo for another look at the home I had loved best in all the world. The woman who now lived there handed me the bag, saying, "I found this tucked in a corner of the attic. It was your *Opa*'s. I don't know if you want it."

It turned out that the contents were only pamphlets, brochures and sales announcements. My wife asked why Opa had saved all this, and I said my guess was that he and Oma saved every scrap of paper that came their way to start fires with in the great, black cast-iron-and-chrome stove that was the house's sole source of heat. Perhaps the paper was also meant for the fruit basket in the outhouse, where as a boy I had seen carefully torn strips of newsprint from the pages of the Kitchener *Record*.

My wife said, "And now how long does this clutter up our house?"

I replied that I would discard it shortly, but I didn't. A few days later I showed her the Provisional Order card, which I had filled out.

"I'm going to order *Reader's Digest*," I said. She was cooking dinner, but I got her to look at the note I had written. It said:

> Sir:
> After mulling it over, I have decided to take you up on your offer.
> Yours faithfully,
> G. Dumas

My wife observed that I knew more ways to avoid performing actual work than anyone she had ever known.

"No, listen!" I said. "Think of those *Digest* people, imagine their faces when this ancient order card comes in! From 1926! Over 60 years old–they'll howl! This will go all the way up to Kenneth O. Gilmore himself!"

"Who's that?"

"I looked him up. He's the editor in chief. He'll die laughing."

"He'll never see it," my wife said.

I sent it off. In a New York City editorial office they wouldn't have time for this sort of horseplay, but I figured that at the *Digest*'s sunny, bucolic headquarters in a town called Pleasantville, for heaven's sake, they'd have loads of time for fun like this. After all, the magazine isn't even a weekly.

Each day I assured my wife that they were having the time of their lives, over in Pleasantville, passing my note around. "You know what they'll do? They'll honor the card. In a laudable display of integrity they're going to send us the *Digest* for $3."

"No, they won't," my wife said. "And try to talk normally."

I heard from them the next day. They sent everything back, together with a short letter, which said: "We're sorry to inform you that the enclosed offer has expired. Yours sincerely," et cetera.

I couldn't believe it. After all my good-humored effort, had I been shot down by a computer? Had the *Reader's Digest* grown so enormous that someone couldn't knock out a chatty note of rejection? "Dear Mr. Dumas, This was hilarious, what a kick, but we can't give you a subscription for three bucks. This is, as you surely know, a money-making undertaking." Something like that.

I put everything back in my desk. "This means that old Gilmore never even saw it," I groused to my wife. "What's the matter with them? Where's their vaunted sense of humor?"

I started going around saying that "Life In These United States" wasn't very funny anymore, but friends pointed out that if that was true it was more likely the fault of the readers and a rising national tension.

For a short time I impressed my companions at dinner parties when the talk eventually got around to how things basically don't change.

"Right," I'd say. "Take for example the table of contents from the September 1926 *Reader's Digest*. Many of the article titles could still be used today: 'Is Our Oil Inexhaustible?,' 'Gutter Literature,' 'The Peril Of Narcotics.'"

I got admired, briefly, for possessing a keen and retentive mind, but that's all I got out of the whole business.

Your heart beats faster. Your spirits soar. You're giddy with excitement. (And you've merely seen the skyline.)

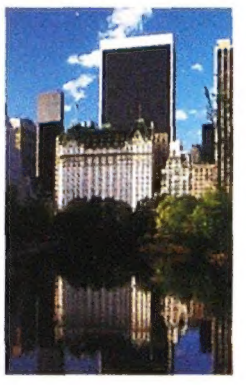
For a week, a weekend, or even a day, you're going to be a part of it. New York, New York.

This summer, there's more than ever before waiting to melt those little-town blues away.

To tell you everything that's going on in New York this summer, we'd need a 48-page brochure. Luckily, we happen to have one on hand.

Have you ever said, "One day I'll eat in the best restaurants in New York"? Now you can. Whether you fancy Northern Italian, Southern French, or a steak worthy of the Old West, you can have a full-course lunch for just $19.94. And you guessed it – the details are in the guide.

Even if you're just looking for the wheres and hows of New York favorites, like the Statue of Liberty or the Empire State Building, the NY'94 Guide is at your service.



To get your free copy, just call us at 1-800-9NY-CITY (1-800-969-2489), extension 349.

We think you'll find that the guide makes for some excellent summer reading.

REKINDLE YOUR LOVE AFFAIR WITH NEW YORK.

(OUR NEW GUIDE WILL PROVIDE A FEW SPARKS.)

OUR LIST OF EVENTS IS AN EVENT ITSELF.

- *Staten Island Art Exhibition (June-Sept.)*
- *Mostly Mozart Festival (July-August)*
- *Free Shakespeare in Central Park (July-August)*
- *Broadway Week (7/11-7/15)*
- *Harlem Weeks (8/1-8/21)*
- *Lincoln Center Out of Doors (8/5-8/28)*
- *US Open Tennis Tournament (8/29-9/11)*
- *Jamaica Arts Center–The Kenyan Experience (September-October)*
- *Big Apple Balloon Fest in Central Park (9/3-9/4)*
- *The Film Society of Lincoln Center–The New York Film Festival (9/23-10/9)*
- *Sports Week (10/3-10/7)*

Exhausted yet? There's more in the NY'94 Guide.

Our free NY'94 Guide is your personal guide to an exciting summer in the world's most exciting city.

Looking for details about the special summer programs in our world-famous parks, museums and attractions? They're in the guide. Want dates for free Shakespeare in the park? They're in the guide.

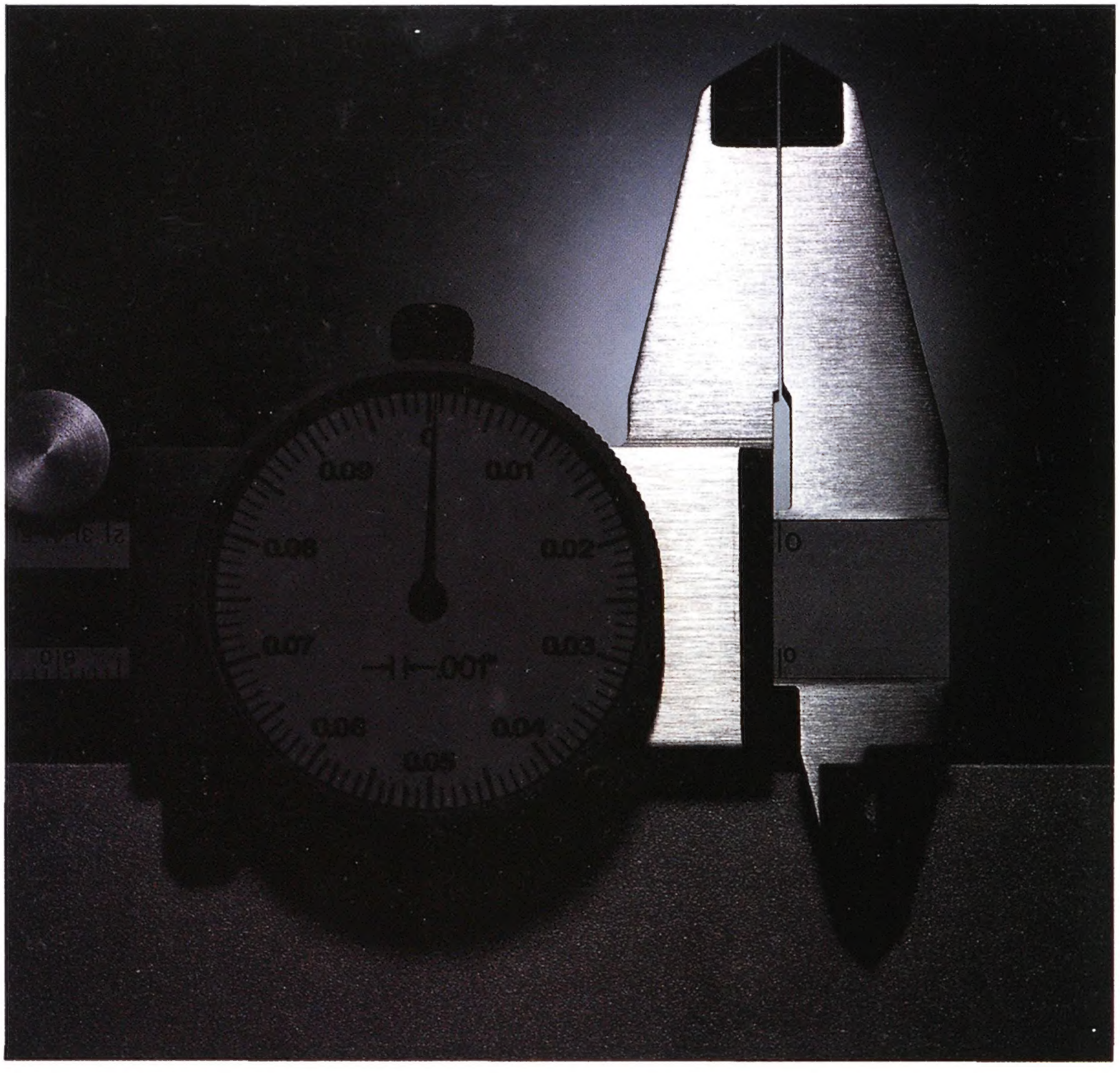
You'll read about spectacular shopping, including everything from high-fashion to high-tech. About the world's finest hotels. And about what's happening amidst the bright neon lights of Broadway.

I ♥ '94 NY.

CALL 1-800-9NY-CITY, EXT. 349 FOR YOUR FREE GUIDE.

© 1994 New York State Department Of Economic Development. Photos courtesy of The Stock Market, Richard Berenholz, Alan Schein, Russell Ingram, Claudia Parks.

Some people say we're too obsessed with a .00038″ tolerance. (Or was it .00039″?)



The LS

LEXUS
The Relentless Pursuit Of Perfection.

©1994 Lexus, A Division Of Toyota Motor Sales, U.S.A., Inc. Lexus reminds you to wear seat belts and obey all speed laws. For the dealer nearest you, call 800-872-5398 (800-USA-LEXUS).